



The American magazine

Draft - des

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Illustrated.

REPRESENTATIVE OF AMERICAN THOUGHT AND LIFE.

Vol. VIII.

MAY, 1888.

No. 1.

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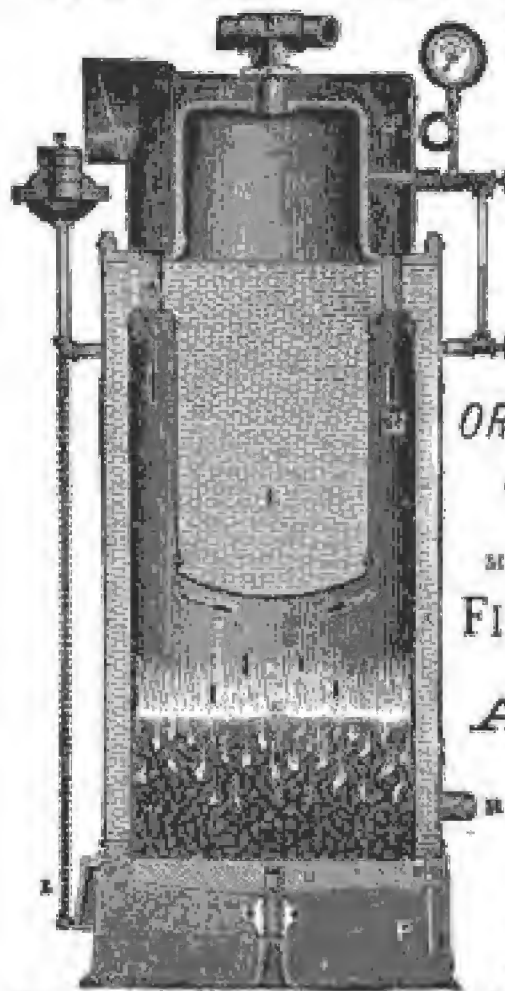
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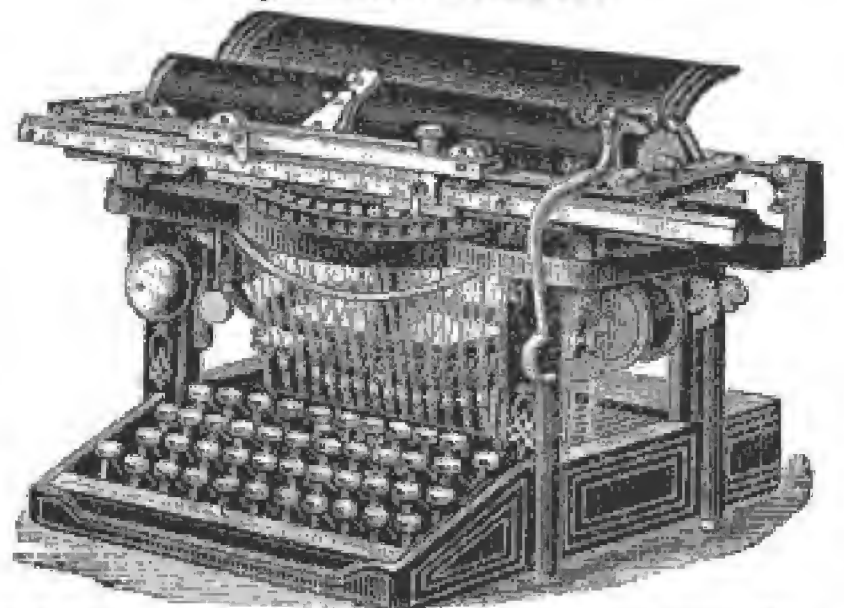
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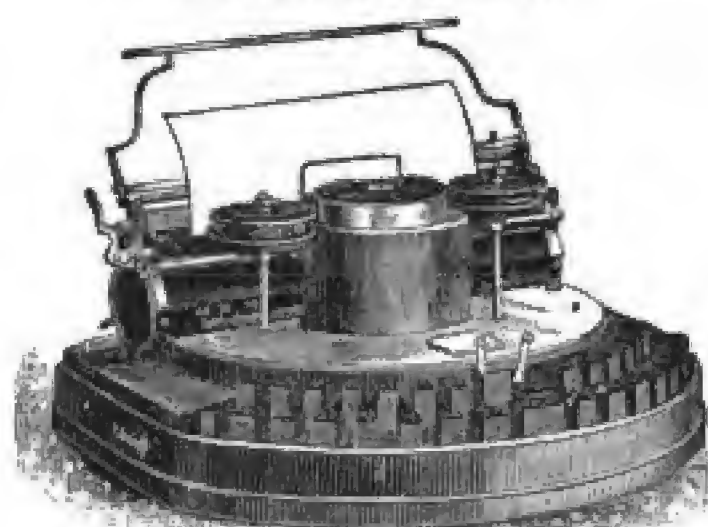
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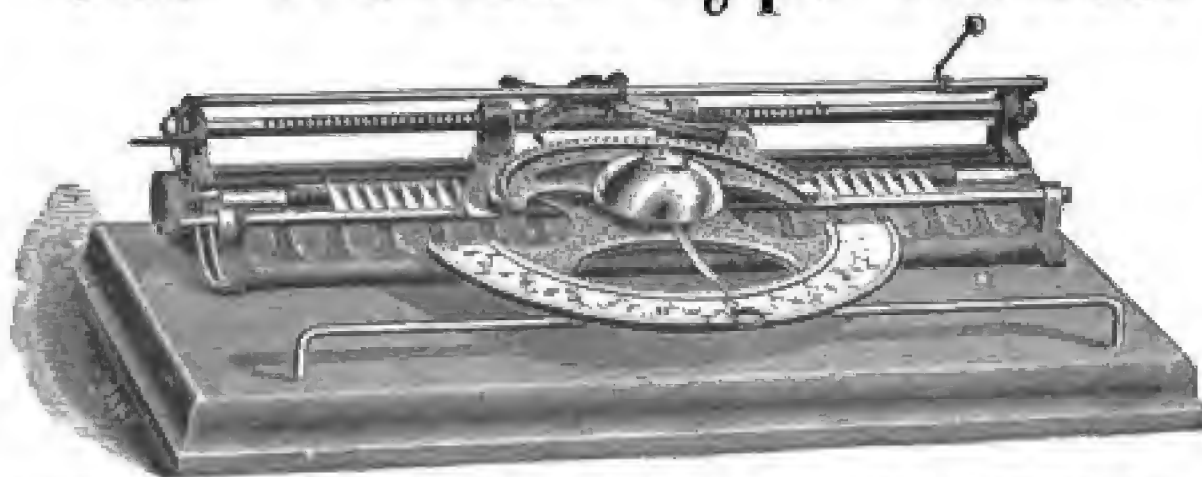
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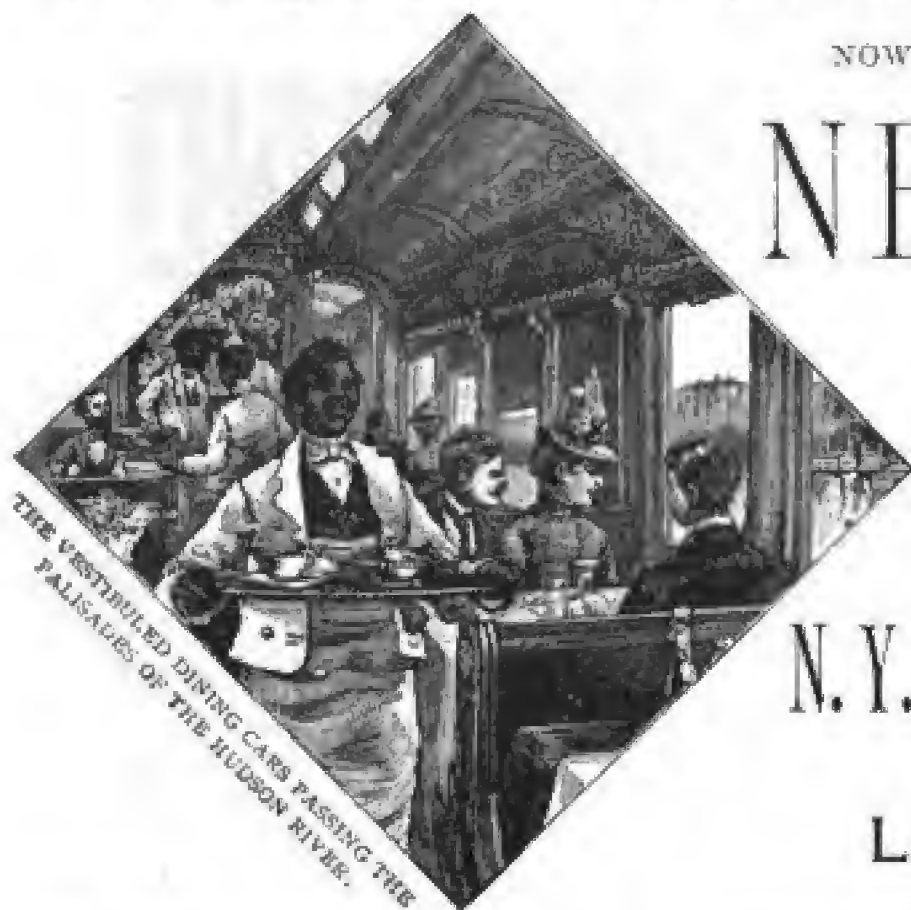
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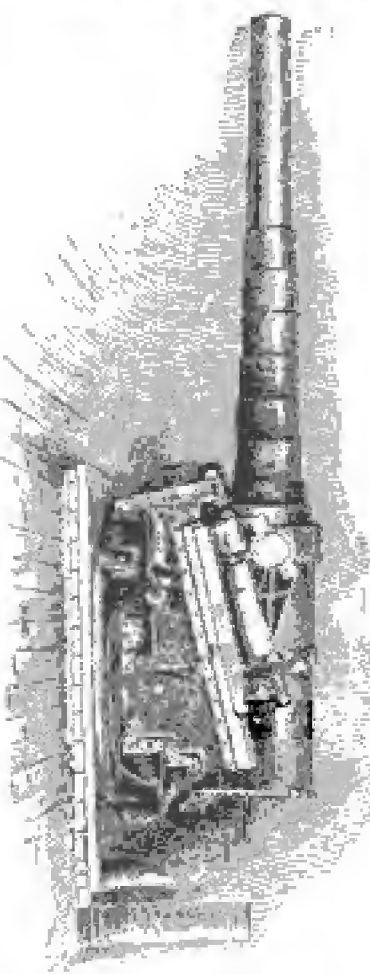
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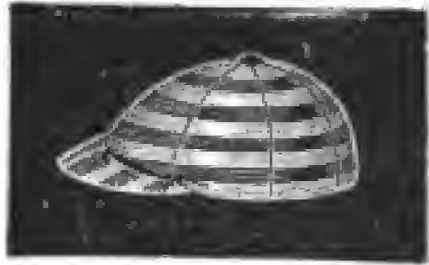
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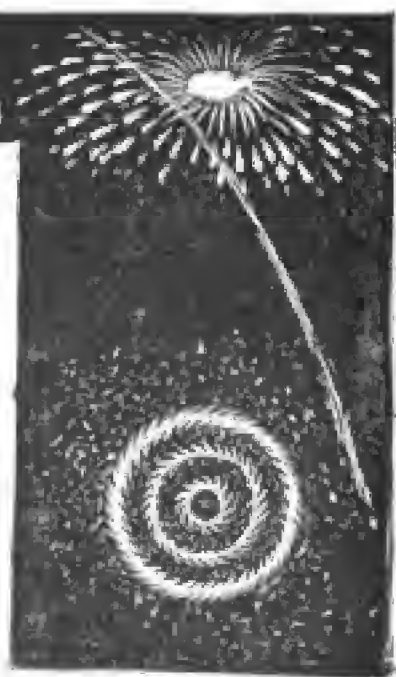
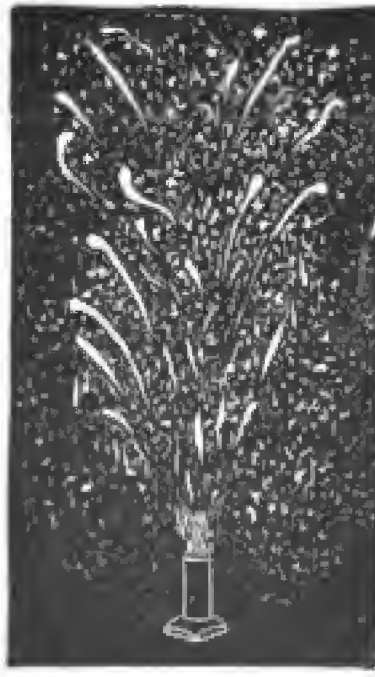
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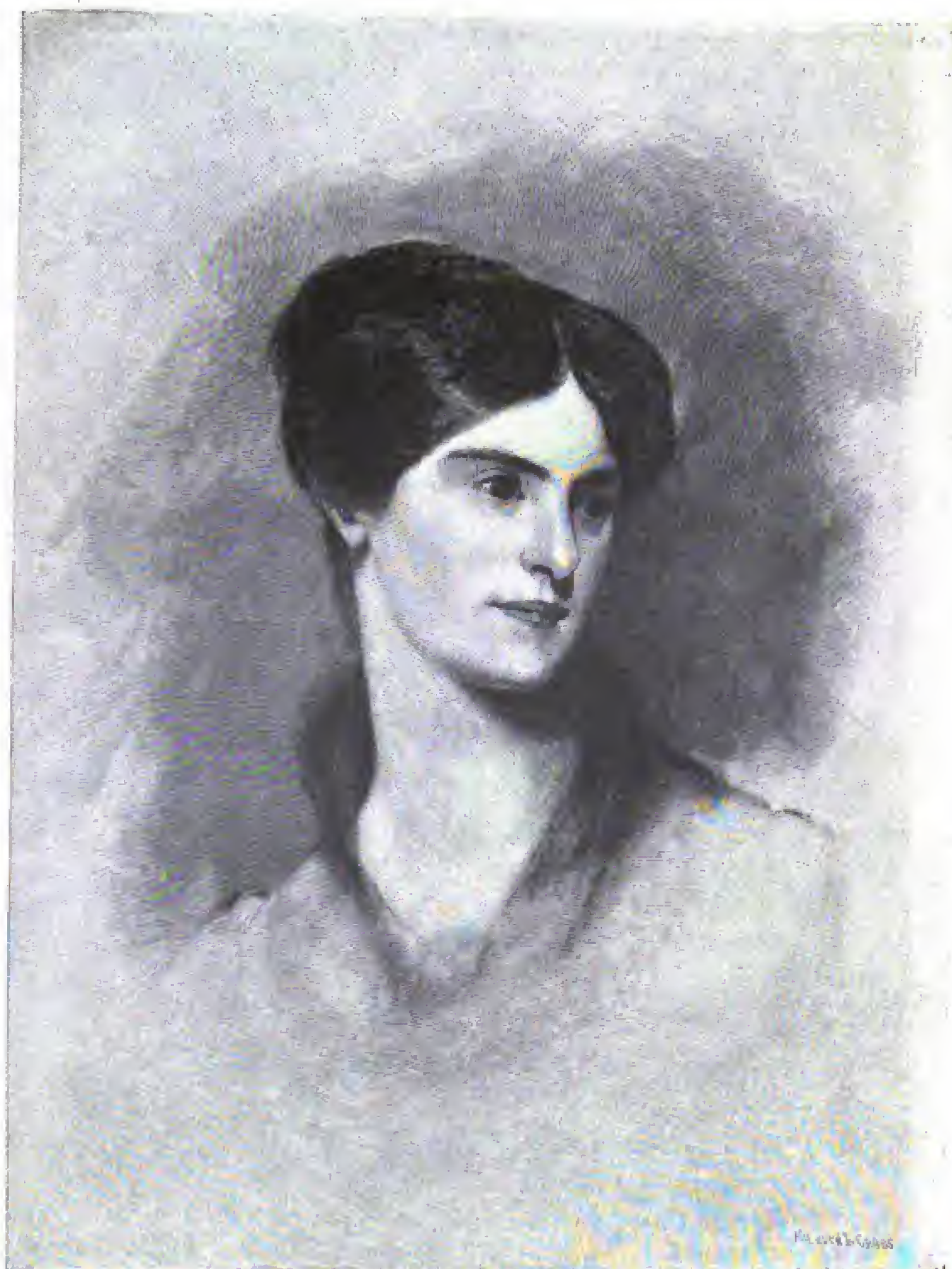
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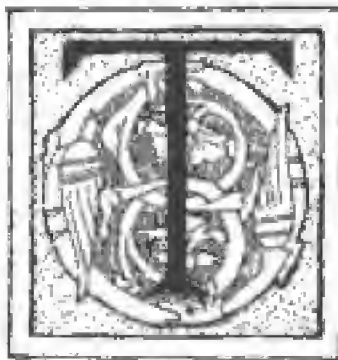
VOL. VIII.

MAY, 1888.

No. 1.

THE OLDEST OF AMERICAN CITIES.

BY WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.



HE coast along the Spanish Main, from Trinidad to Aspinwall, is a mixture of Florida and Switzerland, where one can find, within a few days' journey, any climate or scenery

to suit his taste, from tropical jungles, swarming with 'gators and tiger cats, to mountain crests crowned with eternal snow.

As they reach the northern coast of the continent, the Cordilleras, the twin ranges of the Andes, split and scatter, and finally jump into the sea. Within view of passing ships along this historic shore, is some of the sublimest scenery on earth. Above the clouds rise peaks whose snow-capped summits seem to hang in the indolent air. One of them, the Nevada de la Santa Marta, is over seventeen thousand feet high, appearing abruptly from the group of foot-hills that bathe their toes in the surf, and sitting like a Monarch of Mountains hoary and impressive, where it can overlook the ocean as well as the land. There is no grander spectacle to be witnessed from the deck of a vessel, if we except the peaks of Teneriffe and the titanic cone of old Chimborazo, which may be seen on very clear days off the coast of Ecuador. But

old Chimbo is more than a hundred miles from the shore, while the Nevada of Saint Martha is less than fifty miles. The tourist is always incredulous when the peak is pointed out to him, for its shape is much like a blanket of clouds, resting upon the surrounding mountains; but a glass brings it nearer, the captain's chart shows its location, and he is finally compelled to accept the truth of geography.

Between these mountains, along the coast, are narrow valleys of the most luxurious foliage, and the richest soils, which yield two and sometimes three harvests annually, and are densely populated. Coffee, sugar, chocolate, and tropical fruits are the products of the lower levels, called *tierra caliente*, by the Spaniards; corn, beans, wheat, and other staples of the temperate zones, grow in the next belt, called the *tierra templada*, while higher toward the tropic sun, at an altitude of ten or twelve thousand feet, is the *tierra fria*, or cold zone, in which herds of cattle and sheep find pasturage.

It was in 1533 that the first city was founded on the continent. Columbus had established several colonies upon the islands, and there was a fortress built at Panama in 1518. Cortez had conquered Mexico, and Pizarro had invaded and destroyed the homes of the peaceful Incas. Most of the coast had been explored, and the King of Spain decided to found a

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capital for his new empire at some convenient place, where a Viceroy might live and vessels of the fleet find shelter from the privateers that England was sending out to rob and destroy them. The location was decided upon, and the new town called Carthagená, in honor of the old city in Spain. Lima, the seat of the Viceroy of the West Coast, was founded two years after, in 1535; and these two cities were the capitals of the continent. In the time of Philip, Carthagená was

Carthagená was the seat of the Inquisition in South America, and Charles Kingsley's charming novel, "*Westward Ho*," contains a graphic description of the place. It was here that Frank and the "*Rose of Devon*" were imprisoned by the priests, and the old Inquisition building in which they were tortured and burned is still standing. But it is no longer used for the confinement and crucifixion of heretics. For nearly sixty years after the overthrow of the Catholic power it stood empty, but



CARTHAGENA.

one of the most strongly fortified places in the world, and the headquarters of commercial as well as military and naval operations. It was the rendezvous of the Spanish galleons that came to South America for treasure, and consequently the most tempting field for pirates. There are many rich mines in the mountains back of the city, which have produced millions of gold and silver, and the King of Spain thought it worth his while to build a wall around the entire city, which is said to have cost ninety millions of dollars, and upon which forty horses can still walk abreast. When the report of the Viceroy concerning the cost of this wall was made to King Philip, he is said to have taken his spyglass to the window of the palace at Madrid, and pointed it toward the west.

"What is your Majesty pleased to look for?" asked the Viceroy.

"I am looking for the wall around Carthagená," answered the King. "If it is as large and high as you describe, I ought to be able to see it at this distance."

now it is occupied as a tobacco factory. There is an underground passage between this noted old building and an ancient fortress upon a hill overlooking Carthagená, through which prisoners used to be conducted, and communication maintained in time of siege; but like everything else about the place, it has long been in a state of decay. Some years ago a party of American naval officers attempted to explore the passage, but found it filled with obstructions, and they were compelled to abandon the enterprise. The castle is obsolete and in a state of ruin, and is used only as a signal station. When a vessel enters the harbor a flag is run up by a man on guard, to notify the Captain of the Port and the merchants of its arrival.

There are some fine old churches and palaces in Carthagená, constructed of stone, which show the magnificence in which the *grandees* lived when the city was a commercial metropolis. Many of them are empty now, and others are used as tenement-houses. In the cathe-

dral, which is one of the largest and most ornate to be found in this hemisphere, is an object of much interest; a magnificent marble pulpit enriched with exquisite carvings. It ranks among the most beautiful specimens of the sculptor's art in the world. The people of Carthagena think there is nothing under the sun to equal it, and the story of its origin adds greatly to its value and attractiveness.

Two or three hundred years ago the Pope, wishing to show a mark of favor to the devout people of Colombia, ordered the construction of a marble pulpit for the decoration of this cathedral in Carthagena. It was designed and carved by the foremost artists of the day at Rome, and when completed was, with great ceremony, placed on board a Spanish galley bound for the New World. While *en route* the vessel was captured by pirates, and when the boxes containing the pulpit were broken open and their contents found to be of no value as plunder, they were tipped overboard. But by the interposition of the Virgin, none of the pieces sank; and the English pirates, becoming alarmed at the miracle of the heavy marble floating on the water, fled from the ship, leaving their booty. The Spanish sailors got the precious cargo aboard their vessel again with great difficulty, and resumed their voyage; but before they reached Carthagena they encountered a second lot of pirates, who plundered them of all the valuables they had aboard, and burned their ship. But the saints still preserved the pulpit: for, as the vessel and the remainder of the cargo were destroyed, the marble floated away upon the waters, and, being guided by an invisible hand, went ashore on the beach outside the city for which it was destined.

There it lay for many years, unknown and unnoticed. Finally, however, it was discovered by a party of explorers, who recognized the value of the carvings and took it aboard their ship *en route* for Spain, intending to sell it when they reached home. But the saints still kept their eyes on the Pope's gift, and sent the vessel such bad weather that the captain was compelled to put in to the port of Carthagena for repairs. There he told the story of the marble pulpit

found upon the beach, and it reached the ears of the Archbishop. His Grace sent for the captain, informed him that the pulpit was intended for the decoration of the cathedral, and related the story of its construction and disappearance. The captain was an ungodly man, and intimated that the Archbishop was attempting to humbug him. He offered to sell the marble, and would not leave it otherwise. Having repaired the damage of the storm, the captain started for Europe, but he was scarcely out of the port when a most frightful gale struck him and wrecked his vessel, which went to the bottom with all on board; but the pulpit, the subject of so many divine interpositions, rose from the wreck, and one morning came floating into the harbor of Carthagena, where it was taken in charge by the Archbishop, and placed in the cathedral for which it was intended, where it now stands.

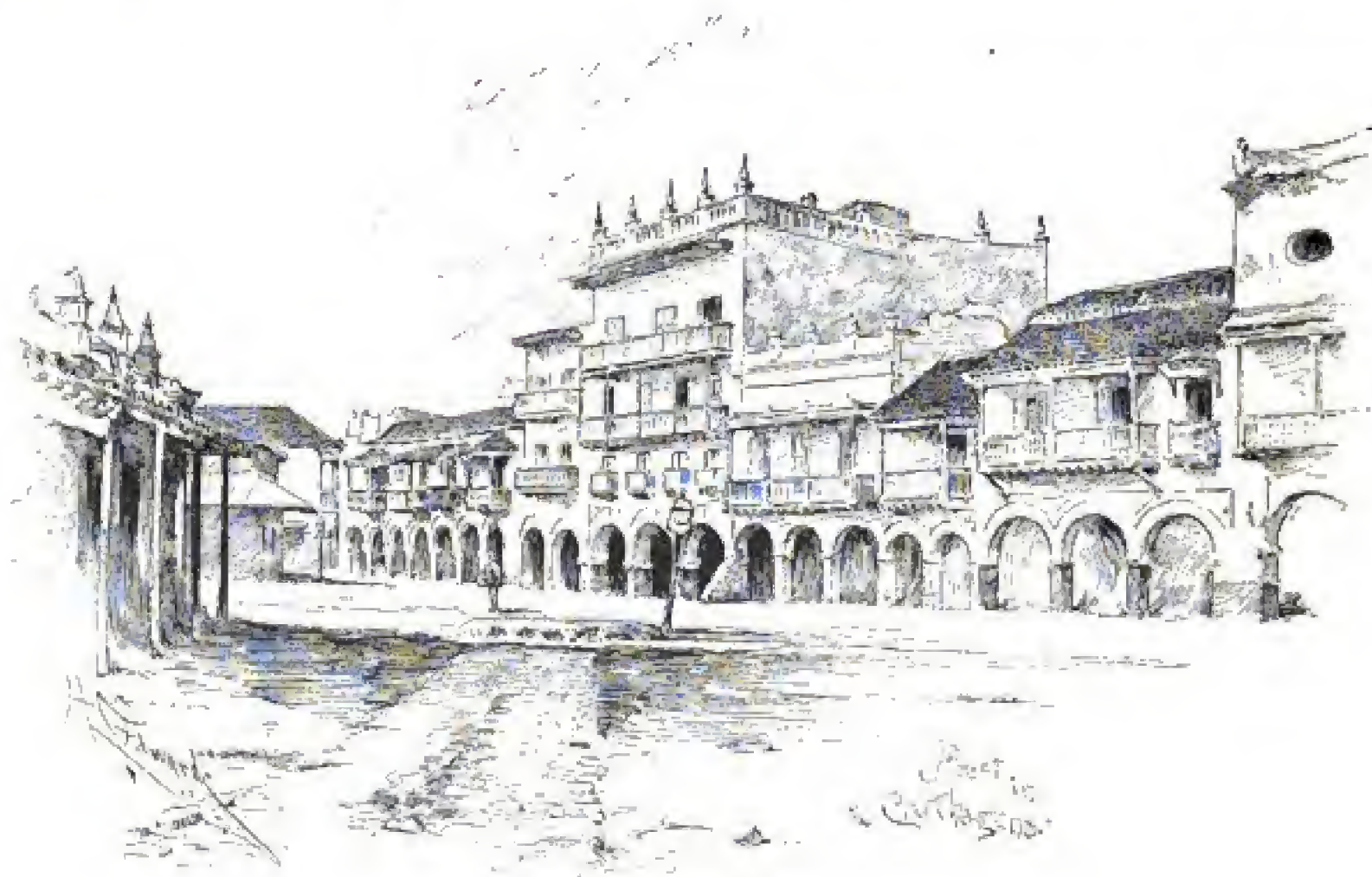
Near the miraculous pulpit, in the same church, is the preserved body of a famous saint. I forget what his name was, but his remains are in an excellent state of preservation—a skeleton with dried flesh and skin hanging to the bones. He did something hundreds of years ago which made him very sacred to the people of Carthagena, and by the special permission of the Pope his body was disinterred, placed in a glass case, and sent from Rome to be kept in their cathedral, along with the miraculous pulpit. The body is usually covered with a black pall, and is exposed only on occasions of great ceremony, but any one can see the preserved saint by paying a fee to the priests. I purchased that privilege, and was shown the glass coffin standing upon a marble pedestal. The bones are large and ghastly, except where the brown skin, looking like jerked beef, covers them. During a revolution at Carthagena some impious soldiers upset the coffin and destroyed it. In the *melée* one of the saint's legs was lost, or at least the half of it from the knee down; but the priests replaced it with a wax substitute, plump and pink, which, lying beside the original, has a very comical effect.

There is much of interest to see at Carthagena, and the place has had a most romantic and exciting history, of which there is a poetic version in Thomson's

"Seasons." Tons and tons of gold and silver have been sent thence to Spain. In the times of the Viceroy the mines were worked under the direction of the government. One-fifth of the net product went to the King, another fifth to the Church, and the miner was permitted to

therefore, in easy communication with the fertile valleys and plateaux of the interior—the gate of commerce in time of peace, and secure alike from protracted siege or sudden assault in time of war.

The streets of Carthagena, as in other Spanish-American cities, are named after



STREET IN CARTHAGENA.

keep the remainder. The old records show that the royalty was several millions per annum for two hundred years or more, a fact which indicates how enormous the profit must have been; for the miners and officials were no more honest in those days than now, and it is not to be supposed that the entire share to which his Majesty was entitled always reached him.

The fortifications of Carthagena surpass in extent and solidity those of any other city in the New World. The massive walls appear impregnable, and the ancient subterranean passages leading out to the foot of the adjacent mountains are still visible. The entrance to the magnificent harbor is studded with old forts, which though not used for more than half a century, seem almost as good as new. Formerly the city was connected by a ship-channel with the river Magdalena, at a point many leagues above the delta, and was,

the saints, battle fields and famous generals; but the houses are not numbered, and it is difficult for a stranger to find one that he happens to want to visit. The police do duty only at night. During the day the citizens take care of themselves. Four policemen are stationed at the four corners of a plaza. Every fifteen minutes a bell rings, which causes the guardians of the city to blow their whistles and change posts. By this system, it is impossible for them to sleep on their beats. They are armed with lassos, and by the dexterous use of this formidable weapon they pinion the prowling thief when he is trying to escape. They also have a short bayonet as an additional weapon. Petty thefts are the chief crimes. The natives are not quarrelsome nor dishonest. They will steal a little thing; but as messengers you can trust them with thousands of dollars. When they work, they go at it in earnest, but they are not fond of exertion. It is a curious sight to see

cargadors with their loads. They generally go in pairs, one behind the other, bearing a stretcher. The natives of the lower class are fond of drinking and gambling. They have a beverage called *chica*, which has a vile smell. It does not intoxicate as quickly as whiskey, but stupefies.

Society is very exclusive, and strangers call first. If the visit is returned, the doors of society are opened. The predominating language is Spanish, but all the upper classes speak French. They get everything from France, too, in the way of dress and luxuries. It is absolutely necessary to speak Spanish to do business. The city is a combination of paradoxes—of great wealth, of great poverty; and there is a curious mixture of customs that often puzzles the stranger. The foremost men in the mercantile, political, and literary circles are from the old Castilian families, but, by intermarriage, mixed blood runs in their veins.

The ruling class are the politicians, but these are more under the control of the military than is generally the case elsewhere. Out of the thirty-three presidents that have ruled the republic seventeen have been generals in the army. Among the leading minds are highly educated men who converse and write fluently in several languages, who can demonstrate most difficult problems in astronomy or mathematics, can dictate a learned philosophical discourse, or dispute with any of the scholars or statesmen of the world.

Their constitution, laws, and government are modeled after those of the United States; their financial policies after England; their fashions, manners, and customs after the French; their literature, verbosity, and suavity after the Spaniards.

The decline of Carthagená seems to have commenced with the present century, and to have steadily continued until within the past fifteen years, when the commerce of the country began to revive. In the meantime, the ship-canal, connecting the port with the great fluvial highway of the interior, having fallen into disuse, became filled up and overgrown with tropical jungle; so that the few foreign trading-vessels visiting the coast sought harbor farther up, at a place

called Barranquilla, near the mouth of the Magdalena. Barranquilla has rapidly become the chief city of commercial importance within the United States of Colombia, and is the residence of many of the principal merchants of the republic. It is a growing place, which had only a few houses twenty years ago, but now has a population of nearly twenty-five thousand. Situated so near the outlet of the Magdalena River, it seems destined to increase in size and commerce, and to become to Colombia what New York is to the United States—the great emporium of the republic. Aspinwall and Panama, free ports, are more stages on a highway of nations than a part of this country. Also Barranquilla has many things in its favor. The custom-house is there, and all the river steamers and sailing-vessels on the Magdalena, conveying from the vast back-lying interior to the coast the multitudinous products of the country, start from and return to this place.

But Barranquilla has its drawbacks. As soon as it secured a little commerce, a large bar began to form at the mouth of the river, and this has grown until it has become a sand-spit which prevents the entrance of steamers. Then a new town, called Sabanilla, was started on the spit; this is connected with Barranquilla by a railway fourteen miles long, owned and operated by a German company. But the harbor of Sabanilla, though now the principal one of the republic, is neither convenient nor safe. It is shallow, full of shifting sand-bars, and exposed to furious wind-storms.

So with the opening of the ancient ship-channel, between Carthagená and Calamar, or the construction of a railway between the first-named point and Barranquilla (both of which enterprises are agitated), Carthagená may regain her ancient prestige and become the chief port of the republic.

Barranquilla is the most modern town in Colombia except Aspinwall, which it resembles somewhat. It has some fine houses and a large foreign colony, many of its merchants being Germans, who live in good style and enjoy many comforts at an enormous cost; for flour is twenty-five dollars a barrel, meat twenty-five cents a pound, beer twenty-five cents



HARBOR OF CARTHAGENA.

a glass, and everything else in proportion. There is nothing in plenty but fruits and flies. The town is the capital of the State of Sabanilla, and has a considerable military garrison, which is important in keeping down insurrections. During the revolution of 1885, Barranquilla was the headquarters of the rebel army, and commanding the only outlet from the interior, it is naturally a place of consequence, from a military as well as from a commercial point of view.

Sabanilla is a most desolate place, nothing but sand, filth, and poverty; and were it not for the sea-breeze that constantly sweeps across the barren peninsula upon which it stands, the inhabitants could not survive. No one lives there except a colony of cargadors, boatmen, and roustabouts, who swarm, like so many animals in filthy huts built of palm-leaves, and a few saloon-keepers, who give them wine in exchange for the money they earn. The men and women are almost naked, and the children entirely so. Perhaps one reason for the nastiness of the place is because there is no fresh water; but the inhabitants ought not to be excused on this account, as the beach furnishes as fine bathing as can be found in the world, and is at their very doors. All the fresh water used has to be brought in canoes from a point eight miles up the river, and is sold by the dipperful: but only a moderate quantity is necessary for consumption. Most of the inhabitants are Canary Islanders,

who monopolize the boating business along the coast; but sprinkled among them are many Italians, and nearly every nation on earth is represented, even China. The only laundry is run by a Chinaman, and another of that nationality is cook at a house that is used as a substitute for a hotel. The boatmen are drunken, quarrelsome, desperate wretches; murder is frequent among them, and gambling the chief amusement.

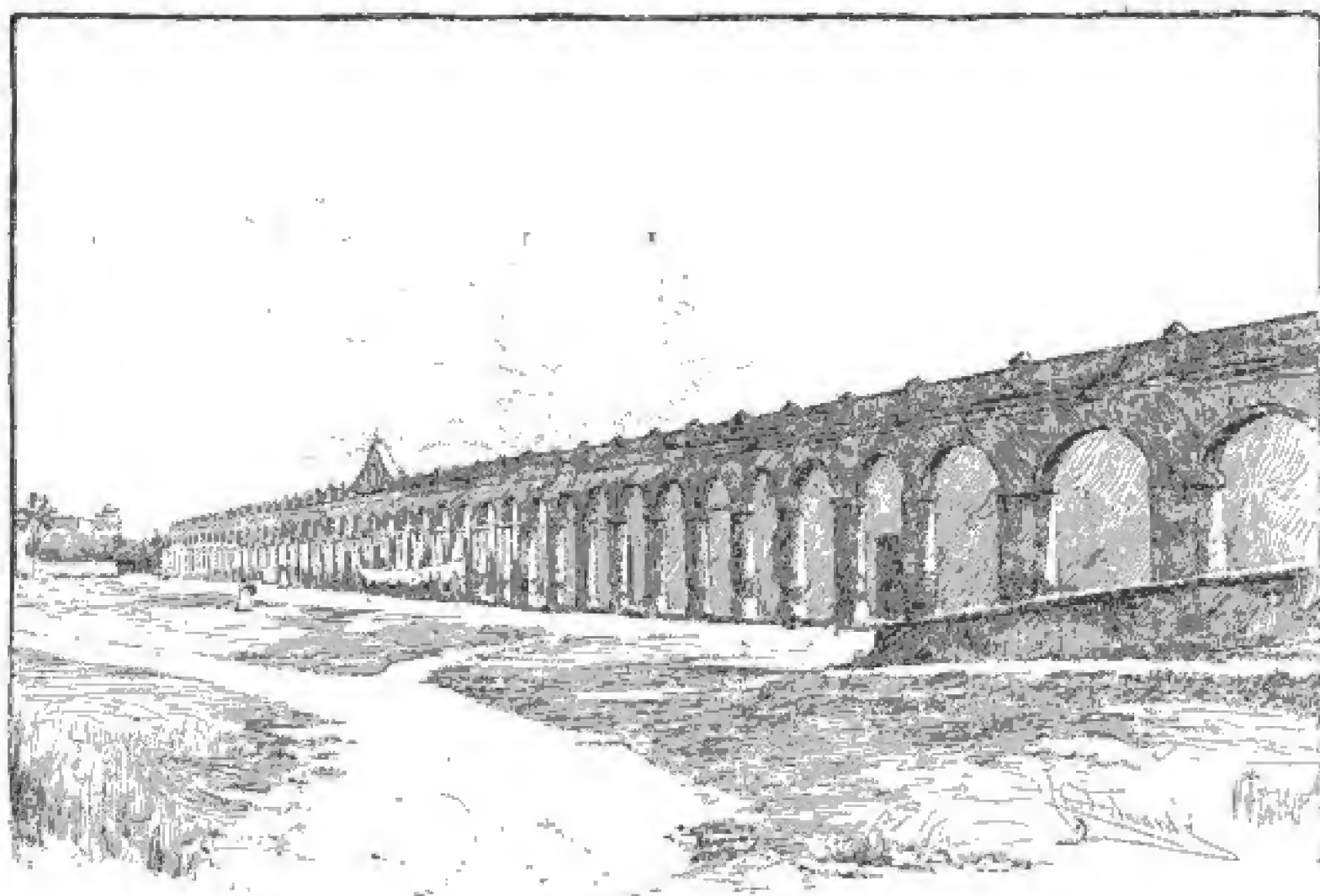
The great valley of the Magdalena, extending from the Caribbean coast to the equatorial line, is one of inexhaustible resources. Its width varies from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles before gradually sloping to a point in the northern borders of the equator. At the mouth of the river Cauca that valley branches off into another of less general width but of greater elevation; this consequently possesses a more equable and temperate climate. The river Cauca is itself navigable by a light-draught steamer as far as Cali, a point less than eighty miles from the port of Buenaventura on the Pacific coast. The lower valley of the Magdalena is one vast alluvial plain, a large portion of which is subject to periodical overflow. In fact, during the rainy season the greater part of it is usually under water. This, however, might be prevented, and the fertile lands reclaimed by a system of dikes far less expensive than those of the lower Mississippi. But in a country where popula-

tion is sparse, and Nature lavish in her bounties, such enterprises are not usually undertaken.

The distance from Barranquilla to Honda, the head of navigation on the Magdalena, is seven hundred and eighty miles, following the course of the river, but in a direct line is only about one-third of that distance. The journey by boat requires from ten to thirty days, according as the water is high or low. In the rainy

sides were covered with corrugated iron, so as to make them bullet-proof, a small cannon or two mounted upon the decks, and the cabins filled with sharp-shooters. So prepared, they were used as gun-boats, and were quite effective. Many of them were destroyed, so that transportation facilities upon the Magdalena are not as good as they were.

The first two hundred miles are a continuous swamp; the next three hundred



RUINS OF MONASTERY.

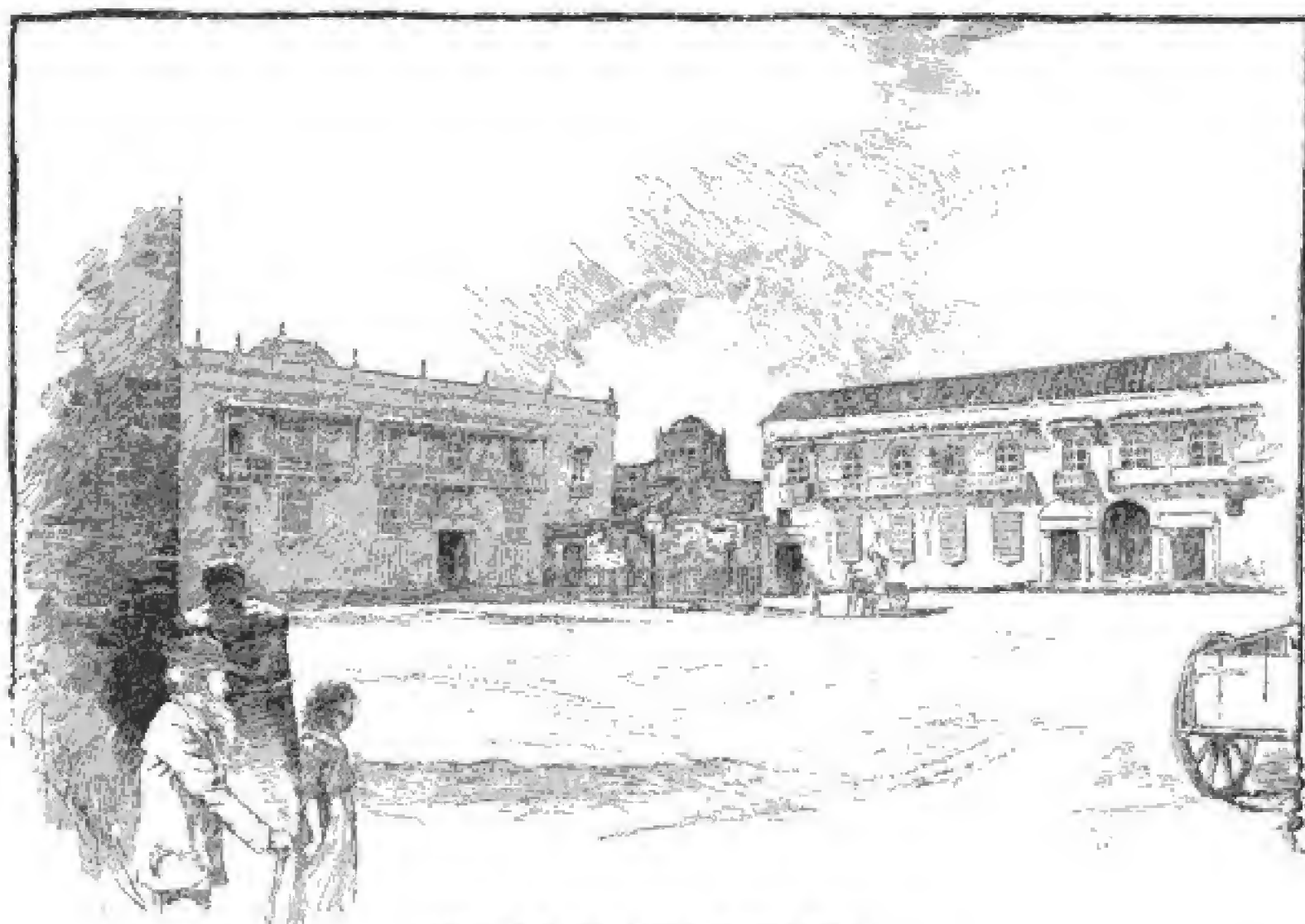
season the banks are full, and the current so strong that the little steamers cannot make much progress; but if the moon is bright enough to show the course, they are kept in motion night and day. In the dry season the river is shallow, and the boats have to tie up at dark, and remain so till daylight. Then, on nearly every voyage they run aground, and often stick for a day or two, sometimes a week, before they can be floated.

The boats are similar to those used upon the Ohio and other rivers, with a paddle-wheel behind, and draw only a foot or two of water even when heavily laden. There are two steamboat companies, both with United States capital.

During the revolution all the boats were seized by the insurgents. Their

miles are a vast plain, which is under water about two months in the year, during the floods of the rainy season, but at other times is covered with cattle, which are driven into the mountains before the floods come.

The banks along the river were formerly occupied by profitable plantations, which were worked by negro slaves, as neither the Spaniards nor the native Indians could endure the climate and the mosquitoes. But when the emancipation of the slaves took place, in 1824, the plantations were abandoned, and have since been so overgrown with tropical vegetation that no traces of their former cultivation exist. The negroes, who have descended from the former slaves, have relapsed into a condition of semi-barbar-



SEAT OF SOUTH AMERICAN INQUISITION.

ism, and while they still occupy the old *estancias*, lead a lazy, shiftless, degraded life, subsisting upon fish and the fruits which grow everywhere in wonderful profusion. Nature provides for them, and no amount of wages can tempt them to work. There have sprung up along the river a few small villages, which are trading stations, and furnish some freight for the steamers in the shape of fruit, poultry, eggs, cocoa-nuts, and similar articles, raised and marketed by the women of the country.

The river itself is a great natural curiosity. It flows almost directly northward, and drains an enormous area of mountains that are constantly covered with snow. The current is as swift as that of the Mississippi, which it resembles, and the water, always muddy, is so full of sediment that one can hear it striking the sides of the boat. This water will not mix at once with the sea, and for miles in the ocean it can be distinguished. In some places the river is seven or eight miles wide; at others, where it has cut its way through the rolling earth, scarcely more than a hundred yards.

The mosquitoes are prodigious in size, and at some seasons of the year, when

the winds are strong and blow them from the jungles, it is almost impossible to endure them. The officers and deck-hands of the boat all wear thick veils over their faces, and heavy buck-skin gloves, awake or asleep; and passengers, unless similarly protected, are subject to the most intense torment. Often the swarms are so thick that they obscure the sky, and the sound of humming is so loud that it resembles the murmur of an approaching storm.

Some ludicrous stories are told about adventures with the mosquitoes. I have been solemnly assured that very often when they have attacked a boat and driven its captain and crew below, they have broken the windows of the cabin by plunging in swarms against them, and have attempted to burst in the doors. Although this may be something of an exaggeration, it is nevertheless true that frequently horses and cattle, after the most frightful sufferings, have died from mosquito-bites on board the vessels. Not long ago a herd of valuable cattle were being taken from the United States to a ranch up the Magdalena River, and became so desperate under the attacks of the mosquitoes that they broke from

their stalls, jumped into the water, and all were drowned. Passengers intending to make the voyage usually provide themselves with protection in the shape of mosquito-bars, head-nets and thick gloves, and when on deck are compelled to tie their sleeves around their wrists and their pantaloons around their ankles.

The same story-tellers assert that the alligators are so numerous along the

them by the settlers, and brought on board by naked negroes.

The town of Honda, at the head of navigation, is a place of considerable importance, and at intervals for the last quarter of a century American companies have undertaken the construction of a railroad from it to Bogotá, a distance of seventy miles through the mountains. About ten leagues of track have been built, but those in charge have been com-



OLDEST FORTRESS IN AMERICA.

banks you can sometimes step from the back of one to another, and thus walk for miles without touching ground. They are playful creatures, and not at all timid, but bask quietly in the sun until disturbed, when they plunge into the river. The steamboats are always followed by schools of 'gators, and the passengers amuse themselves by firing at them from the deck. No attempt has been made to kill them for profit, but if some enterprising hunters should go to the Magdalena country and make a business of curing and shipping alligator hides, they might find it a profitable venture.

Once or twice a day the steamboats stop for freight or fuel, which is supplied

pelled again and again to abandon it because of the revolutions and the impossibility of securing labor. The natives cannot be induced to work, and no wages that a company can pay will induce immigration. But the enterprise is slowly extended, with the encouragement of the government in the shape of a concession of money and lands, and ultimately the perseverance which conquers all things will succeed. There is also a liberal concession from the government to another syndicate of New York capitalists for the construction of a railway into the Cauca valley, where are supposed to be the richest gold mines in the world, from which were taken the hundreds of millions carried away by the Spaniards.

MAXIMILIAN.

BY ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL.

[Second Paper.]

THE bright days of the Empire did not last long. Maximilian soon found that it was a far more difficult matter to rule over Mexico than to govern Lombardy and Venice. To found a powerful empire in the richest and most beautiful country in the world was the dazzling prospect which had been held out to him before he left Europe. It is evident that either he had failed to make a careful study of the political history of Mexico or had misinterpreted the philosophy of that history. He was certainly ignorant of the relations of the various political parties to each other and to Mexican affairs in general. In his extreme caution to treat all with fairness, to offend none of them but to unite all, he offended the most powerful and influential of them all—the Church party. The Church had suffered too severely during the last days of the Republic to recognize the rights of any party in the slightest degree in conflict with it. It was jealous of the slightest favor shown to others. The ecclesiastics were suspicious of Maximilian from the start because he was inclined to study the relations of the Church to the Empire before giving in his unreserved adhesion to the Church party. They withheld their aid until they could see what would be the result of his action. Maximilian found at the outset that the Roman Catholic Church had been so long in undisputed possession of Mexico that it had grown unusually corrupt there, and was in need of reform, even from a Roman point of view. He was a devout Romanist. The Pope had no more loyal an adherent among the princes of Europe, but he was outspoken as to the corruptions existing in the Church in Mexico, and even went so far as to threaten to report certain matters coming to his notice, to the Pope. Very soon the relations between Maximilian and the Archbishop of Mexico were a miniature reproduction of those which existed in the middle ages between the German Emperors and the Popes. And yet among the accusations brought against Maximilian by American

writers is this: that he was too bigoted an adherent of the Roman hierarchy!

The empire soon showed signs of financial failure. Relying too much upon the reputed wealth of the country, Maximilian had been extravagant in his expenditures, and so far from reducing the indebtedness of Mexico, he was making frequent demands on France for funds. Some correspondence of this period between the Emperor and Marshal Bazaine regarding the army, gives us a pathetic account of the state of the empire in regard to finances. With all the magnificence of the imperial court, the army supplies were greatly reduced, and the pay of the soldiers was largely in arrears.

An episode of the autumn of 1865 might be expanded into a chapter of intense interest, were there room for it here. It was a scheme by which Maximilian sought to reconcile the Mexican people to his rule, but which turned out like all his other efforts in that direction. Maximilian and Carlota were childless, but the Emperor wished to hold out to the Mexicans the hope that at his death the sceptre would descend to a Mexican of imperial blood. The family of Augustin de Iturbide, "the Liberator," and first Emperor of Mexico, remained in the country, represented by a daughter and two sons. One of these sons, married to an American lady with whom he became acquainted while attached to the Mexican Legation in Washington, had a son, Salvador, two and a half years old. The anniversary of the Independence of Mexico, while memories of "the Liberator" and other Revolutionary heroes were being revived, was made the occasion of the adoption of Salvador by Maximilian as his son, and he was declared to be the hereditary prince of Mexico.

It would seem that the contract by which this was effected was entered into by the parents of the boy Salvador, unadvisedly, and the mother was afterward distracted with the idea that she was

to be separated from her darling son. Even the thought that she was some day to be the mother of an emperor did not compensate her for the loss of his companionship. She made efforts in Mexico, Washington and Paris to get possession of him, but failed. It was



GEN. MIRAMON.

not until after the fall of the empire, when two years of separation had elapsed, that the mother and child were reunited in Havana, through the intervention of the Archbishop of Mexico. There is a pathetic little note from the mother of Salvador, still preserved among the documents belonging to this period, sent to the Empress after the child had been entrusted to her care, recommending a nurse for him, and accompanied by some of his playthings.

Out of the adoption of Salvador grew the rumor in Europe that Maximilian intended to abandon Mexico after restoring the throne to the Iturbide family, and providing for the government during the minority of Salvador by calling in the Assembly of Notables again. Salvador de Iturbide still lives, is a graduate of the Military Academy of Mexico, and enjoys high social standing in the Mexican capital; but he is in no way interested in the politics of the country to which he belongs.

The greatest error of the Maximilian régime was made in October, 1865, and the downfall of the empire is generally regarded as dating from that time. The Republican government was barely hold-

ing itself together in Paso del Norte on the northern frontier, when the report was brought to Maximilian that President Juarez had abandoned the country and sought the protection of the United States. Thereupon the Emperor issued the famous decree of October 3d, or, as it is called by some of the more fanciful historians, Huitzilopochtli, after the old Aztec War-God, to whom thousands of human sacrifices had been offered. It stated that the cause sustained by Juarez with so much valor had at last succumbed, and the chief had abandoned his government and his country. The struggle was therefore no longer to be maintained between opposing systems of government, but between the empire established by the will of the people and the criminals and bandits infesting the country. All persons bearing arms against the empire were declared bandits, were to be tried by courts-martial and condemned to death.

The decree was so utterly at variance with the spirit of the rest of Maximilian's legislation that attempts have been made to find for it another author. The hand of Bazaine seems to appear in it. That cruel and despotic general, the faithful creature of the French Emperor, followed up the Imperial decree with an



GEN. VIDAURI.

army order even more cruel. "Hereafter," it said, "the troops will make no prisoners, and there will be no exchange of prisoners." Everyone taken with arms, of whatever rank, was to be put

to death. The soldiers were to understand that there could be no such thing as a surrender to such men. It was a death struggle. It was on both sides only a question of killing or being killed. Such was the effect of Bazaine's order,

with the terms of a decree, the existence of which they had no means of knowing. The effect of this was to make the Imperial cause unpopular even among its partial friends, and to raise against it bitter enemies among those less favor-



CONVENT WHERE MAXIMILIAN WAS IMPRISONED.

issued eleven days later than the Imperial decree. There would seem to be some grounds for believing that the original instrument had been inspired by him.

Comparisons may be drawn between this Imperial decree and that issued by Juarez in January, 1862, both in their terms and in their results. The Maximilian decree was soon discovered to have been founded upon false premises, but not before it had been executed upon four most excellent Republican officers, arrested by the Imperialist army in the State of Michoacan. They were debarred the rights of prisoners of war, tried by court-martial and shot, in accordance

ably disposed. Maximilian discovered the mistaken policy of this decree when it was too late to recall it.

But the thickest and darkest clouds were gathering in the north. The Government of the United States had continually protested against the course of France in interfering with the right of Mexico to adopt such a form of government as its people desired—perhaps without taking any pains to determine precisely to what extent the Republic and not the Empire was the choice of the people. From the first it had given its full recognition to the Juarez government, being naturally prejudiced toward a Republic. But so long as the

United States were engaged in civil war, these protests and the demand that the French arms be withdrawn from Mexico were unheeded by Napoleon III. An event occurred in the spring of 1865 totally unexpected by the French Emperor, which changed the aspect of affairs very materially. The war between the North and the South closed, leaving the United States intact. With the burden of civil war raised from its shoulders, the government at Washington was left to push objections to the French intervention vigorously. American troops were sent toward the Mexican border to emphasize the demand of the United States that the French desist from attempting to establish any European system of government or colony on this continent, in defiance of the Monroe declaration. The result of a refusal on the part of France would have been war with the United States. France submitted; the French troops were to be withdrawn from Mexico forthwith.

The gay life of the imperial household had been checked for a time by the death of Leopold I. of Belgium, the father of Carlota, which occurred near the close of 1865. The various feast days of the opening year were duly observed, however, unmindful of the gathering storm, of which Maximilian might have had due notice had he not been too intent upon matters nearer home. He conceived a great liking for Cuernavaca, the beautiful place selected by Cortés as his residence, and in that town the Emperor and Empress spent much of their time during the first half of 1866. The anniversary of the acceptance of the crown, the birth-day of the Empress, and finally that of the Emperor, were spent in the capital and celebrated with magnificence. The latest of these occasions, July 6th, was the last appearance of the Empress in public. In robes of state she assisted at the *Te Deum* in the great cathedral.

The next day the despatch of the French government, dated May 31st, was received. It declared that for France to furnish further aid to the Mexican Empire was impossible, and it directed Marshal Bazaine to proceed at once to withdraw the French troops from the country. The Treaty of Miramar was, with many

attempts at apology and excuse, trodden under foot, sharing the fate of the Treaty of London and the Convention of Soledad. The blow stunned the Emperor, and his courage forsook him. The total ruin of the Empire stared him in the face. What hope was there without the support of France? His first thought was to abdicate, but the courage of the Empress rose to the occasion and she dissuaded him from too hastily succumbing to fear, or giving up the struggle while hope remained. The brave woman promptly offered to go in person to France and plead with Napoleon for a reconsideration of his purpose; and her plan was carried into effect forthwith. The very next day she set out, accompanied by the Minister of Finance and a suitable number of servants.

This journey of Carlota is one of the most heroic incidents in the history of Mexico, and one of the saddest. The Empress and her suite were obliged, upon arriving at Vera Cruz, to embark in a French steamer, but she insisted upon its carrying the flag of the Mexican Empire. Just one month after leaving the City of Mexico the Empress arrived in St. Nazaire, and was met by the Mexican Minister to France, and by him escorted to Paris, where she was lodged at the Grand



GEN. MEJIA.

Hotel. The French Minister of Foreign Affairs called upon her shortly after her arrival. She requested that a court carriage be placed at her disposal, and that she might be allowed an interview with the Emperor of France. Her request

was at first refused, but, upon her insisting, she was taken the following day to the palace of St. Cloud. Her interview there with Napoleon III. was unsuccessful. His conduct throughout was brutal in the extreme. He positively refused to reconsider his determination to withdraw the French troops from Mexico, and not another franc would the French government contribute in aid of the Mexican Empire. In concluding the interview he notified the Empress of Mexico that the imperial car would be at her disposal on the morrow, and that she might notify the director by what route she preferred to be taken out of France.

tendants some uneasiness as to her mental condition, and on October 4th it was determined beyond all doubt that her reason had fled. Telegrams were sent to the King of Belgium, her brother, and to the Emperor of Austria, her brother-in-law. The former sent the Count of Flanders to Rome, to escort the demented princess to Miramar.

The Austrian Emperor, unable, even in such an emergency as this, to rise above the feeling of enmity existing in the Austrian Court in regard to both Maximilian and Carlota from the time when the Mexican scheme was first broached, did nothing further than trans-



TOMB OF JUAREZ.

Carlota repaired at once to Rome, reaching that city on the 4th of September. There she sought the aid and consolation of his Holiness, Pius IX. But their relations had changed during the two and a half years that had elapsed since her former visit to the Eternal City, and it required but a glance to inform her, upon being received by the Pope, that her visit to the Vatican was quite as useless as that to St. Cloud. Her nervous system gave way under the severe strain of these two disappointments. Brain fever ensued. Strange conduct on one or two occasions during her journey to Rome had caused her at-

act such business as was required of him on account of Carlota's private fortune. The Empress was then removed to Brussels, where she remains in strict seclusion, in apartments of the palace of Laëken, her birthplace. The pity felt for her throughout the world is kept alive by reports of her condition which now and then reach the outside public. If some of these reports be true, the afflicted princess has more sympathy from strangers in every land under the sun than from her own kindred in Brussels. It has been alleged that she can be seen only by two persons, ladies of the Belgian Court, and that her royal brother,

Leopold II., has seen her but once during the twenty years of her insanity.

After his wife's departure, Maximilian remained in the Mexican capital, pursuing such measures as were suggested to him to carry on his imperial scheme, trusting meanwhile that the mission of Carlota to the French and Papal Courts would prove successful. Rumors of the utter failure of that mission preceded the terrible news of the calamity which had befallen the Empress. On the night of October 18th, despatches announcing the whole truth reached the Emperor at Chapultepec. Crushed by the blow, he shut himself up within the walls of the castle and remained alone with his grief for several days. Under the strain his health broke down. Sickness and anxiety led him to leave the capital and he started for Vera Cruz, stopping, however, at Orizaba to regain his strength somewhat, to intercept further despatches expected from Europe, and to decide the question of abdication presented from different quarters. He was then less inclined to abdicate than he was before the noble sacrifice to save the Empire had been made by the Empress. He was surrounded in Orizaba by his ministers, mostly young men still filled with ambition, and these urged him to continue the struggle. On the other hand, the Emperor of France had sent to Mexico a Commissioner to operate with Marshal Bazaine and the French Legate in inducing Maximilian to abdicate, that being the only way by which Napoleon III. could withdraw from his engagements with anything like decency. The Emperor's own judgment, furthermore, told him that to continue the struggle would end only in defeat and further disgrace. Amid all these conflicting influences Maximilian spent two months of vacillation in Orizaba. Once he went so far as to send his abdication to the three French Commissioners, but he withdrew it upon their failure to accept some of the terms imposed by it.

At last, certain letters from Europe decided him to remain in Mexico and continue the struggle for the empire. One was from his mother, quickening his pride, and bidding him "to struggle on and be buried under the walls of Mexico rather than suffer himself to be humbled

by France." Another informed him that should he come back to Europe, he would lose his prestige there, and that his Imperial brother of Austria had prohibited his return, even threatening him with imprisonment upon his entering Austria. At this time, also, the clerical party pledged its support and the treasures of the Church to carry on his government, and he was further strengthened in his purpose by Gen. Miramon, an exiled Anti-President, who now came back and offered his services to the Emperor. He and Gen. Marquez pledged themselves to raise an army sufficient to replace the retiring French troops.

Maximilian, therefore, returned to the capital, and set himself to the task of raising and organising an army. The preparations of Bazaine for withdrawing the French troops were approaching completion. The exchange of prisoners occupied some time, but was accomplished in a manner creditable to both the Imperial and Republican officers. The French troops at first concentrated in the vicinity of the capital, and began to retire in January, 1867, "extending like a girdle of steel," as a fanciful Mexican writer says, "along the sandy road from Mexico to Vera Cruz." The embarkation took place in March.

Bazaine was the last to embark, and his final act upon Mexican soil was to write a letter to Maximilian, urging him to abdicate, and offering him an opportunity to return to Europe should he decide to do so. The Marshal took with him his Mexican wife and a son born in Mexico. No one connected with the French intervention was so heartily detested by the Mexicans as Bazaine. All the cruelties of the war between the Imperial and Republican forces, are commonly charged to him. He returned to France to become the faithful tool of Napoleon III. in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, holding the position of Commander-in-chief to the armies of France. At the close of that war he was convicted in his country of treason, and sentenced to be shot. He saved his life by escaping from prison, and is now living in Spain, a pensioner on his wife's family. Remarkable calamity has been meted out to nearly every actor in the Mexican tragedy, but no pity is accorded

to two of them, Napoleon III., and the faithful instrument of his cruelties, Marshal Bazaine.

A few foreign officers and soldiers chose to remain with the Emperor in Mexico. The financial support of the Church fell far short of what had been promised, and the armies of Miramon and Marquez were not nearly so large as expected. Maximilian in person assumed the chief command of the imperial forces. Probably induced by the strength of the Church in that quarter and by unwise counsels of clerical advisers, he decided to collect the greater part of his forces in Querétaro. No military manœuvre displaying less wisdom could have been made. He afterward saw the folly of this movement, and applied the term "the mouse-trap" to the city. But events which were otherwise inevitable were only hastened thereby. Querétaro is so situated that when his army was once in it, the Republican forces, before that time scattered in all parts of the country and almost completely disorganized, perceived their advantage and began to gather around the city, gradually closing it in; and about March 1st, under the brave General Mariano de Escobedo, they began a siege which was to last two months and a half. On one occasion Gen. Marquez, with a few soldiers, succeeded in breaking through the enclosing lines and hastened to the capital to raise troops to attack the besiegers in the rear and relieve the Imperialists. But he proved false to the Emperor, and attempted to set up a government of his own in the capital, with disastrous results to himself and his followers.

The besieged were in very sore straits when, on May 14th, a council of war was held to adopt measures for a final sortie that night, to be conducted by Gen. Mejia. The General begged for twenty-four hours in which to perfect his plans. His request was granted, and the officers retired. Immediately upon the breaking up of the council of war, Col. Miguel Lopez, a favorite of both the Emperor and Empress from the day of their arrival in Mexico, went over to the Republican lines and gave such information as would enable a detachment to effect an entrance into the city the following daybreak. For his treachery he

was munificently rewarded in money and property, but he lives detested and distrusted by all Mexicans, and his name will be handed down in history beside that of Benedict Arnold.*

On the morning of the 15th, just as the day began to dawn, a few Republican soldiers appeared at the city gate and were allowed to enter. Without firing a gun the Imperial guards were surprised, disarmed and made prisoners, and the way was thus opened for the Republican troops to pour in and occupy the city. Lopez himself awakened the Emperor and announced that the city had been taken. The Emperor arose, hastily dressed, and, accompanied by his secretary and chief of staff, hurried into the street. The city was full of soldiers of both armies, the Imperialists not yet recovered from their surprise and not knowing what to do. It was scarcely light, and the Emperor and his companions hurried on, unrecognized, until they reached the *Cerro de las Campanas* (the Hill of the Bells), where they were joined by Gen. Mejia and the Emperor's body-guard. Gen. Miramon on his way thither had been wounded and taken prisoner.

As it grew lighter the group upon the *Cerro* attracted the attention of the Republican batteries, and they opened fire upon it. The faithful body-guard of the Emperor closed in around him to protect him. A hasty consultation was held. Gen. Mejia had taken in the whole situation at a glance, and gave it as his opinion that any effort to extricate themselves would be utterly useless. "Then I am no longer Emperor," said Maximilian sadly. A white flag was raised, the firing ceased, and Gen. Escobedo rode over to the *Cerro*. To him Maximilian delivered his sword.

* While this sketch was in preparation, an old discussion was revived in Mexico, and continued with considerable acrimony, as to the culpability of Lopez in the fall of the garrison in Querétaro. A statement purporting to come from Gen. Escobedo and to reveal a plot by which Maximilian proposed to sacrifice the garrison and the army but save himself, has been published to protect Lopez. But it adds nothing to testimony examined by me several years ago and abandoned as untenable. Lopez has passed into history as a man who sold out his best friend. He and his friends have had twenty years in which to clear him of the charge of treachery. It is a very late day to attempt to redeem his character. The whole statement of his friends on his behalf bears unmistakable internal evidence of untruthfulness. The documents accompanying the statement had been published before and were satisfactorily explained. The character of Maximilian remains without a stain.

The Imperialist prisoners were taken back to the city and incarcerated in the cells of some of the old convents of which Querétaro was full. Inquiries were at once sent to President Juárez and his ministers, who had then returned to San Luis Potosí, as to the disposition to be made of the captives. One prominent general was promptly executed. The cases of Maximilian, Miramon and Mejia were reserved for special treatment. A court martial was organized to try them under the decree of January, 1862. It was composed of a lieutenant-colonel of the Republican army and six captains of artillery. *The oldest member of this remarkable court was twenty-three years of age, the youngest eighteen. The others had scarcely reached their majority.* Before them the "Archduke" Maximilian was arraigned for treason, for "usurpation of the public power," for "filibustering," for "trying to prolong the civil war in Mexico," and finally for signing the decree of October 3d, 1865. The two generals were tried as accomplices. All were ably defended by prominent lawyers, but to no purpose. The juvenile court had been selected to condemn, and on June 14th found them all guilty. With unnecessary haste they were sentenced to be shot at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 16th. On that day the three prisoners prepared for execution, when news came of a reprieve until the morning of the 19th.

From the day of his surrender until the morning of his execution, Maximilian remained in his convent cell. He pleaded three excuses for not attending his trial. Sickness (his nervous system had given way immediately after the surrender), the demands of his private affairs in anticipation of death—for he was resigned to what he knew would be the result—and the inferiority in rank of the court selected to try him. The Imperial prisoner attracted the attention of all Mexico, and the President at San Luis Potosí was besieged by petitions from every part of the country and from all classes of people, Republican as well as Imperialists and non-partisans, begging that the life of the Emperor might be spared. But he was deaf to all appeals, basing his refusals to grant mercy invariably upon the "demands of Mexico." Surely the real "demands of Mexico" could have been

heard, one might think, in the prayers that went up from every part of the land that the life of the noble and pure man who had surrendered to the Republic should be spared. Outside of Mexico the news of the surrender was followed by a period of suspense and speculation as to what would be done with the European prince then in the hands of the Republic. News from Mexico traveled slowly in those days, and the efforts made abroad to induce President Juárez to be lenient with his imperial captive and to accord to him the treatment due to a prisoner of war, were put forth too late to be of any avail.

The conduct of the Emperor during his last ten days was so heroic as to win the admiration of all. His letters, written in anticipation of death, to his family, to his counsel, and to his friends in Mexico, are noble and touching. He would be a heartless man who could read them unmoved. Among his last letters was one to President Juárez, pleading, not for his own life, but that the lives of his two brave generals might be spared. In his last hours he was comforted by the false report brought to him that Carlota was dead. He ever afterward spoke with assurance of soon meeting his beloved wife beyond the grave.

At sunrise on the morning of June 19th, 1867, the Emperor and his generals, Miramon and Mejia, were led out to the *Cerro de las Campanas* for execution. Maximilian yielded the central place, the place of honor, to Miramon as a testimonial to his bravery, and took his place at the left of the line marked out. He gave gold coins to the soldiers detailed to fire the fatal volley, and begged them to aim directly at his heart and avoid mutilating his face. He had directed that his body be sent to Europe, and he wished his mother to see his face without any marks of the fearful death he was to die. He took pains to wrap a handkerchief around his long blonde beard to prevent its being burned. Then, addressing the soldiers of the Republican army and the immense crowd standing in sorrowful silence upon the hillside, he said, "Mexicans, I die for a just cause—the independence of Mexico. God grant that my blood may bring happiness to my new country. *Viva Mexico!*" Mira-

mon echoed his "*Viva Mexico!*" and the loud report of muskets rang out over the hills and valleys of Querétaro. The three men fell heavily. Maximilian was not instantly killed, and sprang to his feet at once, uttering the most agonizing cries. A soldier advanced and gave what is called the *golpe de gracia* (the blow of mercy)—a well-aimed shot which pierced the heart of the Emperor and stretched his lifeless body beside those of his companions in arms.

"He who knew not how to govern," said one of his Republican critics, "at least knew how to die." All over Mexico there were mourning and tears of pity for the attractive prince, whose career had been so sadly ended in his thirty-fifth year; and, as soon as the news of his untimely death went abroad, expressions of sorrow and sympathy were heard in every quarter of the globe.

Thus was the Republic of Mexico restored, and in a few weeks the President returned to the capital. He seems to have been satisfied with the deaths of the Imperialists in Querétaro and a few at the capital; and arrangements were speedily perfected for the amnesty of most of those who had been adherents of the Empire. Juárez was firmly established in the presidency by a new election, and continued in office until his death in 1872. He was probably the best president the country ever possessed, and was certainly the most honored of them all. His beautiful tomb stands in the Pantheon of San Fernando, in the City of Mexico, almost midway between those of Miramon and Mejia; and now the surviving and pardoned representatives of the Empire, and the old warriors of the Republic, maintain friendly relations, of which the position of these three tombs may be typical.

Only a brief chapter of Maximilian's history remains to be written. Immediately after the execution, the body was embalmed, and efforts were made to carry out the Emperor's expressed wishes in regard to sending it to Europe. But in these efforts there were a series of diplomatic blunders on the part of the Emperor's friends, which might easily have been avoided, and which led to a delay of several months before the consent of the government was obtained

to remove the remains from Querétaro.* Finally, however, upon the request of the Emperor's family, forwarded through the Austrian premier to the Mexican Secretary of Foreign Affairs, permission was granted to remove the remains of the "Archduke Fernando Maximiliano" to Austria, to be deposited with the ashes of the deceased members of the illustrious House of Hapsburg. Handsomely encoffined, the body left the capital under the escort of three hundred horsemen on the 12th of November, 1867. At Vera Cruz it was embarked on the "Novara"—the ship in which the Archduke had set out on his travels in 1851, and in which their majesties had come to the new world in 1864. The principal cabin was richly fitted up as a mortuary chapel. The "Novara" reached Trieste about the middle of January, 1868. A beautifully draped steam-launch transferred the coffin to the shore, where it was placed in a funeral car and taken to Vienna. There a solemn procession was formed, and the remains were taken to a chapel in the imperial palace. They were received by the sorrow-stricken mother whose letter had sealed Maximilian's fate. Her grief in the presence of her son's body was without bounds. The remains lay in state in another chapel for a few hours; were then removed to the Church of the Capuchins, where the last sad rites were performed in the presence of the Austrian Emperor, the Imperial family and representatives of all the governments of Europe; and finally were consigned to the imperial vault on January 20th, 1868.

The bronze sarcophagus in which the second unfortunate Emperor of Mexico now rests, after his many wanderings in life and his long journey after death, bears this inscription:

FERNANDUS MAXIMILIANUS
ARCHIDUX AUSTRIÆ
NATUS IN SCHOENBRUNN
QUI
IMPERATOR MEXICANORUM MDCCCLXIV
ELECTUS
DIRA ET CRUENTA NECE
QUERETAPOLI XIX JUNII MDCCCLXVII
HEROICA
CUM
VIRTUTE INTERUIT.

* Upon this subject the Mexican Government has recently taken the trouble to publish a pamphlet in several languages, giving all the documents relating to the action of Juárez and his ministers in regard to the body of Maximilian. I had previously seen these documents in Spanish, and was prepared to state that all charges that the Mexican Government had subjected the imperial corpse to any indignity were utterly false and groundless.

WOOD VIOLETS.

THE word "violet" acts as a charm to conjure up vanished beauty. "The well-loved city of the violet crown," "the violet eyes of Pallas Athena," and the flower which grew for Shakespeare "sweeter than Cytherea's breath or Juno's lids," are shadowed forth at its magic sound.

We are wont to regard the violet as an early flower, the accompaniment of "the sweet uncalendared spring rains," forgetful of the beauty that reflects the bended skies the summer through, and of her who lingers later,

That low-growing one to whom
Dark Proserpine a darker hue has given.

It is, however, only in spring that the flower grows in such clustered sweetness as to suggest "the heavens upbreking through the earth." The violet loves the woods, but she is prodigal of her beauty in many a fence corner. The old fences which have been so long a part of the landscape that they seem to belong to it—having put on that tinge of gray with which Nature subdues the works of man to her color scheme—look ever down upon the daintiest wild flowers. From the top rail the blue-bird, who has been called the "violet of the air," and seems of all the birds the nearest akin in spirit to a flower, loves to pour forth his plaintive melody in those early days when first the blossoms open.

Like the hyacinth, the violet was loved by the Greeks; they saw in its tender beauty the face of her who, wooed by Apollo, was changed by jealous divinities into a flower, turning forever her face earthward lest the god recognize her as he passes through the forest. Science has found another explanation for the downward droop of the sweet face, but we need not abandon the one in order to enjoy the other.

A high-bred beauty is the violet. Long ages passed away after the Great Mother had begun to fill her hands with buttercups and deck her brow with roses, before she robed in royal purple the most highly specialized of her darlings. Go to the woods and find the princess called *Cucullata*, with her leaves folded daintily about her feet, and watch with me her

mode of housekeeping! Her home is at the foot of an old oak, which has stretched its gnarled arm half around her; above her head the blackbirds with their jeweled plumes sail to and fro, and all day long she may hear the soft cadence of the song-sparrow—he who wears the dusky tie beneath his chubby throat and pours forth a song of pure gladness, ending always with "sweet, sweet."

In a smaller tree near by, two nuthatches are building a home: a wise-looking little black head pops up out of the opening, like a jack-in-the-box, every now and then; but finding the intruders well-meaning if idle people, monsieur and madame decide to resume operations, and come boldly out, walking down the trunk of the tree like very big black flies, for their ability to walk down a tree headforemost is one which no other bird possesses, and of which they always make every possible display. If the violet has a turn for humor, the tedium of the long spring days, when, after her work is done, she sits down with folded hands, must be relieved by the antics of these, the acrobats of the woods, though clad in sober black and gray.

The work of the violet is, of course, to keep house for the bee,

that sweet soul-taker
That thief, the honey-maker,
What a house hath he, by the thymy glen!

The entrance to her home, where in remotest recess the limpid honey is hidden, is guarded by two tufts of hairs. These are labyrinths, where those rascally little intruders, the ants—who long ago lost their wings (it is strongly suspected entirely by their own fault) and, having now no way to carry off the pollen, would only steal the honey without paying for it—are sure to get entangled. The five pollen-boxes form a ring about the stigma, and when the yellow-girted bee comes booming up, in awkward attempts to get at the honey, the first thing he does is to give a pollen-box a brisk tap; whereupon it flies open and the pollen falls out like pepper from a caster. So by the time the honey is eaten, the bee is well peppered and off he flies to carry his precious commodity to another blossom.

The Princess, in an extremity, can, however, get along without the bee, for if his coming be too long delayed she knows how to curl her petals over so as to drop the pollen into the opening of the stigma. She takes care to keep the golden dust dry, and for this purpose has learned to bend her head to protect it from the rain. Long ago the bees stole the pollen to make bread with, but the flowers could not afford to lose it; so they wisely learned to distil honey, which the violet secreted in a long spur, where it is inaccessible to all insects save humble-bees and a peculiar kind of moth, who is her fast friend and ally.

Many flowers seem to blossom for the pure love of it: among them, the clovers and some of the violets. Our Princess produces few, if any, seeds in the spring, but covers herself with hidden pearls in August. These pearls are flowers of the most practical type; having neither perfume nor honey, they indulge in no corolla and contain only a pistil and often but two stamens. They look like buds, which however, never open, but pass at once into seed-vessels. A German scientist, who has made a great study of the flower, says that the sweet-violet knows how to bend the capsule over into the ground, thereby sowing her own seed!

In the dog-violet, the seed vessels when ripe stand boldly up; and when the brown seeds are mature they are discharged with considerable force, the flower taking advantage of its tall stalk to send its children far out into the world, while the lower-growing sweet varieties are forced to content themselves with cradling theirs in the moss at their feet.

The petals of the violet are of exquisite beauty. Aldrich speaks of

The dewy mouth
All purpled as with stains of wine.

Mr. Wallace has pointed out that lines and spots of varied color appear upon the most highly specialized parts both in animals and flowers; the wings of butterflies, the petals of flowers, owe their beauty in a measure to the varied functions which they must perform. Simple, regular flowers are usually of one color, although frequently lined with a lighter or darker tint, but in those blossoms which have been specially modified by insect agency these markings are much

varied: hence the jeweled petals and enamelled nectary paths of the violets. The petals are of various shades of blue and sometimes yellow or white, for the violets, like all the higher families of flowerdom, are subject to the curious law of reversion, by which their members tend to return to the more primitive color. Science teaches that the earlier flowers were yellow and white, and that purple and dark blue are the hues belonging to those that were developed later and more highly specialized; while pink and red belong to the intermediate.

The cultivated pansy is said to be the most variable flower in all nature. It possesses the peculiar property of secreting honey only under certain atmospheric conditions, but insects seem to understand the secret and waste no time in useless searches. Mr. Darwin tells of watching a pansy bed two weeks before he saw an insect visit it; but when the honey is prepared

The lusty bee knows well
The news, and comes pell-mell,
And dances in the gloomy thick with darksome
anthemning.

Mr. Burroughs settles the vexed question whether the wood violet has a perfume, by saying that he has occasionally found one distinctly fragrant; so, also, he has rarely met with a perfumed hepatica—noting in both cases that the fragrant flowers belonged to the white varieties, of which Darwin says a considerably larger proportion are sweet-scented than of any other. The tendency toward perfume is one which many flowers are said to be slowly acquiring, and it may be that the American bard of the future will not write of the violet as has a poet of to-day, "all unscented does it grow."

Fields, in his "Yesterdays with Authors," tells of visiting Tennyson, and how the poet, after a long talk, having flung on his cloak for a midnight walk on the moor, stopped suddenly, and dropping upon his knees began an eager search in the grass; having discovered, amid the darkness and dew, the first violet of the season.

An odor, the most imperceptible and intangible of realities, is yet known to be the most lasting in the hold which it takes upon the memory. Having been once perceived, it lies like a thing asleep

in the mind for years, until, at an unexpected touch, it awakes, bringing with it whole chapters of the past. There are well-authenticated stories in which the dying have been stayed for a moment upon the brink of the dark river by the sudden perception of an odor which had pervaded like an atmosphere some supreme moment of their lives.

In a recent novel, the love of the hero for a woman long forgotten awakes not at once in her presence, nor until they both experience a sudden recollection of the past as they stand together for a moment in the evening air, laden with the perfume of sweet violets—a revulsion of feeling that lasts but for a moment, and for which they are at the time wholly unable to account.

The flower of remembrance in many languages, the pansy—the Anglicized *pensée*—reveals its meaning at a glance. Cercamon, the knight-errant who traveled the world over with a pansy on his shield, searching for *la dame de ses pensées*, was but the poet seeking the ideal.

Two "pressed flowers" sent by Aldrich to Bayard Taylor retain all their beauty, though gathered long ago:

—This, blue
As Capri's cave; that, purple and shot through
With sunset orange. Where the Duomo towers
In diamond air, and under hanging bowers
The Arno glides, this faded violet grew
On Lander's grave: from Lander's heart it drew
Its magic azure in the long spring hours.
The pansy—there were hundreds of them—hid
In the thick grass that folded Shelley's mound,
Guarding his ashes with most lovely eyes.

Annie Bronson King.

"BRING OUT YOUR DEAD!"

THE silent and deserted street
Re-echoed to no passing feet,
Except of those who braved the fear
That chills all hearts when death is near,
And constantly with measured tread
Bore on to sepulture the dead,
Of unknown ages, nations, names,
Crowded on rudely-fashioned frames:
And as each dwelling they passed by
They raised an awful, piercing cry:
"Bring out your dead!"

And in that time of fear and death
When waiting women held their breath
And strong men battled with that grim
And ghastly foe, o'ercome by him—
When he who cursed and he who knelt
The same o'ershadowing terror felt,
And—dying or living—as time sped,
Heard the same cry: "Bring out your dead!"

With breath hard-drawn and glaring eye
One woman heard that ringing cry;
In agony she bent her ear
The last faint parting sigh to hear;
At bay, like wild beast in its lair,
She heard their steps upon the stair,
Then swiftly, fiercely turned her head,
And cried: "Go back! *he is not dead!*"—

The bearers gone, she turned toward him;
She chafed each limp, cold, deathly limb!
Unlocked the teeth so firmly set,
The brow and lips with cordials wet;

Then prayed and wept; yet in her woe
 Her hands passed swiftly to and fro
 Above the cold unconscious form
 That would not stir, that would not warm.
 She knew not how time hurried by,
 Until once more she heard the cry,
 And saw how vain the hope she fed
 With brief delays! . . . "Bring out your dead!"

Then as that warning cleft the air
 She heard their steps; they came to bear
 Away the last frail hope from her;
 They gain the room; she does not stir;
 They cross the floor; they reach the bed;
 Then, then she shrieks: "*He is not dead!*"
 She kneels, she raves, she rends the air
 With cry on cry of wild despair.

"Woman, the city's peril grows
 By this delay; we must enclose
 His lifeless form and bear it hence;
 The soul has long departed thence."

"Just one more hour—just one! Delay!
 Leave me mine own once more, I pray!
 And, by the sacred name of wife,
 If in that time he shows no life—
 When you return, if yonder bed
 Still holds him prone, I'll grant him dead!
 Go! Go! Be mine this one fleet hour,
 Then will I bow me to your power."

Reluctantly they turned and went . . .
 Then Heaven's own messenger was sent
 To aid that woman's matchless faith
 And join her in her watch with death.
 And all the while the air is red
 With scorching heat, and wildest dread
 Attends the still recurring cry:
 "Bring out your dead!"

The hour was spent; once more they came
 Depositing their gruesome frame;
 They mount again the creaking stair
 And this behold on entering there:
 A woman pale, yet glorified
 By some mysterious, Heaven-sent tide
 Which seemed to overflow the room
 And light this picture in the gloom;
 For there upon her faithful breast,
 Pale, ghastly, living and at rest,
 He leaned, while she looked up and said
 "Go now in peace; he is not dead!"

Margaret H. Lawless.

OLIVIA DELAPLAINE.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT,

AUTHOR OF "AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN," "THE HOUSE AT HIGH BRIDGE," "RUTHERFORD," "TINKLING CYMBALS,"
"A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE," "THE CONFESSIONS OF CLAUD," ETC.

XXIV.—CONTINUED.

SPENCER DELAPLAINE'S will had required that his widow's share of the banking-business should, as soon as possible, become entirely null. Her fortune was to be withdrawn from the house, and subsequently re-invested elsewhere. All such operations as these took time, and were attended with not a few legal complications as well. Olivia had many a prosy term of converse to undergo, and some of the proceedings explained to her were by no means as lucid after explanation as she might have wished. Suddenly, one day, the thought of Adrian Etherege flashed through her mind. How materially he could have aided her in the clearer understanding of these perplexing details! And why had she not remembered him before?

The truth was, she had absolutely forgotten him for weeks. 'How ungrateful of me!' she reflected. 'And after he defended me so bravely at Greenacre that evening! He must have felt bitterly toward me all this time. No doubt he has been waiting for me to summon him. What harm can there be in my doing so at once?'

Still, she feared the questions he might ask her regarding that fateful night. Massereene's reference to it had caused her many a memorial shudder. What if Adrian had refrained from seeking her again because he suspected her of greater guilt than that with which she already charged her own unhappy self?

A few hours later one of the employees at the Bank—a gentleman with whom she had already held more than a single rather wearisome parley—presented himself at her house. After not a little hesitation, she made up her mind to inquire concerning Adrian.

"Etherege?" was the reply. "Oh, we have not seen him at the Bank for certainly six weeks. They say he is quite ill. I don't know what the trouble is.

We have paid him his salary as usual. Once or twice his mother—a tall, solemn-faced, elderly lady—has appeared and received the money in person. I myself had no conversation with her, but I believe she said her son was seriously ill with a fever. Several of the clerks called at Etherege's house, but I don't think any of them succeeded in seeing him. Mrs. Etherege always received the visitors, if I am not mistaken, and gave them the same answer—that her son was too ill to have anyone enter his room . . . I've no idea how his sickness will terminate, but it is beginning to be whispered, down at the Bank, that he is in a very dangerous condition. You knew him well, I suppose, Mrs. Delaplaine, when your husband was alive?"

"Yes," Olivia said. "I knew him very well. His illness is a great surprise to me—and a shock also. Can you give me his address?"

"I can have it sent to you," came the answer.

"Please do so, then, immediately."

On the following day Olivia received the address. It was considerably up-town, in one of the easterly side-streets, not far from Second Avenue. That afternoon she had herself driven there in her own private carriage.

She felt convinced that the woman whom she would now most probably meet was the same whom she had seen for a brief minute or two at the head of the stairway on a certain afternoon, not very long ago, while Delaplaine's curt words of dismissal had rung out with such astonishing harshness. And this woman—the mother of Adrian—had no doubt once been the mistress of Delaplaine. All indications, as presented by Adrian himself, had tended toward such a belief on Olivia's part. It was not pleasant to seek her friend with the prospect of being accosted by Mrs. Etherege at the very outset of the search. Still, the gloomy character of the tidings Olivia had heard

left her no alternative. In the way of sacrificing her own inclinations or prejudices, much more than she now contemplated doing would have cheerfully enough been undertaken by her for reasons like the present.

The house at which her carriage finally drew up was one of those small, third-rate red-brick buildings that contribute so multitudinously toward the renowned ugliness of the metropolis. Here dwelt Mrs. Etherege, renting the house and sub-renting all floors of it but one. This was the first, or "parlor" floor, and in its front apartment she received Olivia, amid surroundings of a shabby-genteel quality. Effects here and there suggested the taste or influence of Adrian; but the *ensemble* was in the main both dreary and threadbare.

Mrs. Etherege looked indisputably the first if not the last. Olivia recognized her at once. And the solemn lines on her worn face did not grow a grade more cheerful after she had been told her visitor's name. Indeed, Olivia noticed the lines about her mouth tighten ominously as she said:

"You called, ma'am, to inquire about my son?"

"I called to see him, if I could. I hope he is well enough to see me. I—"

"He never sees anybody," was the interruption, hard as a blow.

"I am very sorry," said Olivia, sweetly. "Is he then so exceedingly ill?"

"Yes. He's pretty sick."

"Dangerously, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"Will you let me ask you what his trouble is?"

Mrs. Etherege did not seem at all disposed to tell. She was occupying a straight-backed chair in front of the easier one into which Olivia had sunk. She had drooped her eyes and was scanning the carpet with them. It appeared quite possible to Olivia that she might raise them any minute, and show them glittering with most inhospitable beams. It was evident that the woman did not like her boldness in coming thither, but also that she had motives for not making this disapproval too palpable. Meanwhile, notwithstanding the grimness and bleakness of her visage, Olivia could detect in it a strong though covert resem-

blance to Adrian's; one might almost have said that its beauty had become insultingly flouted by trouble and disappointment—two as malevolent vitriol-throwers, in their way, as any that ever prowled.

"He's affected strangely," she at length said, raising her eyes. "He *had* typhoid. But that's gone now, and he's . . . well, he's very weak." All expression of animosity died on a sudden from her face, and one of excessive worryment succeeded it. "I'm very often afraid he's going crazy!" she exclaimed.

"Ah! how dreadful!" Olivia cried. "But perhaps it's only the *result* of the fever. It may wear off when he gets back his physical strength. Such cases are happening all the time."

Nothing could have sounded more spontaneous, more sympathetic, than these words of the visitor's, uttered in her dulcet voice and with softly sparkling eyes. They perceptibly softened Mrs. Etherege, who gazed long and earnestly at her companion, and then said:

"Adrian's mind is in a very curious state. He lies without speaking, for hours. Then he'll begin to murmur to himself in a most incoherent manner. It seems as if he were hiding something from me—something that he's heard or done in former days—and yet as if this were preying so on his mind that he *must* sooner or later disclose it . . . He's often spoken of you, ma'am . . ."

"Of me!" exclaimed Olivia, a pang of self-reproach passing through her heart.

" . . . And I must acknowledge that lately," pursued Mrs. Etherege, as if she had made up her mind to have it all out while her own propitious mood lasted, "he's been begging that I would send for you."

"And why did you not?"

Mrs. Etherege began to gnaw her lips. "Well," she said, "there were reasons. Mr. Delaplaine, as you know, was very good to Adrian. For quite a while he almost adopted him. There was nothing very remarkable in his doing so. Adrian was a handsome boy, and I . . . er . . . I was a relation of Mr. Delaplaine's. I don't know if he has ever mentioned this fact to you or not."

"No," said Olivia, "my husband never mentioned it to me. At least, not that

I recollect." She had become somehow most promptly convinced that Mrs. Etherege's latter statement was a premeditated falsehood. All in all, however, she was rather glad that this coolly audacious way had been adopted of dealing with the whole awkward and unsavory subject. If Adrian's mother had ever sought to convince Delaplaine that he was the father of her son, she must signally have failed after the lad reached any appreciable age, since he bore no vaguest trace of such fatherhood. Whatever Delaplaine had subsequently done for Adrian must either have been prompted by some lingering shadow of sentiment for his mother (which, as Olivia had seen, that lady was inclined too daringly to count upon), or by the mingled comeliness and capability which the boy himself presented.

"Yes, oh, yes," proceeded Mrs. Etherege, with a slow, decisive nod at Olivia. "I 'm surprised he did n't speak of the relationship. *Adrian* knew nothing about it; I never told him." Here she coughed, as though to give herself time for fresh inventions. "I thought he might refer to it on some occasion when Mr. Delaplaine was not in the best of humors—you understand?"

"Yes," acceded Olivia mechanically. She thought she understood very well indeed.

"Now I was *more* than astonished," went on Mrs. Etherege, "I was *grieved* when I heard that Mr. Delaplaine had not even remembered me by as much as a small legacy." She paused, and drew a long breath, and Olivia wondered whether, during these few minutes of intercourse, she could not read her character somewhat clearly. Was she not a woman who had started life on a large stock of good looks and a moderate amount of principle, and who, having found the resources of both insufficient to keep her prosperously afloat, had mixed herself up in a hundred petty duplicities, remaining now, at a rather advanced age, wholly dissatisfied with the successful diplomacy of any?

"If, as you tell me, you are a relation of Mr. Delaplaine's," Olivia at once answered, "I shall be glad to make some amends for my husband's neglect." She said this, thinking of Adrian, and hoping

that she could thus turn a little golden key in the doorway of obstruction between himself and her.

Mrs. Etherege smiled, and the smile seemed to astonish her sombre, *fade* face; you might have fancied that certain little muscles used in the process had grown stiff from lack of exercise.

"Oh, thank you, ma'am—thank you very much. We're *not* in the best of circumstances, and one or two of my boarders think of leaving me. If Adrian's salary at the Bank should be stopped, it would be very hard on us. The truth is, as I can tell *you*, my up-stairs drainage is n't what it ought to be, and people don't stay with me long, even if they come. But I've a three-years' lease of the house, so I *must* stay here and try to make both ends meet."

"Well," said Olivia, smiling, "I will help you to do that. Trust me." She was anxious to see Adrian at once, and would have made almost any kind of promise, just then, in order to secure his mother's good will.

"It was because I felt so hurt about Mr. Delaplaine's forgetting me altogether," now pursued this lady, "that I—well, I did n't think it was best to send for you, no matter how hard Adrian begged."

"And he *did* beg hard?" exclaimed Olivia. "Ah, I hope you would have relented soon and sent for me!"

"Well, I dare say I would," she replied, looking down with an uneasy roll of the eyeball; and her hearer almost concluded that she would have been cruel enough to delay the summons perhaps many days.

But Olivia now made an eager request to see Adrian. Mrs. Etherege presently rose and left the room, after saying that she would ascertain if such a plan were feasible. Her return was awaited most impatiently. But not until twenty good minutes afterward did she again appear.

"He is very weak to-day," she said. "I had to tell him in the most cautious way that you were here."

"And it gratified him to know?" asked Olivia.

"It—shocked him. He's in a state when so little *will* shock him. But he seems very glad now. He is waiting to see you with a kind of new look in his

face . . . Please do not let him excite himself any more than you can help."

"I will do my utmost to soothe, to quiet him," Olivia answered.

"Very well. He wants me to leave you alone with him for a half an hour . . . That is rather a long time, considering how ill he is . . . But I shall be within call, if you should want me. It's only two rooms off. Will you come with me now?"

Olivia rose, following Mrs. Etherege. Very soon, after that, she was standing in a neat, plainly-appointed room, near the bedside of Adrian.

XXV.

His face, as she cast her eyes upon it, sent a thrill of horror through her nerves. Its beauty of contour and proportion was not so altered that she could not recognize it at once, and yet the change, the pallor, the attenuation! . . . Olivia did her best to conceal a visible tremor, and succeeded. She went nearer to the bed and took the hand that Adrian stretched out to her. Its clasp was burningly feverish. His exquisite brown eyes seemed to devour her face as she paused close beside him.

"Leave me with Mrs. Delaplaine, mother," he said, suddenly making this appeal. "Remember your agreement."

"Yes, Adrian," was the reply. Without another word Mrs. Etherege passed from the room.

There was a chair quite near Olivia. She took it, and then, amid the silence that ensued after Adrian's mother had departed, she said, with her voice full of the tenderest solicitude:

"I had no idea until yesterday that you were ill."

"No?" he responded. His eyes dwelt upon hers as though some fascination compelled the searching intensity of their survey. "I wanted mother to send for you; I wanted it so much! But she kept putting me off. At length I made up my mind to do a certain thing, for I had lost all patience, and I suspected that she was deceiving me with false promises. If she did not send for you this very day I had determined to give her a fright—for she loves me, notwithstanding her tame and gloomy way of showing it."

"A fright, Adrian?" asked Olivia. "You mean——?"

"I'd have told her the blunt truth—that I'm dying, and that if she kept us apart any further length of time she would be merely hastening the end for me."

"No, no, no," Olivia murmured. "You cannot mean *that*, Adrian!" She laughed as cheerily as she could, though her heart had begun to beat in a sickening way.

"Yes; it is true. I made the doctor tell me yesterday. He is a clever man, Dr. Wallace; he saw that I was in earnest, and that no prevarication would avail with me. Mother thinks that because my mind wanders, now and then, while I'm lying here as weak as a little child, it's my brain. But it is not. It's my heart. Dr. Wallace says so. There's no hope for me; it's what they call an atrophy, a wasting away. It followed the fever; I had typhoid, you know, for months . . . Isn't it strange that I should die from that?—a heart that is starving? I used to feel as if my heart were starving when I looked at you in those other days."

"Oh, Adrian!" Olivia faltered, drooping her head.

"I did. But all that is past, now. I had resolved not to speak of it when you came. You knew that I loved you. It was torture for me to see *him* treat you as he did. I shall never forget that last evening at dinner. When I left you, a little later, after you had fainted, you believed (did you not?) that I had left for town?"

"Yes."

"It was not true. I staid in the village all the next day. The next night I went back to Greenacre. My thoughts all day had been horrible. It seemed to me at times as if your very life were in peril from *him*. As I said, the next night I went back to Greenacre."

He appeared purposely to emphasize that last iterated sentence. He spoke in a low voice—almost too low for his mother, if she had chosen the part of eavesdropper, to have heard him. Speaking doubtless fatigued him, and at times a glossy light would replace the richer and sweeter lustre of his eyes. He was too sick a man to talk as much as this. Olivia was

about to tell him so, and gently bid him to exert himself less, when his repetition of those words, "the next night I went back to Greenacre," somehow made her forget her designed injunction.

"Do you mean that you went there and asked for me?" she inquired.

Adrian closed his eyes for a moment, and a smile of the most ironical sadness broke from his lips and slowly faded there.

"No; I did not ask for you. I asked for no one. It was some time after dark. The night was very warm, as you perhaps remember."

"I do remember," Olivia said, with a slight inward thrill.

"The front doors were open; the light from the hall shone out across the piazza upon the lawn, where it joined the full, splendid moonlight. I did not know of Delaplaine's illness, but I felt sure I would not encounter him, as a closer view of the piazza told me he was not there, and I had observed that since his state had become so enfeebled he moved about very little. But I believed that I might see you, and I wanted very much to see you. I had been racked by the most forcible pity for you. I longed to press your hand in farewell, and assure you that if you needed my presence hereafter you had only to telegraph me and I would obey the call without an instant of delay. . . All looked lonely and deserted as I ascended the piazza. If I had met a servant I would have sent a message to you. But even after passing into the hall I met no one whatever. Then the idea occurred to me of going upstairs to your sitting-room. Perhaps you would be there alone, and on such a warm night your door might be open. That would be better, I speedily decided, than to ring the bell for a servant and send up my name to you, thus risking the fact of my presence being made known to *him*. . . Well, so I mounted the stairs and soon found myself in the upper hall. As I passed your husband's bed-room the door was slightly ajar. You were speaking with an attendant, and before I had realized it I had heard all you said and all she said. I even caught a glimpse, too, of the man who lay there, and understood clearly that he must be very ill. . . The woman soon left the room, and by the

time that she had done so, going straight upstairs, I had withdrawn into a corner of the dim-lit hall. If she had turned and discovered me I suppose she would have screamed and taken me for a robber. . . and then I should not have done the thing that freed you from him forever."

"What thing?" questioned Olivia, with her breath coming in gasps. A terror had begun to creep icily through her veins, but it was a terror somehow mixed with wild gladness.

"Can't you guess?" he answered. "You went out of the room, and I was going to follow along the hall and enter the other room where you were. But something held me back. I was thinking of the poison in that glass; I was thinking of how it could rid you of him forever."

"Adrian!"

"Presently he called you. You went in to him again. I heard those horrible words he spoke to you about wanting to have you die when he died. I was on the verge of rushing in when he grasped your hand like that; but I stood still outside there, instead, and felt my hate of him and my compassion for you mingle and surge through my veins. . . Then he spoke of his thirst and of how he wanted a glassful of water as large as that of the medicine you were giving him. You told him it was a deadly poison, and after he had taken a spoonful of it you left the glass on the table at his side, because you were most probably agitated by those other words of his, warning you not to be too sure that he would die, after all—you who would not have retarded his detestable life by one second for all the wealth of all the world! . . . Then he told you to turn down the light, and you did, and left him. . . And then my mind was made up, and I waited my chance."

"Your chance?"

"It came almost at once. He said, presently, in a husky voice, which you were too far off to hear, 'Oh, how thirsty I am!' . . . And then I did not wait any longer. I went into the dark room, softly, on tiptoe. He did not see me enter. I glided up toward the head of the bed, too much beyond him for him to have seen me, even if the room had not been in such thick shadow. I

reached for the glass on the little table. 'Here's water,' I said, and the voice I spoke in startled me; it was very faint, but it was so shrewd a copy of just the way you would have spoken those two words. He put out his hand in the gloom, and I gave him the glass. I heard him begin to drink, with the sound a very thirsty child might give . . . And then I did not stop even to see if he would put the glass back on the table or let it fall . . . I shot away, and no one saw me dart downstairs and hurry out upon the lawn again. The news of his death came to me here in town . . . I dare say the illness would have attacked me anyway . . . I don't know. But I began to suffer fearfully for what I had done, and—and when the news also reached me that you had admitted his death was owing to your own carelessness in leaving the medicine so near him, I had a sick sort of dread lest you might—might be reproaching yourself with—the—thought—"

These latter words were broken painfully, and uttered with a difficulty that seemed to indicate the approach of death itself. But extreme exhaustion, not death, was now at work with Adrian. In another moment his eyes had closed, and his ghastly face, turned a little sideways on the pillow, revealed his complete loss of consciousness . . .

Olivia rose from her chair. For a slight space of time she forgot even to cry out and summon the assistance of Mrs. Etherege. A single thought dominated her being. She was not guilty, after all! Heavy bonds were falling from her spirit, and as if with the audible noise of shattered chains. Darkness was flying away from her, struck into a hundred cloudy fragments by shafts of poignant, enrapturing sunshine! "Thank God!—thank God!" broke from her lips. and as the words escaped her she seemed to gaze upon the very face of Massereene, as though it had become visible in the flesh close at her side. But she discerned it through a blur of besieging tears; and when, a little later, she hurried to find Adrian's mother, these tears were streaming down her cheeks as though the bitterest grief and not the most impassioned joy had caused them.

* * * * *

A few hours later she sat alone in her own room. An open letter lay before her, sheet after sheet, with the ink scarcely dry on the last one. It was to Massereene. It told him everything—the entire story of her temptation, her self-loathing, her renunciation of all future individual delights—and it confessed that the love she bore him was chief and paramount among those delights. Then it recorded the meeting with Adrian Etherege and the new, dizzying revelation that had come to her from his lips.

"Even if I should never see you again—and that is now for you to decide—" the letter here went on, "I implore you to keep as an absolute secret what I have just written. But I know your merciful heart—and Adrian is a dying man! His sin has been terrible; I feel that I can judge somewhat of its magnitude by the anguish that its consequences have cost *me*. There is no other living soul except yourself to whom I would have told his unhappy story. I wonder if it is selfish of me to feel that you *must* know the whole truth—that it is only justice to myself for such completeness of knowledge to be given you . . . As I said, Adrian Etherege will not live long; you already may read on his face that he is doomed. Explain it as you will, but I cannot help a feeling of infinite gratitude toward him. Still, in any case I would have promised his mother very liberal help, both before his death and afterward . . ."

Olivia directed her letter, sealed it, and sent it to the hotel at which Massereene always lived when in New York.

'Will he come to me?' she asked herself.

Massereene, seated in his own room at the hotel, received two letters. He took them both carelessly, opened one and read in it that the particular stateroom which he desired on a certain steamer sailing a few days from then would be reserved for him . . . Then he glanced at the other envelope and gave a great start. His recognition of the hand-writing set his nerves quivering with excitement . . . About fifteen minutes afterward he came down stairs with unwonted speed, almost threw himself into a cab, and gave orders to be driven to West Tenth Street . . .

"Foolish child!" he said to Olivia, after the first and almost silent ecstasy of their meeting had passed; "why should you not have told me your trouble before, when it was tormenting your soul? I would have convinced you that your sin (no matter what may have been its result) was far less unpardonable than you believed."

"Nothing could have so convinced me," said Olivia. She drew away from him with a little shiver, though his encircling arms would not let her recede far. "I have misgivings even now," she went on, "that I am absolving myself much too easily."

"Oh, don't bother, then, about absolving yourself at all," smiled Massereene. "Leave it all to me. Make me the keeper of your conscience."

"You've enough that is mine to take care of already," said Olivia, looking deep into his eyes and answering his smile.

"I've your heart," he said. "Do you mean that?"

"Yes."

He laughed. "Well, I'll own to the responsibility, my dearest, and not be too ambitious about increasing it."

Olivia drew a long sigh. "Responsibility?" she murmured. "My sense of a great one will never cease while I live; for I shall always see reproachful proofs of my weakness in the strength which ought to have made it self-control."

"And I," he replied, still playfully, "shall always hope for strength to grapple with your hardest metaphysics, and repress them when they take too morbid an outlook."

But she shook her head forbiddingly at this lighter mood of his, even while she drooped closer to him and let his arms more fondly enwrap her; for with all her ever-to-be-endured regret, she could not but love the levity that his happiness forced from him,—and as naturally as the dawn itself will force a dewy glitter from those grasses that its first beams have bathed!

[THE END.]

THE BELLES OF OLD PHILADELPHIA.

BY CHARLOTTE ADAMS.

[Second Paper.]

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY was essentially a painter of dowagers. The Tory feeling of the British colonies before the Revolutionary War, and during the time it was in progress, is well embodied in his portraits. The ladies and gentlemen whom he put on canvas were believers in the divine right of kings, and scorned the republican rabble. Copley's methods were somewhat formal, and he lacked artistic as well as social ease of manner; but one has a suspicion that an unconscious reactionary tendency against the leveling opinions of the age lurks in every dry, hard stroke of the royalist painter's brush. He was not free from colonialism, and his early seekings after truth, alone and unaided, on the "wild shores of America," influenced even his latest works.

Some of Copley's biographers claim that he had no teacher but Nature and himself until he went to Italy and

England. His son, Lord Lyndhurst, the celebrated jurist and High Chancellor of England, shares this opinion. But Dunlap, whose chronicles of early American art have a classic value, thinks that he was probably a pupil of the elder Smybert, who was settled at Boston.

Smybert merits attention, not only as a painter, but as an important figure in the romance of early American history. He was the friend of that Bishop Berkeley, whose famous line, "Westward the course of empire takes its way," has become the literary key-note of American national development. He met Berkeley in Italy, and together they came to America to carry out the bishop's great scheme of founding a university in Rhode Island, for which the English crown had agreed to make a grant. That experiment in socialistic intellectualism budded never to flower, because the money was appropriated for another

purpose by the English government. Bishop Berkeley returned to Ireland, and Smybert was led by fate to Boston, where he painted portraits and exerted a developing influence over a group of young men with artistic tastes, the most promising of whom was Copley.

He was known as a portrait-painter as early as 1760, and for fourteen years he practiced his profession in his native land, and took high rank among colonial artists. He was living at Cambridge, Mass., when he married Miss Anne Clarke, daughter of a merchant of Boston; and we learn that on the occasion of his marriage he wore a suit of crimson velvet with gold buttons. There was no bohemianism about Copley. Having the respectability of a *bourgeois* and the tastes of an aristocrat, he was admirably fitted to seize and portray the characteristics of the American merchants.

Copley himself was an epitome of the social conditions of the period just preceding the Revolutionary War. The freedom of intercourse which prevailed in the infant colonies when high and low were banded together for the mutual protection of house and home had vanished. Its place was taken by a strong class-feeling among the wealthy and a bitter sense of division, which was soon to find expression in the royalist and republican parties. It is to this period, when Copley's American reputation as a portrait-painter was at its height, that we may assign his picture of Mrs. Peter Turner.

Mrs. Turner, who sits with so respectable and dignified an air in her arm-chair in this portrait of her, was not a Philadelphian by birth. She was a Miss Sarah Wally, of London. Peter Turner was also a Londoner. He came to America in 1742, and purchased a tract of land in the city of Philadelphia, beyond where Girard College now stands. It was named "Islington Farm," and was situated on "Turner's Lane," now called Turner Street. The three sons of this admirable couple, who brought the traditions of the English gentry with them to America, have handed the family name down to the present day.

The portrait of Mr. Peter Turner was also painted by Copley, but it was not

shown at the recent Philadelphia exhibition. It is probable that one of the sons is that little priggish boy who leans on Mrs. Turner's lap, holding up a rose like a cabbage for her admiration, and resting the other hand on an enormous three-cornered hat—which was doubtless the proper head-covering for the sober little gentlemen of his day. Mrs. Turner is evidently inculcating lessons of piety into the youthful breast. The expression of her countenance is appropriately composed; she holds a book with one hand, and with the other points a moral for the benefit of the young. Copley painted better portraits than this, but we may doubt if he ever painted one more thoroughly in harmony with the spirit of social respectability which informed eighteenth-century Philadelphia.

Sally McKean was a belle of Philadelphia toward the end of the last century. In the portrait that Gilbert Stuart painted of her, she looks determined to make the most of life and enjoy herself as best she may. There is a shrewd, humorous twinkle in her audacious black eyes, which shows a thoroughly American appreciation of her own matrimonial success. She is a marchioness, and her son is a duke and a grandee of Spain! No colonial gallant was good enough for Sally McKean, say her spiteful mates at levee or ball. O, no—she must have a title!

And, indeed, why should she not, gay and handsome as she is, with her father one of the political leaders of Philadelphia and a valued servant of the new republic? Judge McKean was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, president of Congress, chief-justice of Pennsylvania for twenty years, governor of Pennsylvania and governor of Delaware. The maiden name of the mother of this clever young creature was Armitage, of Newcastle, Del. She was the second wife of Judge McKean. Pretty Sally was born to a commanding position, even in a small colonial way. No wonder she aspired to a high place in life, such as only European society could give; and when that brilliant young noble, Carlo Maria Martinez Casa-Yrujo, appeared above the social horizon, among all the belles of Philadelphia it was



MRS. PETER TURNER.

Sally McKean for whose charms fate reserved this admirable *parti*. He was Spanish minister to the United States at the time he married Miss McKean, and he held the post until 1808. The marquis was the first minister sent from Spain to the new nation. He was successively plenipotentiary at the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, ambassador to France, minister of foreign affairs, and president of the council; besides filling other positions in the Spanish diplomatic world. The Philadelphia beauty accompanied him in his wanderings, and was the belle of several courts. Her son, the Duke of Sotomayor, born at Philadelphia, became prime minister of Spain. The marchioness made her home at last in Madrid, where she died at the age of seventy-five.

One can imagine her looking back on the provincial ways of the republican court, and thanking her stars that she had gotten out of them into a more tropical social atmosphere. Fancy the transition from the subtle Quakerism of even the most progressive Philadelphia society to the life of a Spanish *doña* of

high rank and conspicuous position! A life of love and orange-flowers, of court ceremonies and bull-fights, of color and sunshine and music and moonlight, such as all the wealth of Philadelphia could not bring to its own doors!

In Gilbert Stuart's portraits of the marquis and marchioness, he shows them young, handsome, and, as it were, flowering; for there is a heavenly bloom of color in these two portraits which reminds one of the rosy almond-flowers of southern Europe. The sensitive, poetic, exquisitely receptive temperament of this king among American painters shows him in these portraits as thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the two personalities fused by marriage into one—the brilliant, reckless, ambitious American girl, and the courtly, dignified, charming Spanish diplomat. They were types to be carefully studied and worthily embalmed for posterity, and Stuart did his best by the handsome couple. He has made of the marchioness at once a voluptuous Andalusian and a daring, self-confident American—a combination likely to conquer all worlds.

The tender, pearly flesh-tones which Stuart borrowed from Vandyck give to these portraits an iridescent quality that allures and satisfies the eye, while it suggests infinite possibilities of life and art. There is much of Vandyck in Stuart. He was a born courtier and aristocrat, impressionable as only highly-organized natures are. He had the modern neurotic temperament, which thrilled him with life's reflex action to his finger-tips; and this thrills the spectator, who, after long years, stands before his portraits of dead and gone beauties, statesmen and patriots, and feels their souls speak to his own.

Stuart was a genius—a genius delicate, capricious, fastidious. The child of Jacobites, who gave him the name of the martyr king, the merry monarch and the last of the ill-fated line, Gilbert Charles Stuart—though born an American—was, by inheritance, by instinct and nature, loyal to king and liege lord. He was no formalist, no respectable, ambitious *bourgeois* like Copley, but an almost feudal royalist. The boy saw the light of day in 1754, in his father's snuff-mill at Narragansett; but



MARCHIONESS DE CASA-YRUJO.

none the less he had the soul of one of Charles Stuart's Cavaliers in his breast. As a boy, he painted with one Cosmo Alexander, a Scotch artist with whom he went to Scotland, returning after a disastrous journey. As boy and man, Stuart was indolent. For weeks together he idled, and he was one of the sort that are always poor: the aristocratic and artistic natures, warring in one man against the Philistine virtues, produce similar results in all ages. In London, whither he went poor as ever, his talent as an organist gained him a livelihood. Thirty pounds a year was no great sum, but it kept him until West took him by the hand, accepted him as a pupil, and gave him employment as an assistant. But Stuart's talent was of a rarer and finer order than good old Benjamin West's. It was not long before a portrait the young American

painter exhibited of a certain Mr. Grant as he appeared when skating attracted the attention of kindly Sir Joshua Reynolds, who praised it highly. Thus was Stuart's position made at London, and very soon he was as successful as any portrait-painter in the great city, excepting only Gainsborough and Sir Joshua.

A pity there was no King Charles for him to paint! With such a theme his loyal brush would have beaten Vandyck on his own ground. His Stuart sentiment scarcely found favor with Hanoverian George. His loyalism showed itself after his return to America, when he painted Washington with the touch of a royalist, giving to him a dignity, a stateliness and a courtly grace which the Stuart-lover would fain have bestowed elsewhere, had not Culloden ended Jacobite hopes. Thus Gilbert Stuart's Washington is a Stuart in more senses

than one—a shadowy republican realization of a hopeless, yet heroic ideal of vanished royalty!

The social atmosphere of the American Revolution was very favorable to the development of professional beauty. Women craved for excitement and hubbub of various sorts, probably because their men-kind would like to have kept them tied to spinning-wheels and pickle-jars. Now it is very possible that the American Revolutionary War was actually welcomed by women weary of monotonous domesticity and tired of being sniffed at by their English cousins as "colonial" and "provincial" and "old-fashioned" and "behind the age." What are irreverently called, in modern parlance, "social scratchers," were doubtless as prevalent then as now. Chroniclers inform us that before the Revolutionary War there were two great social pedigree divisions in Philadelphia society, and after it there were three!

Even before the actual outbreak of the war, the external aspect of the city had changed considerably. The political hatred toward England had brought about a reaction in favor of French manners, customs and follies. The fads and frailties of the court of Louis XV. were ingrafted upon the sober and pious enjoyments of Philadelphia's Quakers, producing an extraordinary effect of contrast. Madame Pompadour giving the social tone to the beauties of Philadelphia presented a peculiar and significant picture! The wicked French woman was certainly

a more attractive person than the humdrum queen of George III., although she had been a baker's wife, and was so shockingly improper! And thus she continued to set the fashions in hoods and sacks for Philadelphia loveliness until King Death forced her to yield her sceptre to the fair young Austrian dauphiness. Then the Revolutionary War, with its influx of French allies, served to unite Philadelphia still closer with Paris in the beaten way of fashion. It is said that Queen Marie Antoinette herself listened with pleasure to the tales of the pretty women of the Quaker city which were brought to her court by the officers just returned from the American war.

There is nothing more charming nor characteristic in the whole range of Philadelphia portraiture than the two beauties whom Charles Wilson Peale



MRS. DAVID BEVERIDGE.



MRS. BENJAMIN RUSH.

has set before us as Mrs. Beveridge and Mrs. Rush. Peale was by nature respectable and somewhat heavy. He was first an excellent workman, and afterward an artist. He reminds one of a London alderman turned painter; but in these portraits he shows a lightness and gayety—one might say a Frenchness—which he must have gained by the study of Watteau. It embodies exactly the spirit of the early Revolutionary period of Philadelphia society.

They are both so pretty, so deliciously worldly, and so suggestive of Gallic naughtiness, these dainty dames, that I hardly know which fascinates me the

more. And they make such a capital foil for each other—as female friends should, or what would be the use of friendship? Mrs. Rush's portrait is pitched in a low key. There is something romantic about her—an undertone of melancholy which goes hand-in-hand with music; and we may be sure that the mandolin she holds so gracefully will presently be attuned to a pathetic ditty of lovelorn swains and deserted maidens—Phyllis and Amaryllis and the god Amor decorously clothed in the poetic proprieties! She has soft, dark eyes and dark hair, rolled high, wreathed in the French fashion; and the tender oval of her face seems made for caresses.

This lady's husband was Dr. Benjamin Rush, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and an ardent patriot. As a physician, he enjoys a high place in the history of his profession in this country. A medical college in Chicago bears his name at the present day. It is only eighteen months since the Medical Convention at Washington chose Benjamin Rush to be the representative of the profession in sculptured form at the National Capitol. John Adams said of Dr. Rush that his labors in the cause of the Revolution were second to those of Washington alone.

Mrs. Benjamin Rush was Miss Julia Stockton, daughter of Richard Stockton, of New Jersey, who likewise was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and also one of the founders of

Princeton College. A son of Doctor and Mrs. Rush, was James Rush, who became famous in science and wrote a book on "The Philosophy of the Human Voice," which remains a classic on the subject. He married Miss Ann Ridgeway, who was a fashionable Philadelphia beauty in a later generation.

Another son of Mrs. Benjamin Rush, the Hon. Richard Rush, was for eight years American minister at the Court of St. James's, and held the same position in France for three years, beside being Secretary of the Treasury and Attorney-General in his own country. Mrs. Benjamin Rush died in 1848. She was either the last, or the last but one, of the widows of the signers of the Declaration.

I am not surprised that Mrs. Beveridge was turned out of meeting. She is the



MARGARETTA M. MEEKER.

sweetest bit of millinery that ever waited for the spirit to move! Peale put his best work into the painting of her crisp, fresh, charming costume, in which the latest Paris mode is cunningly adapted to Philadelphia Quaker notions of simplicity. It was, doubtless, very expensive simplicity!

Yes, both Mr. and Mrs. Beveridge were expelled from meeting for gayety of life and attire. A nice reputation to leave to posterity! But I do not think they were much ashamed of it, especially Mr. Beveridge, as he joined the Society of Friends only in order to marry that sly Quaker coquette, Sister Mary Emlen. He was a rich, fox-hunting Englishman, who came to Pennsylvania in 1750, and kept up his English pastimes in America. He lived on the Schuylkill, near Belmont, and his house was the scene of many festivities, which caused scandal in the congregations. Mrs. Beveridge looks as though she took her ecclesiastical slatings with placid and philosophic unconcern, and loved new quillings better than old Quakers.

So much eighteenth-century aroma still haunts the streets of Philadelphia, that one would not be surprised to see Mrs. Beveridge's Watteau-Quaker skirts shining against the low-growing foliage of the magnolias in the gardens, or to spy Mrs. Rush's mobile face on the balcony of a white-trimmed mansion, while the tinkle of her mandolin met the ear. I cannot walk down that splendid avenue, South Broad Street, without peopling it with a changeful procession of ghosts, and especially such shapes as the French Revolution cast like drift-wood on the Schuylkill shores, not to mention their native imitators. There were the French royalist emigrants, the Jacobin sympathizers, the dark-eyed beauties from the French West Indies, the *muscadins*, the *incroyables* and the *merveilleuses*, keeping pace in opinions and attire with the political changes in France, and making of Philadelphia the most picturesque of all American cities.

French influence prevailed in Philadelphia until Napoleon's star began to set; and then there came a reaction in favor of the mother-country, against which the popular feeling of the young nation had so long been bitter. English fashions, after nearly half-a-century of

ignominy, again came to the front and replaced the more tasteful French modes. The nation began to have a character of its own, and a distinctly American school of manners and dress arose. A portrait by Bass Otis of Margareta M. Meeker gives a very good idea of the exaggerated styles of the early years of the present century.

It was at this time, according to the old writers, that Philadelphia female fashions and folly reached their most abnormal heights. The American tendency to extremes showed itself in the dress of the women. Emancipated from their position as colonials, no longer restrained by either French or English diets, their fondness for extravagant and grotesque attire knew no bounds. Many were the satirical poems written on the subject of the female headgear of that time. Particularly obnoxious was a large hat known as the "skimmer." An example of this sort of covering for beauty's head is presented in this portrait. It is an ingeniously constructed affair, in which lace, feathers and ribbons are used with an effect more striking than artistic. The costume is in dark-brown, with touches of pink, and the scheme of color is well handled. This Bass Otis was very popular as a portrait-painter during our grandfathers' days. He first made scythes, and then painted coaches; and with slight preparation for professional art, he established himself successively at New York and Philadelphia as a portrait-painter.

In the year 1792 a company of equestrian performers was brought out to Philadelphia, from England, by a theatrical manager. Included in the list of members was one Lawrence Sully, who was accompanied by his whole family. They were all of a theatrical and artistic bent. One son, also called Lawrence Sully, became a portrait-painter, and settled at Richmond and Norfolk; a daughter married a French artist of considerable ability; and these two men were the early instructors in art of Thomas Sully, son of Lawrence Sully the elder. He assisted them in their labors, and painted portraits on his own account; and, later, he received some instruction from Turnbull and Jarvis.

As a young man, Thomas Sully enjoyed nine months' study at London,

where he was protected by Benjamin West, who seems to have acted as a sort of dry-nurse to several generations of Philadelphia painters. He returned to Philadelphia, and began his famous career as a portrait-painter, in the course of which he also executed numerous historical and imaginative compositions. In 1837 Sully again went to England, commissioned to paint a portrait of Queen Victoria for the St. George's Society, at Philadelphia. He died in 1872, having painted brood after brood, so to speak, of the beauties of that city, and having developed a side of art in this country which is strikingly representative of the English and American literary feeling of the first half of the nineteenth century.

With the return to English customs came a subjection to the influence of English thought. The romanticism of Scott and Byron influenced Philadelphia almost as much as it did London. Every staid Philadelphia lady imagined herself to be a Haidee, a Rowena, or a Grecian Maid! Scarfs and veils and flowing locks and fluttering draperies made over the erst tightly trussed damsels into Corsairs' consorts and love-lorn Lammermoor brides. It was when the naïve sentimentalism of a generation that loved heartbreaking emotions and stormy passions was at its height that Thomas Sully came forward to embody in his portraits the romantic spirit of American womanhood in the early years of the century.

Born among the surroundings of the stage, nourished on the traditions of the English drama, it was natural that Sully should have been strongly influenced by Shakespeare. In his more ambitious compositions he depicted many of the bright and beautiful heroines of the great poet, and they seem to have been continually present in his mind, lending their personalities to the portraits he painted. A pretty girl of a spiritual cast of feature straightway became to him a Miranda. A sparkling, brilliant beauty reminded



ELIZABETH BORDLEY.

him of Beatrice, and a tender, passionate face was transmuted within his soul to that of the ardent Juliet. Thus many of the Philadelphia beauties painted by



MRS. JOHN MYERS.

this lover of ideal womanhood were endowed with a glamor which was not theirs, but that of Shakespeare, and the Shakespeare of the stage, not of the closet, yet without the stage's grossness. It was

The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream,

that made Sully dear to the heart of the pensive self-communing beauties of an

age that loved melancholy and courted tears.

The eighteenth-century gayety and cosmopolitanism of Philadelphia had departed. The city flourished and grew apace. There were conventional and decorous tea-parties, formal routs and ceremonious dinners, but the merriment of the colonial days, the excitement of the revolutionary period, were at an end.

Philadelphia manhood was absorbed in making money and developing great schemes, and gave little thought to Philadelphia womanhood in the way of gallantry.

How often the Philadelphia beauties must have looked back upon the days of their mothers and grandmothers, and wished they had lived in those stirring times when men were soldiers and not money-grubbers and valued kisses more than kegs—of dollars. Philadelphia was dull enough in the thirties, for Fanny Kemble so tells us in those gloomy letters she wrote from her home at Butler Place, in the suburbs of the city. Society, as it existed in England, was unknown here. Mrs. Kemble-Butler's position as an ex-actress and her domestic troubles may have colored her views of Philadelphia society, but her observations as an intellectual, cultivated woman are an unconscious echo of the remarks of the Duke de la Rochefoucault-Liancourt, who was at Philadelphia between 1795 and 1797. He says, "What is justly called society does not exist in the city." Surely a French duke would have been well received and would have had good opportunities for studying the social conditions of the Quaker City. When Paris and London agree in an estimate of Philadelphia, surely it cannot have been wholly incorrect.

In Fanny Kemble, Sully found a sitter after his own heart—a Shakespearean heroine incarnate! He painted six portraits of her; the one she liked best showed her as *Beatrice*. She did not sit for this, and it was the first of the series. Sully painted it from memory, after seeing Miss Kemble in the part. The young actress heard of the success of the picture and expressed a desire to view it. From that time she became a warm friend of Mr. Sully and of his family. Several portraits of Miss Kemble, in costume, by Sully are preserved in the permanent collection at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. But the best head is that reproduced in these pages, which was included in the historical loan collection. It is unfinished, being scarcely more than laid in with "dead color," which is, however, of a warmth that gives tone and softness to the noble, classic and somewhat severe features of this intel-

lectual actress. It is a beautiful head, with an antique cast of form and a modern feeling in its treatment. The bright, young soul irradiates the face. Such a nature as this, might well feel itself *dépaysée* in a city where stolidity and frivolity alternated.

When Sully painted Mrs. Elizabeth Bordley Gibson, he chose to depict her seated in a vine-clad arbor, in a pensive attitude and wearing ringlets. An India cashmere scarf is thrown over her shoulders, lest the arbor-damp should produce rheumatism; and a quiescent meekness, a non-resistance to the bold advances of earwigs and other creeping things that commonly reside in vine-clad arbors, is expressed in every curve of the white-robed frame. A generation which, influenced by ultra-modern France, insists upon simple, neutral backgrounds in portraits, would naturally jeer irreverently at the arbors, landscapes and various rustic objects which formed the accessories of pictured humanity in the days when Thomas Sully made concessions to Philadelphia portrait-painting traditions. Mrs. Gibson's right hand rests upon a book which we may take to be the celebrated Bordley memoirs, which were written by her. It was doubtless the composition of this memorial to her English ancestry and to the manes of her distinguished father, John Beale Bordley, which entitled her to assume that literary cast of countenance, dress and manner.

Mrs. Gibson's mother was the "Widow Mifflin," a prominent figure in old Philadelphia society and the second wife of Mr. Bordley. Gilbert Stuart painted Miss Bordley as a gay, smiling Greuze-like little soul, with powdered hair and sky-blue ribbons, quite unlike the limp and lackadaisical creature that Sully makes of her in middle-age. In the first picture she had not reached the point of yearning after fame—of regarding herself as the Clio of Philadelphia and the Muse of America. Early American female literature, which was chiefly amateur, could have found no better exponent in art than the later picture.

One of Sully's very best pictures of the pretty ladies he loved to paint, is that of Katharine Miercken (Mrs. John Myers) who lived till 1874. She was a



MRS. BERNARD HENRY.

very young woman when Sully painted her in a simple dark-red velvet robe, curved close to the figure, and folded about the lithe body as easily as a calyx about a budding flower. The slender arms and the fresh young throat and neck are bare and quite dazzling in their unshadowed whiteness. A frill of wide old Mechlin lace is all the relief offered to the head, as it rises from the dusky richness of the robe. The face, with a few loose dark locks on the brow, has a look at once proud and roguish. The pose is natural and graceful. The picture, as a whole, is a model of elegance, simplicity and completeness; and some of our modern American portrait-painters, might learn valuable lessons of self-

restraint from this excellent example of Sully's art.

The era of "Books of Beauty," with steel and mezzotint engravings, with plaintive poems and sentimental tales, had now arrived. American art and American literature were pressed into the service of these red and gold volumes, without which no gentleman's drawing-room centre-table was complete. Sully's romantic portraits were particularly well adapted to reproduction in these pleasing annuals. His charming and original figure of Mrs. Bernard Henry enjoyed the honors of the beauty-book, and well it deserved them, for it is an exquisite bit of idealization. Mrs. Henry was Miss Mary Miller Jackson,

of Chester County, Pennsylvania, one of the "three pocket Venuses" written of by Washington Irving. The tiny figure, with its white drapery curved by the action of the air, is seen to be in motion; the warm, blonde head is all grace and expressiveness. The portrait might easily be supposed a poetic conception of the "West Wind." Few painters have created more harmonious effects of line than Sully. His compositions are suave to an unusual degree. They move the spectator like a sweet melody, and one is not surprised, therefore, to learn that the painter's soul from youth to age was steeped in music. There is nothing of the stage in this group of portraits except

its idealizing tendencies. Sully's love for curves makes Mrs. Henry's picture a dream of harmony.

The portrait of Mrs. William Hall (Christiana Gulielma Penn-Gaskell) shows the same fondness for symmetrical combinations of line. Long sloping effects prevail throughout the composition, from the slanting curves of the picturesque hat, with its heavy droop of feathers, and the narrow shoulders, down to the minutest details of the costume. It is probable that the quick eye of the painter seized the long drooping effect of the head and face as the keynote to the scheme of composition.

Mrs. Hall was an artist and musician



MRS. WILLIAM HALL.

of no mean ability. There is something typically aristocratic, in the republican and Philadelphian sense of the term, about this lovely person. She is at once cold and cordial, dignified and gracefully familiar, winning and repellent. She looks out at you from under the shadow of her ostrich plumes, with a subtle sweetness on her mouth and a

latent haughtiness in her eyes. The suggestiveness of the "eternal feminine" envelops her fragile body, and haunts the spectator's memory as he turns away in enforced silence from the bewitching presence.

Fortunate, indeed, is the city which preserves such memorials of the grace and beauty of by-gone years!

THE FIRST OCEAN STEAMER.

It is remarkable that after so much has been written and published in regard to early steam-navigation (especially ocean navigation, which is of comparatively recent date), it remains to be shown that *the first regularly built ocean steamer was constructed on this side of the Atlantic*. Waiving all that has been claimed for the voyage of the "Savannah," we now find that an American ship-builder constructed the first sea-going steamer that ever crossed the ocean, propelled wholly by steam. This was called the "Royal William," in honor

A letter published in *The Quebec Morning Chronicle*, and dated London, September 14, 1833, says:

The steamer "Royal William" arrived here some days since from Pictou in nineteen days, out of which she had two days detention to make some alterations in her machinery. The whole distance of the voyage (about 2,500 miles) was performed by steam with the most perfect success.

Mr. James Goudie, having drawn the lines for this vessel, was called upon to superintend her construction, and in the fall of 1830, laid her keel in the yard of Campbell & Black in the city of Quebec. She was a ship of 1,645 tons burden, somewhat in the style of those running between Scotland and Ireland, but of great strength, in order to encounter the ice of the St. Lawrence; being intended as a packet between Quebec and Halifax, so long as the navigation could be kept open, and to run from Halifax to the West Indies the rest of the year.

Mr. Goudie is still living, and in excellent health and spirits, although he has just entered upon his seventy-ninth year. In a letter now before me he says:

I proceeded to Quebec in May, 1830, and was engaged to carry out the plans and construction of vessel. She was laid down in the fall of 1830, and completed in 1831. The lateness of the season at which the ship was got ready, precluded her from doing much that season. The next year opened up with very poor prospects. Cholera had made its appearance at Quebec, and business was almost entirely suspended. So she was run at a great loss, ultimately being laid up. The following year she was run a few trips at a loss, and it was decided in the month of August, 1833, to send her to London, England, for sale. She arrived out after a prosperous trip of twenty-five days. She was put up for sale, and was finally sold to the Spanish government for £10,000 sterling, having cost in building £19,000, Halifax currency.

I am particular to give this quotation in order to account for the obscurity



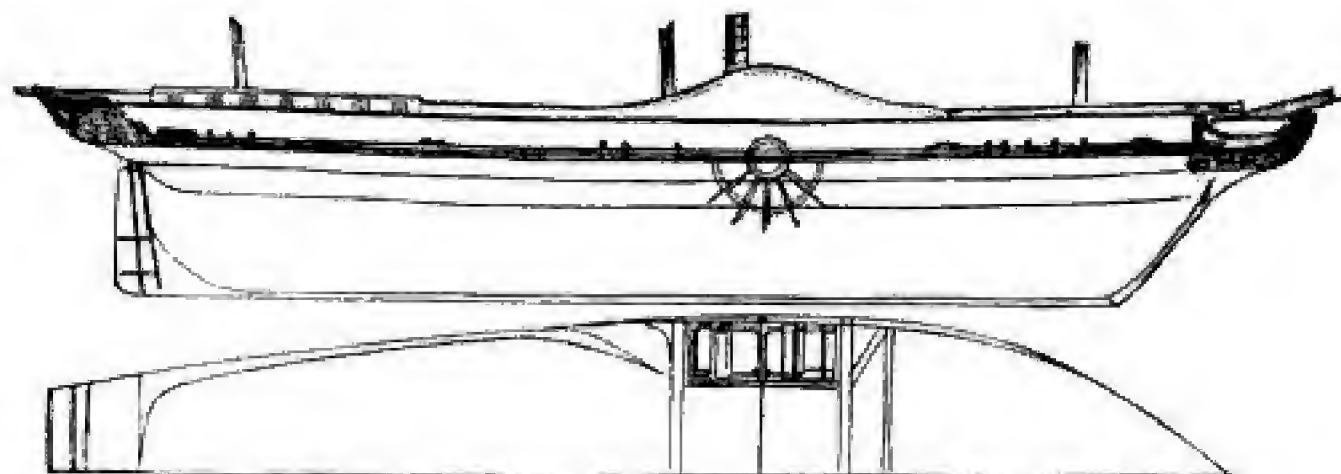
JAMES GOUDIE.

of the "sailor king" who then reigned in England, and the Historical Society of Chicago has her original drawings on file in its archives.

which has hitherto hung around this enterprise. Men, as a general thing, are not prone to talk much about their unfortunate ventures. If they "pick the

and if so, there may be four or six of them, or even more, and the speed of the ship be correspondingly increased.

I am aware that the little steamer



flint and try again," it is generally in some new direction. Although the building of this vessel, and her performances as a sea-going craft, constituted a professional triumph for Mr. Goudie *she did not "pay,"* and it was not until steam had driven nearly all other propulsion from the ocean, that her original promoters seemed anxious to claim any participation in the enterprise—much less to contest with others the credit of being first to send a veritable ocean steamer across the Atlantic.

I have the original plan, of which this copy is faithfully taken by photography.

The following is a table of her dimensions:

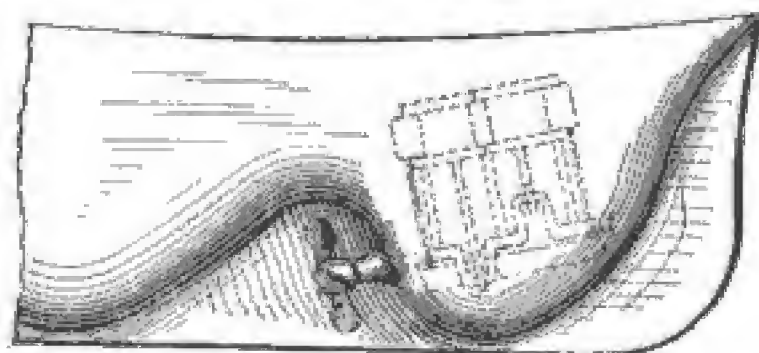
Length of deck . . .	169 ft.	Rake of post . . .	2 ft.
Length of keel . . .	159 ft.	Rake of stern . . .	19 ft.
Extreme breadth . . .	47 ft.	Draught of water . . .	14 ft.
Depth of hold . . .	19 ft.	Burden . . .	1,045 tons.

It will be seen by the curved lines abaft her paddle-boxes that she was provided with cavities or depressions upon each side, for the protection of her wheels. This was a bold innovation, and there may be those who would regard it as unnecessary; but *it has recently been patented,* and is now likely to become an important factor in naval architecture, especially for canal navigation, or where ice is to be encountered. It is claimed that by putting two small propellers near the bow of a vessel, instead of a single large one at the stern, she may be handled and directed with marvelous facility. But the propellers must be placed in these recesses,

"Phoenix" had made a trip from the Hudson around to the Delaware by sea in 1807; and twelve years afterward the "Savannah" made a voyage from Savannah, Georgia, to Russia, via England, returning to New York direct from St. Petersburg in twenty-six days. These were not ocean steamers, however, as we understand the term. The "Phoenix" was a small river steamboat, built in



New York, where she was not permitted to navigate the waters on account of the monopoly secured by Fulton and his associates. The "Savannah" was a regular-built full-rigged sailing ship, having only an auxiliary engine on board, and side-wheels that could be unshipped and hoisted on deck in stormy weather. On her return to New York, her engines were taken out, her side-wheels un-



shipped, and she resumed her place in the line as a regular Savannah packet.

On the other hand, Goudie's ship was built expressly for an ocean steamer,

and was the first of her class to cross the Atlantic.

It was not until five years and three months afterward that the "Sirius," a little vessel of seven hundred tons and two hundred and fifty horse-power, and her consort, the "Great Western," of thirteen hundred and forty tons and four hundred and fifty horse-power, arrived in New York harbor on the same day (April 23d, 1838); the "Sirius," which sailed from Cork, April 4th, arriving in the morning, and the "Great Western," which sailed from Bristol, April 8th, arriving in the afternoon. But Goudie's steamer not only antedated these by several years, but was more than three hundred tons greater burden than the larger of them. These were all side-wheel steamers, as was also Ericsson's "Great Eastern." But Ericsson was at the same time experimenting with the screw-propeller, as Colonel Stevens had before him, so long ago as 1804; and since that period, comparatively few ocean steamers have employed the paddle-wheel.

When the "Royal William" was transferred to the Spanish navy, she was re-christened the "Ysabel Segunda." Being rebuilt as an iron-clad, she was the first steamship ever employed as a man-of-war, and the first in any service to be under fire. Her heavy timbers of oak and red pine, and strong construction in other respects, made her entirely worthy of her new vocation.

Goudie's peculiar hull has, however, a new interest at this time. For, without any reference to the means of propulsion to be employed, the cavities or depressions at the side are capable of adaptations for which the advancing demands of commerce may find great utility. Isthmian and other canals are requiring some new methods of obtaining steerage-way, and he who can put sufficient propulsion at the bow of a steamer will do for navigation very much what Howe did for the sewing-machine when he put an eye in the point of his needle. This has been attempted in combination with "the cavities or recesses on both sides of the vessel" which are shown in Goudie's model. Perhaps, with the improved means of propulsion now available, war-

vessels and merchant-steamers of the largest class can be navigated through canals, or manœuvred in the presence of an enemy, far better than when the "Ysabel Segunda" entered the Spanish navy.

James Goudie, the naval architect who drew the plans, laid the keel, and superintended the construction of the "Royal William," is an American citizen, and has been for many years a resident of Cook County, Illinois. His father, John Goudie, if not a Scotchman born, was of Scotch descent, and was a resident of Quebec on the 19th of December, 1809, when his son was born. John Goudie and Henry Eckford, (the famous naval architect of the war of 1812,) were fellow-apprentices in Quebec, in the ship-yard of John Black, who was Eckford's maternal uncle. They were nearly of the same age, both having been born in the year 1775. During their apprenticeship a strong friendship grew up between them, which was ever afterward preserved. When they came to be of age, Eckford established himself in New York, but Goudie remained in Quebec, and was employed by the British government during the war of 1812-16, in constructing war-vessels at Kingston, Isle aux Noix, and other places, while Eckford was similarly engaged by the United States government at Sackett's Harbor and other points upon the lakes. They were professional rivals and well-pitted against each other, but were always great personal friends.

Eckford had frequently written to his friend Goudie to send one of his boys to him and he would "make a Yankee of him." So finding himself an orphan at the age of fifteen, and hearing that Eckford was about to proceed to Turkey, to build a fleet of war vessels for that government. Goudie set out to join the expedition, but did not reach New York in time. Returning to Quebec, he was sent to Europe to complete his education, by the trustees of his father's estate; and proceeding from London to Yarmouth and thence to Greenock, he apprenticed himself to an eminent shipwright, and after a brief term was made an assistant foreman to superintend the building of a steam yacht of four hundred tons, for Dom Pedro, on the same principle that he

subsequently adopted for the "Royal William." This resulted so much to the satisfaction of his employers, that when in the fall of 1830, they were solicited by the merchants of Quebec for some one to superintend the building of the proposed steamer, they unhesitatingly recommended young Goudie for the position. He accordingly returned to America, and made the plans; which being promptly approved, he was immediately engaged upon the work, with the result which we have already seen, although at the time scarcely twenty-one years of age.

Fifty-seven years have elapsed since then, and in a letter he says:—"I am

getting pretty old now, but I try to keep active. I am just ten days older than Mr. Gladstone, 'the wood-chopper,' and I think his ideas are good, and I have followed them. When he dies I shall look out."

It seems to me exceedingly opportune that THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE should be the medium of rescuing this interesting piece of American history from oblivion, and vindicating this venerable native shipwright's claim of having designed and built the first veritable steamship that ever crossed the Atlantic.

F. L. Hagadorn.

AN OIL SPECULATOR'S MISHAPS.

BY J. H. CONNELLY.

A FRIEND told me that he had been favored with a good pointer on the market, from an old astrologer who had recently hung out his shingle on Penn street. There are few, if any, speculators who are not superstitious, and we in Pittsburgh at the time of this sketch might well be excused for clutching at any chance for a glimpse into the future. The way in which oil was bounding up and plunging down was enough to make one's head whirl. The idea of "a sure thing," one way or the other, for even an hour ahead, was indescribably fascinating, and the astrologer was "doing a land-office business." I had about \$4,000 in the market, and it was my entire capital; but if it had been a million my anxiety about it could not have been much greater. So \$2 did n't seem much for a good pointer, and the star-sharp caught me for that amount.

I was not satisfied with him. He told me I would soon take a long journey, under annoying circumstances; but I did n't care about that, for I knew better: I was going to stay just where I was and watch the market. He also said that in six weeks Mars, Uranus and Venus would together get me into great trouble with, through, or about a woman. Neither did that have any influence upon me, for I never bothered myself much with women, not caring a wild-cat share about any

one of the sex except pretty Mattie Summers, a little girl in Indiana to whom I was engaged to be married as soon as my speculations gave me a good start. But regarding what I was most interested in—how the market would go the next day or the next week—old Horoscopes gave me no satisfaction; and when he went on to tell me that at about the age of forty-seven my leg would be broken by the kick of a horse, unless I was careful, I rose up and said:

"That settles it. You are, in my opinion, a fraud; even a bigger one than I am a fool for coming here and listening to your balderdash."

Then I left him and went on my way. Days and weeks passed, and all things considered, I was doing pretty well. I was prudent, a pretty good guesser, and although I was nipped rather sharply two or three times, my interest in the market steadily grew until it represented some \$7,000, all of which I was playing for a certain promised rise.

One day, after business hours, I received a telegram from Mattie saying:

I must see you without an hour's unnecessary delay.

I could n't imagine why she wanted to see me. I knew she was mixed up somehow in a suit about an estate of which she was joint heiress, but she could not wish to consult me about that, as she

had her lawyer, and I could be of no service. It might be her scapegrace brother Tom had gotten into some new trouble, but she would hardly send for me on that account. Perhaps she was sick, or had met with some terrible accident, and a friend or relative had telegraphed in her name to bring me quickly to her side! That thought was enough to make me hasten to catch the evening train. I did think of wiring for information, but refrained because the idea suggested itself that good reasons perhaps existed why more particulars had not been sent in the message.

The ride in the train all that night and well on into the following forenoon was an anxious one. After the little station of Delafield was reached, I had a drive of fifteen miles before reaching Mattie's home.

She met me at the gate, fresh, rosy, smiling, glad, without a sign of any trouble that might have called forth an alarming message such as I had received.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come, Will!" she exclaimed; "and yet I can't help feeling a little penitent for bringing you all that long way, just to satisfy a girl's whim."

"To satisfy a girl's whim?" I ejaculated.

"Yes. You won't be angry with me, will you, dear? You see, my cousin Jenny is engaged to be married to a Mr. Crothers, who is a traveling man, and they often telegraph to each other, instead of writing. Well, she and I were talking about you and Mr. Crothers yesterday, and she said he would come to her at once from anywhere, if she telegraphed, and I said I was sure you would too, for I knew you loved me better than he did her—and you do, don't you?"

"Oh! yes; much more, my dear," I hastened to assure her, but with my mind wandering a little back to the feverish and unsettled market in Pittsburgh.

"Well, at last," she went on, "we agreed to telegraph two identical messages, one to Mr. Crothers and one to you, and we bet a pair of gloves on which of you would arrive first."

"Ah! you did?" I exclaimed. "What pretty ideas you girls sometimes have, but it's all right, I hope."

"Oh! yes; it's all right. I've won the gloves. She came over here this morning—with tears in her eyes, she was so mad—to tell me, that Mr. Crothers just telegraphed back one word, 'Walker.' Wasn't he real mean? And why did he telegraph some man's name, Will? Jennie does n't know any Mr. Walker."

"Oh! no. It is n't a man's name, my dear," I answered, with perhaps a little bitterness in my heart, for I could not help thinking of what might be going on in Pittsburgh just then. "It is a peculiar oriental expression, intended to convey the idea that the person employing it—particularly as Mr. Crothers did—is distinguished by eminently good sense, almost superhuman intelligence, in fact."

"Ah! is that so? Well, I'm glad you did n't send me a mean message like that. And you would n't, would you, dear?"

"I did n't, my darling," I replied evasively. But in my soul I wished I had, for dear as Mattie was to me and glad as I naturally was to see her, a presentiment was growing upon me that something abominable would happen in the market while I was away.

I sat up late that night with Mattie, who was just as charming as she could be. The next morning I started early for the railroad station. I went a mile or so out of my way, to call at the nearest telegraph office, in Hausertown, and get news from Pittsburgh, only to learn that "the wire was down." It is really surprising, how frequently the wires in that western country are down just when one most wishes them up.

Three or four miles from Mattie's home, as my horse was walking slowly up a steep hill, at a turn of the road I came abruptly face to face with a man sitting upon a stump by the wayside, with a rifle raised to his right cheek and pointed in my direction.

"Hi, there! Look out what you're about!" I shouted to him, as I halted my horse.

He deliberately lowered the gun, shaded his eyes with his left hand and replied drawlingly, after eying me for a moment: "I'm a-lookin'. You ain't my meat. Go 'long."

"But why in thunder are you perched up there, with your battery trained on the road?" I asked.

"Go right along, stranger, and don't never mix up in what don't concern you. It need n't be no funeral of your'n, 'thout you make it so," he answered.

His advice seemed good, and, although I did feel my curiosity a little unsatisfied, I took it.

About a mile further along the road I met a young man and woman, in a farm wagon drawn by a double team. The young man reined up, with a "Say, stranger!"—and we halted side by side.

"You didn't happen," he continued, "to see any old feller in a butternut suit an' with a slouch hat as you come along, did you, stranger?"

"Yes; I did."

"What was he a-doin'," asked the girl, with evident anxiety.

"Sitting on a stump, by the road-side."

"Did he hev a gun?" hurriedly demanded the young man, with perturbation.

"He did."

"I'll bet it was dad, sure," exclaimed the girl. "A-layin' for us," added her companion.

The couple began an animated dialogue, in whispers, and I was about to drive on when the young man called to me:

"Say, hold on, stranger! Wait a little. Sal an' me want you to help us out a little. You see, Sal an' me was goin' to get married, but the signs is that her ol' man aint quite so plumb sot on the idee as we be. Now I've got to go ahead an' face him while you take Sal in the buggy with you an' drive around to Cortright by the hill road—Sal 'ill show you the way—an' I'll come by the creek road on the other side of the range; an' we'll get spliced afore dark, won't we, Sal?"

"Unless the old man plugs you on sight," I suggested.

"Taint likely he will when he sees there ain't nobody in the wagon with me."

"Sides, dad most allus misses when he shoots," was the maiden's added crumb of assurance.

I tried in vain to argue that Cortright was seven miles out of my way; that I was in haste to catch the noon train at Delafield; that I had no interest in their matrimonial scheme, and deemed the

advice not to "mix up" very good indeed; that they had better go back home until the old man got more "sot on the idee." It was all of no use. Their arguments overpowered me. In fact the girl sprang into the road and thence into the buggy beside me, with the agility of a cat, exclaiming:

"Gracious fish-hooks, I'd a great sight ruther dad ketched me with a total stranger than with Sam."

I resigned myself to the seemingly inevitable and started to take Sal to Cortright, while Sam drove off in "dad's" direction. The girl and I rode along in silence for some time, but she was of a social nature and at length broke forth:

"Say, you 're a stranger 'round hyer, ain't you?"

"Very nearly so," I told her.

"When you 're to home are you allus as fine dressed up as you are now?"

I replied that I thought I was, as people did not usually wear their best when taking long journeys.

"What do you do for a livin'?"

"Just at present I speculate in oil."

"What do you mean by speculate?"

"Buy when it's cheap and sell when it's dear," I replied, though with a secret doubt of whether that was what I was doing through my brokers just then.

"I wish Sam could get his livin' that way, an' dress every day like you do, an' dress me up to match. D'ye s'pose Sam could speculate?"

I replied that I thought he had all the speculation on his hands that he ought to try. While she was still mentally chewing that proposition we suddenly met, at another bend in the road, a young woman on horseback, who at sight of my companion exclaimed:

"Hello, Sal! What are you a-doin' there?"

And the one beside me simultaneously shouted:

"Hey, Lize! Is that you?"

We both halted. I had nothing to say.

"What are you doin' in that outfit with a total stranger, and where are you a-goin', Sal?" demanded the equestrienne, with an air of authority that, together with her family resemblance, proclaimed her an elder sister.

"Well if you must know, I'm a-goin' over to Cortright to meet Sam an' get

married. We was runnin' away an' dad 'most caught us, an' Sam he 's gone to throw him off 'n the trail, while the stranger takes me thar, an' Sam's to meet us."

"Sal Arney! Ain't you ashamed of yourself? You shan't do any such thing. The idee! You a-runnin' off with a total stranger to meet Sam! An' maybe he might n't marry you when he got you there."

"Oh, yes! he would. He wants to, powerful bad."

"Does, eh? Well here, I'll tell you what I'll do. You jest git right onto this hoss an' ride back home lickety-split, as fast as you can, and get thar before dad does; I'll get in with the stranger an' he'll take me home, an' they'll let you come over to my house next week 'thout suspicion' anythin' an' we'll send for Sam, an' he can marry you thar. After you 've been married a week, I guess dad won't kick an' it won't do him no good if he does. Come now, hump yourself an' git out o' here, quick."

She sprang off her horse as she finished speaking.

"Excuse me," I ventured to protest, "but I don't want to take you home, young woman. I am very desirous of reaching the Delafield station in time—"

"Hello! hello! Then what in thunder is this story Sal's been a-tellin' me about your takin' her to Cortright? Sal, I'm beginnin' to have my suspicions of you an you'll come right out 'n that buggy or there'll be trouble here."

"All that she has told you has been perfectly correct, so far as I know," I interrupted, "but, if I did consent to take her to Cortright to meet her lover, please understand that carrying young women around the country is n't my legitimate business, and I decline—"

"Oh, pshaw! Now you're too much of a gentleman to drive off an' leave a lady standin' in the road, an' that hoss won't carry double. You were goin' to Cortright. Well now, you need n't go there. You jest go about nine miles in the opposite direction to Slicer's Mills, an' then you won't be much further from Delafield than you are now."

While she was talking, Sal jumped out and Lize coolly climbed into her place. Sal led the horse up to a log by the road-

side, mounted him and trotted off in the direction we had come; and I, with a dumb disgust at my inability to offer an effective opposition to this summary disposal of my person and affairs, gave my horse a cut of the whip and we set out for Slicer's Mills.

"Take the first turn to the right, and then the third to the left," directed Lize; "an' sit further over—you 're a rumplin' my dress."

I obeyed meekly.

"Whatever brung such a fancy look-in' chap as you into these parts?" queried Lize; "lightnin' rods, churns, or drive wells?"

"No. A railroad train and a horse and buggy," I responded drily.

She didn't seem encouraged to continue the conversation. I don't know how long I had driven or how many turns to the right and the left we had taken, when a pair of horses attached to a light wagon drew up in the road, squarely in front of my horse, and the man driving them exclaimed loudly:

"Hello!"

"Well, hello!" I echoed.

"What does he say, Jim?" demanded a sharp-featured little old woman, with beady eyes and one hand up to her ear, who sat beside him.

"Says, 'hello!'" Jim flung at her vociferously, over his shoulder.

"Oh! but, where's he takin' our Lize?"

"Well, dinged if that ain't what I'd like to know myself," answered the man, staring hard at me.

Lize, who until now had sat silent, looking at them and smiling as if some good joke were developing, inquired banteringly:

"Don't you like my style? Aint this outfit a little too gaily for anythin'?"

"Naw! I don't like yer style, an' you've got no business thar," retorted the man, seeming to grow suddenly savage, and glaring at me, while he fairly yelled: "You jest hustle that woman out 'n thar mighty derned quick, or I'll lift the top of your head off."

Seeing that he was in too evil a temper for any joking, the young woman jumped out quickly, and, going to the side of the wagon, explained the situation to him. At length he seemed to accord a sort of sullen, unwilling belief to her words,

though he still kept his ugly eyes fastened, with a jealous glare in them, upon me. When she had finished her narration he said gruffly:

"Well, maybe it's all right, an' it'll be lucky for you an' him too, if I don't find out that it ain't; but you ain't a goin' to no Slicer's Mills with no such bird of paradise as him. I'll take you home myself."

"But what about Aunt Semantha?"

"He can take her home."

"Ah! he can, can he?" I exclaimed, exasperated by this new assignment of duty. "Well, I most positively decline hauling any more women about this part of the country. I have my own business to attend to; I must reach Delafield in time for that train, and I won't—"

"Oho! you were goin' for the train, were you? Oh, yes! Expected to reach the cross-road 'fore I got here, did n't you? Darned if I think I came along any too soon. You women are such darned fools you're jest as likely as not to light out with the first well-dressed gambler, hoss-thief or book-agent that comes along if you get half a chance."

"Jim McChesney! you give me any more such talk as that," exclaimed Lize, who evidently was his wife, "an' I'll make you wish you wur' safe in jail."

"And I demand," I said, "an apology for the language you have used concerning me, sir."

"Oh! you do? Well I 'pologize nothin'," said the man; and, pulling an ugly looking pistol from his pocket, continued, "what yer goin' to do about it?"

"If you're not too much of a coward to put down that pistol and jump out into the road with me, I'll break your back for you," I responded, for by this time I was furious.

Lize poured oil on the troubled waters. "Don't mind what he says, mister," she pleaded. "He's got a nasty, ornary tongue, an' he acts no better'n a common loafer, an' he can't help it. No, you don't, you low-lived whelp, an' I've got the grit to tell you so. The stranger has acted like a perfect gentleman, as you never could if you lived to be a thousand years old, to save your wuthless soul. An' I'm sure he'll be good enough to carry Aunt Semantha home,

an' let us go an' fight this thing out atween ourselves."

The upshot of the matter was that I agreed—tempted to some extent by the prospect of their having a chance to fight it out—to take "Aunt Semantha" home. She lived "down to McCalmont's" and I had to retrace part of the way I had come, and then take turnings to the left and turnings to the right, until I was dizzy and had not the faintest notion of where I was. At last we came to a little river, where there was a public ferry, consisting of a small flat-boat attached to a rope stretched across the stream, with another line by which to pull it to and fro. There was no ferryman. Everybody had to haul for himself.

"You'll have to hitch your cutter in the bushes," said Aunt Semantha, "and pull me across; an' then you can pull yourself back an' go your way. I'm 'most home now."

I submitted passively. The accursed boat was very hard to move. I blistered my hands, split the back of my coat, put myself into a profuse perspiration with the violent and revolting exercise. I was so mad when I got back to the shore I started from, that I would have cut the whole ferry adrift had I not lost my knife.

Then, to cap all, I found my horse and buggy had disappeared. They must have been stolen, for I knew that I had tied the horse securely. With what keen appreciation I thought of that old bandit's advice to "not never mix up," and with what bitter but impotent rage I realized the situation into which I had thrown myself by not taking his sage counsel. Where I was I did not know, but miles any way from Delafield, and on foot; and even should I ever reach that place I would no doubt have to pay for the lost horse and buggy, and meanwhile, in Pittsburgh, the market—

"I've got him!" a man's voice yelled in my ear, and simultaneously a brawny hand clutched my collar; I was tripped up and rolled in the deep dust of the road with my captor. We battered each other's faces, in silent rage on my part and determination on his, until a couple of his accomplices came up, overpowered me and tied me hand and foot with a couple of halter straps.

"Your system of highway robbery is rather crude, unnecessarily violent," I suggested satirically, when they let me sit up and pant.

"We ain't no robbers," replied one of the trio—possibly reasonably respectable farmers, though they looked to me then the most villainous scoundrels I had ever seen—"we're just catchin' a hoss-thief."

"Do you mean to say I'm a horse-thief?"

"Yes, you are; an' we'll prove it."

"You are a fool, and a liar!"

"If you weren't down and tied, I'd mash the the mouth off'n you. I've a good notion to do it anyway."

"Give me a fair chance, and you're welcome to if you can."

"By gosh! I will."

"No; you won't!" interposed the others. "He might run an' get away if we was to let him loose. Fetch the wagon an' pitch him in."

The wagon was brought, a big farm wagon, without springs, and I was literally pitched in on the bottom of it, bound as I was. By the time they got me to the country tavern where they proposed to keep me all night, the jolting of that abominable conveyance had covered me with bruises, so that I felt as if at least half my bones were broken.

The insufferable idiots had got it into their blunder-breeding heads that I answered the description in a hand-bill, of a fellow who had stolen a horse and buggy somewhere—and I admit that it wasn't a bad fit for me. So they had followed me several miles until they finally ambushed and caught me. My letters and papers would have shown them that they had seized the wrong person, but they stolidly said that I "might have stolen them as well as the horse and buggy." The reward offered for the thief blinded them to everything else. No other criminal is so universally and deeply detested, in that section, as a horse-thief; and twice that miserable night, I heard seriously discussed, in the crowd about the tavern, the propriety of hanging me at once. Fortunately the reward for the thief's arrest saved me from that fate.

The next morning I was taken in the farm-wagon, with my supposed stolen horse and buggy in procession behind,

to Delafield, where I was to be put aboard the train and taken to the county jail. With much difficulty I obtained the privilege of telegraphing to my brokers, in Pittsburgh, to know how the market stood, for when I heard the sound of the instrument, that thought drove out all others, even of my horrible predicament. We had three hours to wait for the train. After my message had been sent, the operator, a bright young fellow, took the responsibility of telegraphing to the Mayor of Pittsburgh—good old Dave Lowry, one of my friends—stating the facts of my arrest, the message I had sent to B. & B., my brokers, and asking if it was not possible that some mistake had been made. Then he happened to recollect that he had in the office an unclaimed message, received the day before, addressed to a name much like mine, which might be for me. It was. I tore it open and read:

Two new gushers reported. Bottom dropping out of market. Sell quickly or lose all. Advise us.

That message had been there twenty-one hours, time enough for prices to have gone to the bottom of the sea and up again to the moon. I was ruined. I knew that very well. There was no need now for the reply to my message of inquiry, which came a few minutes afterward:

Too late. Sold out. Margins gone and two thousand more.

After that, I hardly cared what they did with me. A few moments before the train was due, Mayor Lowry's reply arrived, saying:

A great mistake, assuredly. You have arrested a well-known and respectable person. I vouch for him. His dispatch to his brokers proves his identity.

But my guards would not let me go. The thought of losing that reward was an agony to them. What did they care if I was innocent, provided they got the reward? Nothing. When the train came in, however, a Terre Haute lawyer, well known in Delafield, and a personal acquaintance of mine, arrived and vouched for me. And the man from whom I had hired the horse and buggy came also, at the last moment. Then the scoundrels who had perpetrated the outrage upon me hastily slunk away, in great fear of the prosecution with which the lawyer threatened them.

I got home to the Smoky City, as soon as possible, and never went back to see how Mattie's new gloves fitted her. They ought to have been good ones; they cost enough.

I have never married, and no woman can get me to her with a summons by telegraph, without the most explicit statement of her reasons, which must be good ones. Crothers—I know him well now—married Jenny.

But the one curious fact in the whole thing, as it seems to me, is that all the trouble came upon me just at the time I was warned that Mars, Uranus and Venus would combine to play the mischief with me. They did, but how could that old astrologer know about their game in advance, when he could not tell me afterward whether the market was going up or down the very next day?

WOMAN IN THE SOUTH.



WOMAN, her education, culture and sphere, is a question too sorely vexed to be entered upon without misgiving as to its kindly reception; and yet a large proportion of the women of our great republic—where, perhaps, more than in any other country in the world, woman is truly appreciated and honored—has been so misconstrued, misunderstood, and in some measure so misrepresented, that impressions and opinions radically incorrect are engraven upon the minds of thousands who live in the same country and under the same government with them. Perhaps nothing in this country strikes a foreigner with such astonishment as the ignorance that exists in the vast sections, North and South, of each other's condition. A misinterpretation which has stretched itself along an indefinite line, and which has become almost historic, beside being rooted and strengthened by passions engendered through a national conflict of opinion and arms, is not easily overthrown. The cordial welcome, however, which was so widely given to the article on Southern Housekeeping that appeared in the July issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE encourages the writer to speak in detail of the life, characteristics, and withal, the culture of Southern women.

A New England housekeeper, who had lived many years in the South, expressed to the writer her satisfaction that the housekeeping of the Southern women had been brought to light—that a real picture of the Southern household,

especially its *ménage* and *cuisine*, had been given to the public. "In vain," added she, "have I put forth argument after argument, and offered the results of my own experience; it was impossible to combat ignorance on this subject with any weapon I possessed. My own case was regarded as an exception, and counted as nothing in opposition to the general idea of the incompetence and even slovenliness of Southern housekeeping."

In the time before the war between the States, woman, in the South, was pre-eminently a social queen. That period was the apotheosis of social life. One who did not thoroughly understand how to deport herself in a drawing-room, at a ball or a dinner-party, was an anomaly. Hers was, moreover, a deportment which defied criticism. Self-possession and dignity without complacency, ease and grace without flippancy or frivolity, elegance without artificiality: these were the rigorous demands of polite society, and it was rare that any woman acknowledged to be a *lady* failed to meet the requirements. That there were wide differences in education and culture, as well as in mental and personal gifts, was of course true; but the law which required every woman to rise to this standard of good-breeding was universal.

Much has been said about the education of women in the South—or, rather, their want of education, as a certain class, who possess those "sharp optics which see what is not to be seen," are wont to call it. The public school was not then established in the South and education was, of course, obtained through private teachers and schools. A respectable estate and income were generally distributed

among the people; the horn of plenty emptying itself in comfortable, if not lavish, abundance, into almost every home, while colossal fortunes were much more unusual than at the North. The means of obtaining an education were within the reach of all, and, consistent with the day and generation in which she lived, the Southern woman ordinarily was well educated. In a large number of families, she recited in the same classes with her brothers, reading to the same tutor the same lessons in Virgil and Horace, and walking with them through the same broad and fertile fields of English literature.

The odor of English custom and habit largely pervaded the domestic life of the South. The civilization of the mother-country, although transplanted to a new soil, was not an exotic; and while it lost some of its characteristics, the essential features of fragrance and coloring stamped its identity. In many instances, the tutor who instructed the children of the family during the week was the rector who, on Sundays, gave religious advice to the family in the morning and to the negroes in the afternoon.

In homes of exceptional elegance and luxury, the chapel was built in or near the family mansion, for the master's uses, while a plainer building on the plantation was set apart for the servants. In most cases, however, the chapel on the plantation was erected for the use of the negroes, the family attending a neighboring church, or belonging to a parish in the nearest town or village. Could the walls of these plantation chapels speak, how much of devoted piety, of heroic self-abnegation on the part of the women of the South would they reveal! Here, in addition to the preacher's sermon, the mistress and her daughters were accustomed to teach the negroes from the Bible and the Catechism. Sunday after Sunday, through fair weather and foul, this was performed as an imperative duty. Rewards were given for good attendance and attention, and devices and inventions were numerous by which to make this instruction acceptable and profitable to the African taste and mind. Sometimes the master and the sons who had attained the age of manhood, assisted in this pious work; but, ordinarily, it fell upon the women of the family. A mother

had her grown sons well in hand who could make them devote a part of every Sunday to teaching negroes the Catechism. Excellent as husbands, fathers and sons, Southern men did not brook restraint, and it was Mary and Martha and Charlotte and Edith who did this work, or assisted the mother in doing it.

And, too, the Southern woman's duties in the plantation hospital or infirmary were not among the least which claimed her time and attention. During epidemics, or in protracted illnesses among the negroes, every dose of medicine was usually administered by the mistress or the daughter of the family; and the supposition that they were left or required to nurse each other is utterly at variance with both the theory and practice of the Southern housewife. Many a plan for festivities, many a design for pleasure, was interrupted by "sickness on the plantation;" and there were few households in which the young ladies who graced the drawing-room and the library had not at some time officiated as nurses at the bedside of a sick slave. So numerous, so various, so prodigious were the cares of Southern women!

As Frederick the Great said, in speaking of the elaborate detail of etiquette at the French court, "If I were the French king, I would hire somebody else to be king;" so the tedious routine and daily anxiety inseparable from the position of the Southern mistress might excite in her a desire to hire another mistress. A housekeeper could be hired to keep the house by carrying keys and looking after the general comfort and order of the establishment; but a *mistress* only could fill the position of mistress. With hired servants, her duties soon find an end; with servants owned as slaves, one duty but served to develop another. Things great and small must come under her supervision, and she could say with Sophie Charlotte, the honest Prussian queen, to whom Liebnitz was talking of the "infinitely little," "*Mon Dieu!* as if I did not know all about the infinitely little!"

Yet, with all this burden of responsibility, these mistresses found time to read and inwardly digest many books beside the Prayer-book, which was, in truth, a great favorite among the literature of our mothers and grandmothers. The characters of Shakespeare, Scott, Jane

Porter, Miss Austen, Miss Edgeworth and Richardson were as household words upon the tongues of these stately dames, and the "Spectator" and the "Rambler" very frequently furnished a quotation or example for advice, reproof or encouragement to the young people of the house. The person possessing the most accurate knowledge of the *dramatis personæ* and style of Richardson's ponderous novel, as well as the most thorough acquaintance with Dr. Johnson's works I ever knew, was an old Virginia lady who had always lived on her plantation and had never been out of the State. Thackeray and Dickens came in for a fair share of attention, but the dignified elegance of Addison and Johnson and the poets of the Elizabethan age seemed most congenial to their classic tastes.

Since, at that time, she was not expected to be self-supporting, no especial department of intellectual work was studied with a view to its becoming a maintenance. It was the pride of men that wives, mothers and daughters should be the useful ornaments of home—household goddesses—themselves the impersonation of the Greek idea of beauty; that what is fair and beautiful without should also be pure and beautiful within. She was to be every whit a woman, with that feminine insight into men and things and all human life, which is so characteristic of a sensible, well-balanced woman; and whatever charm might be hers from the possession of accomplishments, or however well she might have cultivated her mental faculties, that high perfection which wrought them into her organic constitution was desired and expected, rather than the display of gifts esteemed as mere adventitious ornaments. Like those faces which possess that peculiar beauty in which the form is lost in the stronger attraction of the expression—a beauty so subtle as to elude the limner's art and almost defy the inspired brush of a great master; those faces which the poet so aptly describes as a "meeting of gentle lights without a name"—so the woman nobly planned must have that symmetry of character in which the beauty of proportion constitutes the highest charm; a well-tempered, well-attuned instrument, whose

chords are too perfectly harmonious, too exquisitely blended, to admit the possibility of discord.

The law of progress had not the power to draw woman over the line of feminine consistency into those callings and professions which God in nature seemed to have determined for stronger nerves and muscles. It was firmly believed throughout the South that St. Paul meant what he said when he commanded the women to keep silence in the churches, and it was furthermore accepted that this worthy was a man whose teachings and character alike deserved respect. A woman lecturer, then, was such an implied contradiction, such an anomaly—in short, such a monstrosity—as to put to flight the women of a community; and every man felt that his allegiance to the sex, his chivalry, the very respect which forbade him to retain his hat or his seat in a woman's presence, was compromised if he listened to one who had so far forgotten the sacredness of woman's position. And yet nowhere was the reflex influence of sex upon sex more distinctly felt or unhesitatingly acknowledged. The women were thoroughly feminine because the men were brave, heroic and devoted; the men were noble and chivalrous, because the women were pure, gentle and true.

The mother was the power in every household; indeed, it was literally her home, very often her property. A New England tourist expressed to the writer his surprise at a discovery he had made in the towns he had visited. Said he, "It is always Mrs. A.'s, Mrs. B.'s house. I am invited to Mrs. C.'s house; I never hear of the husband's house. I think I have found really the land of woman's rights after all; men have offices, stores and plantations, but the women have the homes." And the management of this home included every detail of domestic life, as the mistress looked well to the ways of her household; from breakfast the guests were dismissed to the library, drawing-room or outdoor sports, while with her own hands she washed the best china and silver before she rejoined them. The necessities of children, the wants of slaves, the requirements of visitors, the attention due her husband, made her a guide, a counsellor, a legislator in one—the wise matron who sees and improves

opportunity, the gentle Portia whose judgment and affection save both Shylock and Antonio. So, in no metaphor, but in plain prose was woman the vital breath of the Southern home. The idea, so prevalent among many who ought to know better, that she neither desired, nor was capable of, greater mental effort than was demanded for the comprehension and enjoyment of a sensational novel, appears sufficiently absurd when we realize that the supposed reasons for self-indulgence were themselves the prime causes of ceaseless anxiety and unremitting care.

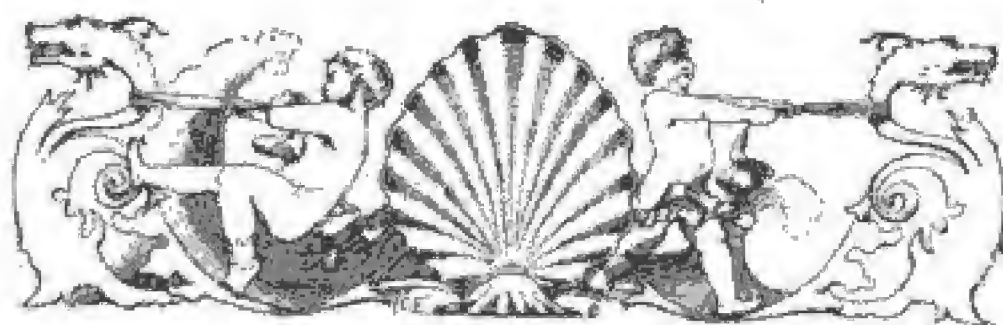
In what were called the palmy days of the South, women, generally, had more or less advantage of travel; in some parts, the climate rendered a change of latitude, at longer or shorter intervals, desirable, if not essential; and as the North was opulent in commerce, it offered inducements to those who left home for a short season, while Europe, of course, with her treasures of art and inexhaustible attractions, tempted many to her cities and sea-board. A short time before the war, travel in England and on the Continent, was a necessary feature of the high-bred lady's culture, and both young men and young women were frequently sent abroad to finish their scholastic course in German universities or French schools; Dresden and Berlin, as well as Paris, assisting in the education of many a Southern girl. It was not then uncommon to find among women in the South, those who could speak fluently French and German, and sometimes Italian and Spanish. The imported French governess not unfrequently gave a good accent and a respectable knowledge of French classics to those who were educated at home, and in the Gulf States, there were numerous

pianists and singers whose style and repertoire would have been accepted as creditable in any city.

"But," says one, "all this is changed: the stately homes are destroyed or outside of the reach of their original owners; there are no slaves to direct and teach; the *mistress*, in the acceptance of the old regime, is a thing of the dead past. What is woman in the South, to-day?"

As in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on the monument to Christopher Wren, so we can say of the work of Southern women: "Look around!" As nothing surpassed her courage, her fortitude, her untiring patience and energy, her persistent effort during the war, so the still greater demand for such virtues after the battle was over, found her as ready and responsive as before. Wherever woman can labor without losing the dignity of womanhood the women of the South go. In the home, in the school-room, at the ledger and the desk, with the needle, the pen, the pencil, the brush, in music, in useful and decorative art, and all handicrafts where deftness and delicacy supersede physical strength, she is at work; in short, whatever her hands and head find to do, she is doing willingly and uncomplainingly. Out from the stately homes of wealth and luxury, out from the genial fireside of comfort and thrift, from all ranks of life and degrees of fortune, from the stone mansions of Virginia to the graceful and picturesque villas of Alabama canebrakes and the Mississippi valley, she has gone, at the call of duty, into the rank and file of working-women, clad in the invulnerable armor of patient endurance and womanly dignity. And for this she is entitled to sympathy and honor.

Zitella Cocke.



TWO CORONETS.*

BY MARY AGNES TINCKER

AUTHOR OF "SIGNOR MONALDINI'S NIECE," "BY THE TIBER," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

1834.

IN the *piazza* of Sanzio, on a pleasant morning in June, a party of American travelers stood waiting till it should please their vetturini to be ready for a start. Their two carriages had been there in apparent traveling order a full half hour. Mrs. Nelson, the chaperon of the party, believed that they had been waiting for her; but after descending with great dignity to take her place, was somewhat mortified to find that she had still another fifteen minutes to wait. The drivers were abroad in search of hay, ropes, commissions and the inevitable little keg.

The party consisted of two ladies and three gentlemen, all young and unmarried except Mrs. Nelson, who was a widow of forty-five.

The *piazza* where they stood was the social, religious and business centre of the town. One side was occupied by the cathedral, a commonplace structure with a fairly good campanile. At another side was the theological seminary, with a fine picturesque façade of blackened stones, the greater part of them remains of a pagan temple. In this seminary the elect youth of the diocese was taught a dignified and courteous demeanor; "prudence," including its negative element, how to hold one's tongue; an adamant code of submission to spiritual superiors, of which the motto was, "Obedience is an excuse before God;" or, in other words, "the sin of *obedience* God winks at;" and, incidentally, a smattering of "theology." Under the last division were included a little Latin and a great many Latin quotations, the catechism, a minute study of ceremonies and of the confessional, with the weights and measures of sins, several bad stories about Martin Luther and other vilifiers of the papacy, and those parts of the Scriptures that are used in the liturgy and sacred offices. Over and above all,

they were taught that clerical, or as they call them, church affairs, were never to be discussed, or even spoken of, outside of the clerical body.

The third and fourth sides of the *piazza* were occupied by shops with dwelling-houses over them. A beautiful fountain rose in the corner where the cathedral joined the seminary. Opposite was the chief café of the town; and some of the chief men were seated at little tables outside, each provided with a cup of coffee, and some with a newspaper.

It was a pleasant, leisurely, almost an Arcadian scene.

Half-a-dozen women and girls were at the fountain, filling the large earthen *conche*, which, poised on a twisted piece of cloth, they carry on their heads. The water overflowed from these vases while their owners paused to look at the "forestieri." The gentlemen at the café looked at them also over the rims of their cups and the edges of their papers. There were suspicious movements and glimpses behind the half-closed blinds of the seminary, whence students and reverend professors peeped, decorously invisible; and there were heads indicating curiosity in the frankly-opened windows of secular buildings, and full-length observers in the shop-doors and about the *piazza*. In short, our travelers were looked at in every sort of way, from the instantaneous firefly lamp flashing through the lashes of the blushing maiden, to the full stare of unabashed rusticity.

The canons, coming out of the cathedral after their office was over, lingered about to watch the imminent departure, excepting only the *canonico priore*, who promptly went to the fountain-head for information. Climbing to the apartment of the Sor Pollastri, who kept an inn over the *pizzicaria*, he asked to see the visitors' book; and putting on his spectacles, read out as follows: "Meesees Nalesony, Mees Martiny, Yahmasy Martiny, Carlase Saleviny, Frahnches Ailderry;" which, in

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English, meant Mrs. Nelson, Miss Martin, James Martin, Charles Selwyn, Francis Elder.

The "U. S. A.," with which they had largely designated their place of birth, was a puzzle to the reverend gentleman; but the Sor Pollastri informed him that the travelers were from the United States of America, wherever that was. "*Chi lo sa?*"

Oh! the *canonico priore* knew perfectly where that was. Had not an uncle of his, a capuchin, been for twenty years a missionary there among the savages of Brazil? Their country was discovered by Cristoforo Colombo, and—

But here the Pollastri, who preferred talking to listening, interrupted the stream of history, and told her own story.

Mrs. Nelson, the potatoes-and-butter-colored woman in black, was a childless widow, and had been living in Paris several years. She was an old friend and school-fellow of Mrs. Martin, the mother of the young lady and of the *bel giovanotto* with the serious face. The other two young men were not related to her, though they were of the same color. The little fellow who looked like a girl, Mr. Selwyn, had been sick in America, and was traveling for his health. His father, mother and sister were to have come with him, but his father had fallen from his carriage. This resulted in a compound-fracture of the leg, and Mrs. and Miss Selwyn had remained to nurse him. He and the young Martin, who were to be of the party, would have been obliged to postpone their journey, if Mrs. Nelson had not written them from Paris that she would take charge of them the minute they should arrive at Havre. At the last moment, Mr. Elder had begged leave to join their party. This was the other small light-colored young man with the sharp blue eyes. Nothing bread-and-butter about him. He was a lawyer.

While her party was being described up-stairs, Mrs. Nelson was becoming impatient below.

"Do help me into the carriage, James!" she said; "and, Bessie dear, don't let that old woman touch your dress. Those clear grays show a soil so easily."

James Martin helped the lady to her place, and returned to his contemplation

of the scene. He was a robust young man of twenty, with dark eyes and a strong, studious face. But, to borrow a distinction from William Blake, he looked *through* his eyes quite as much as *with* them. His glance was large and sympathetic.

Mr. Francis Elder had quite another expression. His eyes picked up facts as a bird pecks up seeds. He had come to see Europe; and he accomplished his purpose with as few weak scruples as possible. He gazed at the houses, the church, the shops and the café. He poked his cane between stones, and put on his glasses to find out that the grand altar of the cathedral was made of imitation marble. He examined with a perfect composure the faces of the people, their forms, hats, coats, shoes and bare feet. He looked critically at all they wore, were and did. He paused to listen to their talk, though he could understand but little of it. He glanced at the newspapers in their hands, the coffee in their cups. He noted that they all read the same newspaper, and all drank black coffee.

Mr. Elder was a small, blond young man, with a thin face, a hard jaw, and a rather large aquiline nose. This journey of his was to give the finishing touch to his education, before he should settle down to the practice of his profession.

Mr. Selwyn was not a particularly striking youth; but he was winning and gentlemanly. He liked to visit "nice" places, and shrank with a somewhat excessive fastidiousness from the filthy picturesque.

Miss Elizabeth Martin was a very pretty girl. She and her brother were the younger ones of a numerous family, of which all were married but themselves; and their father was the chief medical doctor of their native city of Southport.

The vetturini appeared at length, each with a bundle of hay, which he tucked away under his box. The one who drove Mrs. Nelson's carriage was accompanied by a young woman with a child in her arms. She talked earnestly to the vetturino as they approached; and, when the hay was stowed, he went to the carriage-side with her.

The young woman, who was very neat and well-dressed, looked up at Mrs. Nelson, and assumed a deprecating smile. The vetturino also assumed a deprecating air, and spread his hands out with a gesture that was at once helpless and magnanimous. Then the man began to talk, and the woman to interrupt him with observations, confirmations, ejaculations and apologies. They explained, implored, exhorted, complimented, and implored again, now one, now the other, now both together.

And this was the meaning of the scene: Here was a little child—a “*contessina*,” interpolated the woman—who must go to her grandmother, at Ombra, precisely the city for which their excellencies were setting out, and where they would arrive in four hours, after what Betta hoped would be a happy drive for them. Betta had meant to take the child there herself in the *diligenza*; but unfortunately there was no *diligenza* that day. Betta could walk, with the hope of being helped on her way by some passing car; but there was no way of getting this little angel there, unless—(pantomime). Bice would not give them the least trouble in the world, “*N’è ve’, Bicettuccia?*” The vetturino knew the child’s grandmother, “*tanto buona donna*,” and would himself consign Bice to her, if their excellencies—(pantomime).

“All we want is an orchestra and a drop-curtain,” remarked Mrs. Nelson. “We have the scene and the spectators.”

In fact, every one about the *piazza* seemed to take an extraordinary interest in the discussion. The men at the *café* laid down their newspapers, the canons ceased their talking, and stared unreservedly, and the seminary blinds became intensely motionless. The girls at the fountain hastened to set the tall vases of water on their heads, and drew near. All looked at the beautiful child held in her nurse’s arms.

“There is nothing to prevent our taking her,” Miss Martin said. “She is very pretty and well-dressed.”

The vetturino struck in to say that he should charge them nothing extra for the child, though in such warm weather the horses felt every additional pound of weight. He made this declaration with such an air of generosity that Mrs. Nel-

son immediately fell into a slough of moral and arithmetical confusion. She had hired these men, with their horses and carriages, ropes, bells, bundles of hay, and all their appurtenances, for a certain sum per diem, and they had no right to take even a basket of eggs that did not belong to the party. She pressed her finger to her forehead.

“Bessie,” she said, “are we asking him, or is he asking us, to take this child?”

Miss Martin had held out her arms to the little girl, and the nurse had given her up, and stood looking at her with tearful eyes. “Be good, *carina*,” she said fondly; “and Betta will come to you soon.”

Mr. Elder, having finished his tour of the *piazza*, came now to inquire what they were going to do with the little beggar.

“Adopt her,” replied Miss Elizabeth Martin. “Isn’t she pretty?”

“Very!” said the young man, with an admiring glance at the two. And the young girl with the child in her arms certainly made a most charming picture.

A hand was stretched out behind the carriage, where stood a group of men and boys who had brought the baggage down stairs, or performed some other trifling service. The hand held a fresh fig on a grape-leaf. “Give it to her, Betta,” said the owner.

“Oh! thank you, *Lo Zoppo!*” said Betta, and she gave the fig to her nursing, who received it, and sat hushed and motionless with it on her knee.

She seemed to be a reserved child, and either had great self-control, or was very timid. She looked fixedly at her nurse, with bright dark eyes, and breathed quickly, but betrayed no other sign of emotion.

“Does she like it?” asked *Lo Zoppo* of Betta, as she stepped back to let Mr. Elder get into the carriage. He looked at the woman, but not at the child.

“Oh, yes, ever so much,” responded Betta absently.

Beatrice rose and looked back in search of her nurse, something of affright coming into her beautiful eyes. At sight of her, she stretched her arms out quickly, and dropped the leaf to the ground.

Lo Zoppo gathered up the fig, and turned away.

All was ready. The two younger men mounted into the second carriage, already encumbered with a multitudinous small baggage. There was an outcry of encouragement from the nurse to the child, a cracking of whips, a jingling of bells, a general sensation, and vague lifting of hats about the *piazza*; and the party were off.

That is to say, they thought they were off; but at the gate there was another halt for some mysterious reason; and here the nurse overtook them. Tears were running down her cheeks; and at the sight of them the child trembled, and restrained a faint whimpering sob.

Nothing is more pathetic than the self-control of a suffering child; it is so suggestive of orphanage, or ill-treatment. Mrs. Nelson began to caress and pity the little girl. "I almost wish we could take the nurse along with the driver," she whispered to Elizabeth Martin. "I wonder if he would have room for her in among the boxes? Or she might sit with us, on the front seat. I would like to ask her some questions."

The nurse understood her glances, if not her words, and clasped her hands in an ecstasy of grateful entreaty. Mr. Elder was demanding explanations of their delay from the driver.

Lo Zoppo had reached the gate before them, and again stood behind the carriage. He held a beautiful red rose. "Give it to her," he said, stretching out his hand to Betta.

Betta gave the child the rose.

"Does she take it?" asked Lo Zoppo, looking at Betta.

"Yes," she answered. "Thank good Zoppo for the beautiful rose, Bice dear!"

He did not wait for thanks, but turned abruptly away.

"Oh, Madama, if you would!" begged the nurse, again clasping her hands. "I may have to walk all the way. I will myself hold the *contessina* so that she need not trouble you. It would be such a charity!"

"Oh, take her right in!" cried the young lawyer grandly. He had not heard Mrs. Nelson's proposition. "Call the rest of the family. Perhaps the grandfather is here in some hole or cor-

ner, all ready to pop out in his turn. Bring the little dirty white dog along, too. He can sit up on the back seat, and bark as much as he wants to. Don't be bashful! Speak right up!"

Betta did not understand the words; but the large hospitality of the young man's gestures required no interpretation. She smiled brilliantly upon him, showing her white teeth.

"If you could make room for her there, Mr. Elder," Mrs. Nelson said calmly, "the child would be better contented. And I would like to know who they are. There is something interesting in both. I don't know but that you would be more comfortable in the other carriage."

The young lawyer made a movement expressive of sudden collapse, descending with great promptitude from the carriage, and, holding his hat in one hand, offered his other to assist Betta, who beamingly mounted to his place.

This time they were really off; and when the fact was established, everybody's note-book came out. All but Mrs. Nelson carried plethoric little memorandum-books, with lead-pencils laced through tiny straps in the covers.

If one had looked over Mr. Elder's shoulder as he wrote, it would have been seen that only two words followed the name of the town where they had slept, and the date, "Bessie. Brat."

Not one of the company but would have stared on reading this entry; for there was no such intimacy between the gentleman and his fair traveling companion as the "Bessie" would have implied. They were both from the same town; but he was a new-comer there, and their real acquaintance might have been said to date from the beginning of their journey, a month before. He had only of late begun to slip from the ceremonious "Miss Martin" to an occasional "Miss Elizabeth."

"And now, tell us about the child," Mrs. Nelson said, when her own notes had been made. She spoke Italian fairly well, and was rather proud of the accomplishment.

We already know the nurse's story, and a great deal besides.

She told how her own mother had been Count Paulo's nurse, for which reason the count had sent for her to

stay with his young wife as servant and companion. She wept in praising the hapless bride, who was, she declared, without a fault, an angel upon earth, and devotedly attached to her husband, as he was to her.

In speaking of his disappearance, she became more reserved, telling the story chiefly in a pantomime of shrugs, grimaces, and gestures of the hand; and when urged to say what she thought, declared that she thought nothing because she knew nothing. The name of the Alinori never passed her lips. "The countess died of grief for her husband," she said.

But, in speaking of the Countess Maria, Giovanni's wife, the nurse showed no reserve whatever. "She is a bad woman!" she exclaimed. "She knew well that the old countess must have believed in the Signor Paulo's wife, but didn't wish to say so at once, and would never have sent away the *bambina*. The old countess adored the child, and used to come to see her every night after she had gone to bed. She would sit and cry, and talk of the Signor Paulo, and say that Bice looked just as he did at her age. She came slyly; for that wife of Giovanni's watched her as a cat watches a mouse. The old countess got enough of her; and I am sure she half repented of having procured the marriage. But she said that she could not leave Giovanni alone in the world. There is no knowing what might have happened to him. Well, the old hag is mistress now, and she has turned us out. And yet she dares to say her prayers, and puts on all the airs of a 'bizzocca.'"

Betta used the people's pronunciation of the hard word "bigotta."

"And now, instead of being mistress of the palace and all her father's lands," resumed Betta, her eyes flashing at the child through their tears, "she has nothing but that," pointing to a bundle tied up in a handkerchief. "And every cent she has in the world is contained in this box."

She untied the bundle of child's clothes and took out a tin money-box. It was rather large, and so constructed that no money could be taken out without destroying it. It was already heavy; but the two ladies took out their purses at once, and each added a silver-piece to the store.

"The old countess gave it to her, and put in all the money," Betta said. "She used to put something in every week. She said it must be given to the Sor Teresa, the child's other grandmother. I suppose there may be some copper; but I am sure there must be silver, too. To think," she exclaimed, looking at the child, after having put the money-box in the bundle again, "to think that she is a poor child, and has to beg a ride from strangers, when she ought to be rich, and drive out in a carriage with two horses of her own! Why, signora, she is a countess in her own right, or will be when Giovanni dies; and if she married a man without a title, her son would be count all the same."

Mrs. Nelson took the little girl on her knees, and began to caress her.

"Can't we do anything about it?" asked Elizabeth Martin, interested and indignant.

"*Dio benedetto!*" said Betta. "What could you do?"

This story had been told with occasional interruptions from the young men in the other carriage, especially from Mr. Elder, who wished to revenge his banishment from the ladies' society. From time to time, as the road allowed, they had driven near enough to fire some small conversational shot into the leading carriage. Now it was an old man, precisely the grandfather the lawyer had predicted, whom he heard calling after Mrs. Nelson to take him in. The poor fellow was waiting just around the last turn, exhausted with age and running, and wished her to come back for him. Then he had discovered that the nurse was a government spy, and entreated them not to express any political opinions in her hearing—nor, in fact, any opinions at all. And a moment after, the second carriage came tearing along in a cloud of dust, bearing the startling verbal dispatch that Betta was a *carbonara*, whose company would compromise them fatally, and that they would probably all be detained for examination at the next town, even if they escaped imprisonment.

All these announcements having been received with dignified composure, Mr. Elder had a sudden collapse of courage and enthusiasm, and left them to their fate.

"I have all I can do to balance myself on your coffee-pot," he moaned. "It is far from being a good cushion, though it is pretty well wrapped up. I have sat on it all the way."

"You have n't broken my coffee-pot!" cried Mrs. Nelson.

"No; your coffee-pot has broken me. That is, I am not aware that it is broken."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Nelson anxiously, to Bessie. "Do you suppose he really has sat on it? I would n't lose that coffee-pot for the world!"

"There may be a few bottles broken," said a mild voice from the other carriage, now alongside their own in a widening of the way. "I smell something like a mingled odor of brandy, alcohol and Marsala; and the little blue bag has a brown spot on it."

Mrs. Nelson uttered a faint scream.

"Don't believe him!" said Miss Elizabeth. "I never believe any of his stories;" and the look of smiling scorn she bestowed on the gentleman might have gone far to justify the "Bessie" of the note-book. "But I suppose he is uncomfortable in the midst of all that baggage," she added in a lower tone, and blushing slightly.

Mrs. Nelson called a halt, and ordered the young lawyer to come and take the seat opposite her, where she could save him the trouble of straining his voice when he wished to speak to her. "Bessie might do worse," she thought.

The two young men left in the other carriage drove on for some time in silence, the one occupied with the scene about him and the other with his own thoughts.

"I have been thinking, Charlie," said James Martin at length, "that beasts may be to man what colors on a palette are to a picture: dabs of qualities out of which human characters are to be composed. Those donkeys, now, are pure endurance; the pigs, unmixed obstinacy; and the pigeons, gentle affection."

"Mother says she had a fight with a pigeon once," said Selwyn. "It was in an old palace full of holes in some old Italian *paese*, I've forgotten where. The pigeons wanted to build their nests or lay their eggs in some holes in the wall, outside the windows, and their cooing annoyed her. She tied a handkerchief

on a cane, and tried to drive them away. They resisted, and charged at her handkerchief. I've forgotten which side won; but there was a battle."

"I am sure that the pigeons beat," said James Martin, looking at the gentle, languid face beside him.

"I have been thinking, Martin," said Selwyn, "if you will excuse my changing the subject, that, after all, I will be a doctor. Would there be room for us both in Southport? You might give me the hypochondriacs. I don't believe that you would have patience with them."

"Take them, and welcome!" replied the other cordially. "But what has made you change your mind?"

"It is watching and listening to Elder. For weeks I have been asking myself what I should do if I had to sustain a case against him. All our pretended contentions and arguments were meant by me as practice, and he has always beaten me. If he could n't do it seriously, he has done it with a laugh: if he did not find an honest way, he played me a trick. He has a thousand turns and twists. You never know just where he will bring up, except that he is sure to be on his feet. Why, sir, I have seen him eat humble-pie in a way that really, you know, you could n't do yourself; and just as you were turning away in disgust, up he comes like a steel spring. Now, there's nothing of that sort in me. I don't know of any legal business that I should be equal to except the drawing up of wills, and reading them out after the funeral. Yet I should feel as if I were a sort of sexton if I had much of that to do."

"You might draw up marriage settlements instead," his friend suggested.

"That would be very pleasant writing," he owned. "But, unfortunately, we have no marriage settlements to draw up. Don't you think that I would be a good doctor?"

There was a graceful, almost feminine archness in the air with which this question was put, and an affectionate smile answered it.

"The women will all fall in love with you, Charlie. I prophesy that you will be the fashion, and I shall come in only for surgical cases and consultations."

"You really think I may succeed, James? Honor bright?"

"Honor bright, Charlie!"

The two shook hands.

CHAPTER IV.

BEATRICE DA SANZIO.

It was a charming drive over the road between Sanzio and Ombra, and our travelers had perfect weather. The sun shone, but with a certain courtesy. In the air there was something silken and silvery, now disappearing, now delicately visible. It came from a cloud stranded on a near mountain-top, all torn black mists where it hung lowering on the rocks, but an ineffably thin veil where it floated away, and melted into the gold and blue of sun and air. Now and then a denser fragment detached itself, grew into a snow-white individual cloud, and rose into the pure ether, like a saint out of the mass of humanity.

The breeze was as fragmentary as the mists: a light flutter one moment, a sudden waft of freshness the next, then a perfect stillness, warm and heavily sweet with the perfume of elder-blossoms. The elder-trees that lined the road at either side were going out of blossom; but there was such a multitude of them, that the few remaining bouquets they each bore were enough to scent the atmosphere. In their full blossoming time the air about the trees had been overladen with their rich breath.

At mid-day our travelers arrived at Ombra. It was a smaller Sanzio. Church, *piazza*, fountain, café—they were the same, but a little duller. People sat still in Ombra and wondered why somebody didn't do something. There was very little business and still less enterprise in the town; and the inhabitants seemed sunken in a lethargy of mingled contentment and ennui, though some chafed bitterly against the dullness of their lives.

As the travelers approached the gate, little Beatrice, protected by Miss Martin's arm, leaned over the side of the carriage and looked up at the walls veiled with blossoming caper-vines.

"Do you know that this is your home, dear?" the young lady asked, "I am sorry to lose you, though you have not once kissed me."

The child turned, looked earnestly at the speaker for an instant, then, dropping her glance, melted slowly nearer to her, softly stole a small arm around her neck, leaned, a light weight, against her shoulder; and having thus reached the position for a kiss, was overcome by shyness, and instead of lifting her mouth, let her head droop till her smooth white brow and crushed chestnut curls touched and pressed the girl's cheek.

"Isn't she fascinating!" cried Miss Martin, and kissed her face and neck enthusiastically.

"She will be a fine coquette one of these days," remarked the lawyer.

Just within the gate was a *piazza*, with a group of mulberry trees standing before a church and convent. There were men in some of the trees stripping off the leaves to feed silk-worms. Under the thicker shade an old woman was doubling and twisting gray flaxen thread, her pegs set in the green turf. The melancholy of grief long-endured hung over features which must have once been beautiful. The snow-white hair still rose in thick waves above a wide brow, the faded eyes were finely-shaped, and the sunken mouth had a short upper lip.

At sight of her the vetturino drew in his horses, and called out: "Sor Teresa!"

She stopped winding, dropped her ball of thread on the grass, and approached the carriage.

Some impulse of thoughtless mischief made Elizabeth Martin hide the child, and nod a quick sign to the nurse.

A light blush covered the old woman's face as she approached. She felt the instinctive alarm of one who has suffered many shocks, and the instinctive subjection of one educated to a great respect for social superiors. She courtesied to the ladies when she saw them looking at her, and glanced inquiringly at the driver.

Mrs. Nelson beckoned to her. "Were you expecting a child from Sanzio?" she asked.

The old woman's face immediately became agitated. An expression of terror filled her eyes.

"What does she look like?" Elizabeth Martin struck in, softly pushing down a little head that began to lift itself from her knee.

"I— I do not know, Signorina," the Sor Teresa stammered, red with excitement. "I have never seen her. Her mother"—she choked, and ceased speaking.

"Do you think that she would look like this?" the girl pursued, lifting her young charge into sight.

The child appeared like a shower-freshened rose, her face flushed, and her hair disordered by the momentary confinement.

Villemain describes the true ode as "*l'émotion d'une âme ébranlée et frémissante comme les cordes d'une lyre.*" The soul of such an ode flashed into existence as that desolate old woman saw for the first time the only living creature of her blood left upon the earth, the child whose existence had been to her a mixture of intolerable anguish and piercing hope.

There was a start, a faint cry, and she stood staring at the lovely apparition, her arms stretched out, trembling, but tense. Every nerve of her being responded to that sudden vision. And not alone her present and her later past felt the shock. That small, bright face, alive with the fresh fire of youth, kindled a spark that ran back through all the ashes of her past, and confounded her own and her daughter's childhood with this childhood that she saw.

Startled by the old woman's strange agitation, Elizabeth Martin remained motionless; and there was a pause during which no one spoke.

Then James Martin descended hastily from his carriage, took the child and gave her into her grandmother's arms.

"You should know better than to play such a trick, Elizabeth," he said, almost angrily. "Can't you see that it is no time for trifling?"

The touch of the little form loosened the strain. The Sor Teresa clasped her grandchild, and broke into loud and convulsive weeping.

"Let's get out of this!" muttered the lawyer, moving uneasily in his seat.

Betta descended, and began to thank the ladies for their kindness; and after a word or two, they drove away and left the old woman still weeping, unconscious of them, half unconscious of what she clasped and kissed, except that

it represented gain contrasted with an irreparable loss. In that confusion of many sorrows, all lifting up their voices at once, it was the first grief of her life which presented itself most distinctly to her mind; and instead of mourning anew her husband and sons, or the daughter newly dead, her own long-forgotten mother's was the image which presented itself, and the deeply-covered wound of her loss broke out afresh and bled.

"Oh, mamma mia!" she cried; and it seemed as though the babe in her arms were herself, and she who spoke but the wild wraith of its bereavement.

That evening, as the ladies sat in their hotel after dinner, the Sor Teresa, with her grandchild and Betta, came to see them.

"I wish to thank the signori for their kindness, and apologize for my conduct," she said; and she was, in fact, greatly mortified at the scene she had made.

They found her a dignified woman, far more reserved than Betta had been, and she did not volunteer any more information concerning her daughter.

"But she is the true heiress, is she not?" Mrs. Nelson asked, almost impatiently.

The Sor Teresa glanced about her, then looked straight into the lady's eyes. "Signora," she said, "I have no proof of my daughter's marriage." And she thought, "What sent these bunglers here to play with fire, and put my only treasure in peril?"

"Did you not witness the marriage?" persisted the lady.

The Sor Teresa pressed her lips together. Almost a fierce impulse seized her to strike the mouth that spoke.

"Don't you understand?" whispered Elizabeth, in English. "As the next heiress, the child is not so safe as the father was!"

Mrs. Nelson had told the story to the young men, and had declared her intention of keeping an eye on the orphan, and doing something for her education. It pleased her vanity to think that she should be the patroness of one who ought to be a countess in her own right. She propounded this plan now to the grandmother. She would send a certain sum quarterly to some responsible person in the town, and it was to

be used for the child's necessities, if she were in need; and secondly, to give her as good an education as the place afforded.

"It had better be sent to the mayor of the town," she said. "Who is the mayor now?"

"The Signor Francesco Alinori," said the old woman briefly.

Mrs. Nelson bit her lip, and considered.

"It is just the thing!" the lawyer struck in. "Make them responsible, and they will not dare to harm her. We will see him before we go away."

The old woman, after a moment's thought, consented; and she smiled faintly, and bowed as she addressed her consent to Mr. Elder. Here was one person, at least, who had some astuteness. "But he shall have no authority over mine, Signora," she added hastily.

"Certainly not!" Mrs. Nelson promised, and began to define her plans more minutely.

"I have some money in a box," the Sor Teresa said, "I don't know how much it is."

"Oh! that can go for present needs," said Mrs. Nelson. "But what will you call the little girl?"

It was a cruel question, and hard to answer. To call her Giorgini would make enemies, and perpetuate enmity without gaining anything; to call her Lanciani was to resign all hope of future justice, and to slander her own daughter.

Mrs. Nelson brought forward the plan she had been cherishing the whole afternoon, and carried it against all opposition. The child was to be called "Beatrice da Sanzio."

Betta did not go back to Sanzio that day; she stayed all night with the Sor Teresa; and when everything was still, and the child asleep, they cut open the old Countess Giorgini's money-box, and as its contents rolled into the old woman's apron, both voices set up a cry. The only silver pieces were what had been put in that morning: all the rest was gold. The old countess, making a show of copper or silver for Betta's eyes, had every week for two years dropped a gold napoleon into the box. There were one hundred and four of them.

"You see! she knew that my daughter's child was the heiress!" cried the old

woman fiercely; and gathering up the money, flung the apron with it across the room. "She would never have given gold otherwise. They have robbed my child, the devils!"

"At least don't throw away the little you have got," said Betta soothingly, and went round picking up the pieces that dotted with gold the rough brick floor.

CHAPTER V.

STRANDED.

The Sor Teresa's chamber had two windows, one overlooking the grassy piazza, the other completely covered by an enormous fig-tree that thrust its leaves quite into the room. There was a large bed in one corner, shaded by an old curtain of coarse dark-red silk. There was an oaken chest containing her small store of household linen, the remains of her wedding outfit, her wedding-dress of silver-threaded brocade, and her large black veil of hand-made netting worked with solid flowers. This veil was so transparent that, when held up single, the flowers looked like winged things floating in the air. There was an oaken credence, an intarsio work-box, and a delicate red-wood table with cross legs. In a tiny closet in the wall, hidden by a picture of the Madonna, was a box containing her own wedding pearls, now somewhat discolored. She had given them to her daughter on her marriage; and when the young countess died they had been sent back to her.

The large fire-place in one corner of the room answered as kitchen. A table stood so near as to be almost inside of it, and quite inside hung the saucepans and earthen utensils for cooking. A few chairs and a table completed the furnishing of the chamber.

It was the morning after her grandchild's arrival, and the chamber was dazzling with a golden-green illumination. The sun and the fig-tree were having their daily struggle at the eastern window. Beatrice had waked at early dawn, had been given a cup of goat's milk and a piece of bread, and had run about in the small garden and on the house-top, till, tired and warm, she fell asleep again. Betta had taken a weeping leave of her and gone back to Sanzio.



The Sor Teresa stood and looked at the sleeping child, unwilling to wake her. Yet she had work to do; and it must be done out of doors. A pile of unbleached cotton thread lay on the table, and it must be all doubled and twisted before sunset.

She waited a while, then took a round basket down from the wall, and made a nest of it. First she placed a pillow, over that a shawl, and then a small thick bough from the fig-tree set up at one edge as a sunshade. Lastly, under a corner of the shawl, she hid a yellow apricot, a bit of bread, and a tiny bottle of wine and water.

She smiled to herself with a tremulous delight as she made these preparations, her thoughts fluttering back to her own early motherhood, and that wondering ecstasy over her first babe. Was this the child or was it another? She felt confused sometimes, she had suffered so much.

The nest prepared, she softly lifted the little sleeper and laid her in it, waited a moment till the slight stir of being disturbed had changed to slumber again, then lifted the basket to her head, and went out bearing the child like a crown.

The dome of the church threw its shadow on the grass. Sor Teresa set the basket in that curve of shade, and began her work.

Presently there was a jingling of bells and a trampling of horses. The two carriages of the Americans drew up at the gate, and they all descended and came up to her. Seeing the child asleep in its pretty cradle, they hushed themselves, and stood looking at her.

"She has gone to sleep on the shady side of the moon," James Martin said, looking at the half-circle of shadow that surrounded her.

Mrs. Nelson gave the Sor Teresa a directed envelope. "This is my American address," she said. "Have me written to if anything should happen to you or Beatrice. I have arranged that the Signor Francesco Alinori shall draw on me once a year for fifty dollars, which he will place in your hands. You will go to him for it. He says that he is going to have a governess in the house for his own little girl, and that when our Beatrice is able, he will allow her to come

and take her lessons without paying. It is a very agreeable offer; and I find him very gentlemanly. Remember to have her carefully brought up, and never allow her to be called by any other name than Beatrice da Sanzio, unless she should prove her right to her father's name."

"Tell her not to let the young one go into a convent, either as pupil or nun," Mr. Elder struck in. "Or, I will tell her myself. See here, old woman!" touching her on the shoulder. "Erre—non lettere—"

"Oh! Oh!" laughed the two ladies.

"—permettere, I mean," the young man persevered, unabashed, "che—che—Beatrice—mettere—mai—mai mettere!" with oratorical emphasis, "—erre—piede—sopra porta convento. Mai! Mai!!"

A chorus of feminine laughter greeted this effort.

"Now that you have distinguished yourself," Miss Martin said, "perhaps you will go and count to make sure that all our twenty-seven parcels are in the carriage. But please don't count in Italian. You are quite too infinitely infinite for accuracy."

"I could learn Italian in a month," Mr. Elder declared. "All you've got to do is to take a word out of some other language and put a little curly tail on it. Their words run as glibly as their little pigs. By Jove! I did n't know till I came here that a pig could run. Some words are like the other end of the beast, cut square off: *più*, *giù*. A few simple rules, and you can talk right off."

"I once knew a rheumatic old lady who went on that principle," James Martin said. "She used to tell her maid to rubare her ankle. She meant rub; but the poor girl did n't seem to understand."

"Do you remember how we used to talk hog-Latin and pig-Latin when we were little boys?" Selwyn asked.

"Yiffus, yiggery," answered Martin; and they laughed.

It took so little to make them laugh.

The ladies, having had a confidential domestic consultation with the Sor Teresa, came out to their carriage.

"It is all nicely settled," Mrs. Nelson said. "And I should n't be surprised if a fine romance were one day to grow out of it. To think of our little girl going

into the household of the very family which is to have her title and estates! I predict that she will marry the little son of our *sindaco*."

She took his card from her pocket-book, and read the name out: "Francesco Alinori," and pointed complacently to the coronet.

"I shall write him to keep the child out of convents," announced Mr. Francis Elder.

"Yes," said Miss Elizabeth, "write him to not lettere permettere mettere, et cetera."

"But you can't be sure that she may not herself choose such a life," Mrs. Nelson said. "Those influences are in the very air that she breathes."

"Of course," replied the lawyer. "But I know the value of protest, and persistent protest. Why, a flea which persists is stronger than a lion which gives up."

"A flea which persists," repeated Elizabeth Martin dreamily; and, pushing up her sleeve from the wrist, displayed a score of little pink dots on her white arm. "A flea which persists!" she murmured, contemplating these dots, and then proceeding to count them with a pretty finger-tip.

"No!" the lawyer went on seriously. "I will never give the help of my silence to what I disapprove of, from the idea that speech is vain. It is never in vain. It keeps our own souls alive, if no more. It is not our lungs alone which breathe through our lips: it is our brain and heart."

"That's right! That's right!" said James Martin, and laid his hand on the speaker's shoulder and smiled into his face.

It struck the whole company at that moment that there was something peculiarly noble in James Martin's face.

They were waiting for some fresh lemons which they had sent back for, and which came presently, tied up in a blue cotton handkerchief.

The Sor Teresa watched them, laughing, jeering, scolding, merry over everything. She saw them step into their carriages, seat themselves, rise, search among their packages, call to each other, settle finally into place, and drive away. They all waved their handkerchiefs to her on parting, and she courtesied to them. There was a lessening sound of bells, hoofs and wheels, a faint cloud of dust above the city wall; and they were gone. The dead old town seemed more than ever dead. They had come like a wave of the sea over a dry beach, life-bringing, making the stones glisten for an hour, flinging spray, and shells, and sea-weed, and ebbing back again into the great unknown.

But the wave had left her a pearl!

She turned to look at the sleeping child, and went on with her work again.

Beatrice waked, ate her luncheon, and wandered about the grass. She was quiet and wistful, and seemed rather lost. She suffered her grandmother's caresses, but did not return them; and could scarcely be persuaded to speak. Now and then she would stop and look earnestly at the Sor Teresa.

The sacristan of the church came out to make her acquaintance, and she willingly accompanied him to see the Madonna, and lay a little flower on the altar.

With sunset, the Sor Teresa's work was done. The whole grassy square was glowing a red gold.

"Come, darling, and we will get some supper," she said; and when the child came quietly to her arms, she asked, "Why do you look at me so, dear? Do you not know who I am?"

"Are you Tessa come back?" asked Beatrice, gazing at her doubtfully.

Tessa was contessa, and her name for her other grandmother.

"No, I am not Tessa," replied the old woman with a sigh. "Tessa robbed you!" she added bitterly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





APPRECIATION.

THRICE blest is he whom God endows
With truest gifts of seeing,
Who feels each beauty day by day
Throughout his inmost being;
Who reads the language of the breeze,
The brooklet's rippling laughter,
Who hears the whispers in the trees
And bird-songs coming after;
Who notes each blossom on the ground,
Each grass-plume graceful bending,
Each happy floweret all around
Its incense upward sending.

The myriad voices of the night,
The insect's drowsy humming,
The wind announcing through the leaves
The tempest-chariot's coming;
The gentle music of the waves,
The ocean's varied voices,
The zephyr which o'er toilers' graves
For peace and rest rejoices;
Who sees the sunbeam through the cloud,
The hope through gloom or sadness,
The deep soul-murmurs low or loud
Of Nature in her gladness.

Who knows each beauty half revealed
In every dell and dingle,
And every vision half concealed
Where night and morning mingle;
Knows well each grace and marvel caught
By moonbeams softly shining,
And loves the pictures deftly wrought
By shadows intertwining.

Who knows each sigh but hides a song,
Each homely thing some beauty,
While hopes and glories—glad and strong—
Lie deep in every duty;
Who finds each grief but hides a grace,
Flowers grow on mountains hoary;
That clouds but veil the Master's face,
Each grief some brighter story.

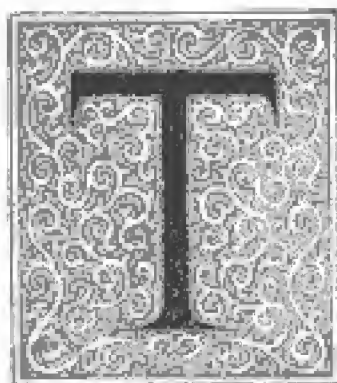
A proud and happy man is he,
 All Nature's secrets knowing,
 Who reads God's truths on land and sea
 And reaps contentment's sowing;
 Who knows the Lord inflicts no dearth
 Without a blessing to it,
 And that enjoyment of the earth
 Depends on how you view it;
 That Nature's hieroglyphics traced
 On heaven, and earth and ocean,
 Are object-lessons teaching truth—
 Interpreted in motion;
 That all of these harmonious blend,
 With no truth disagreeing,
 And each its message yields to those
 Who have the gift of seeing.
 So every true and perfect thing
 Yields to his soul its sweetness;
 A monarch he, and more than king,
 Who knows its grand completeness.

I. Edgar Jones.



THE ART STUDENT IN NEW YORK.

BY ERNEST KNAUFFT.



THROUGHOUT our entire land the army of young men and women who are anxious to study art with a view to pursuing some one of its branches as a means of livelihood, is constantly increasing. To these, New York city offers, in its numerous art-schools, one of the most direct and practical avenues toward acquiring the knowledge which is a pre-requisite of success in the profession.

The rapid and healthy expansion of the last five or six years, noticeable in

these schools, is to those interested in the development of art in America, an earnest of not only future growth but of a grander development in many ways.

With thoroughly equipped art-schools must come better workmen; and with better workmen, finer productions.

Evidence is not lacking that this fact is appreciated by public-spirited citizens, who have done much to encourage and foster art in this city. Through the establishment and maintenance of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, certain of these gentlemen sought to cultivate public taste, by putting within the reach of every one, works of undoubted merit. But they did not stop there; they

have by their generous support of the Metropolitan Museum's Art Schools, subscribed themselves genuine allies of education in that direction.

It needs but the mention of the names of the members of the Museum School's committee, Robert Hoe, John Taylor Johnston, D. O. Mills, J. W. Pinchot, and W. L. Andrews, as evidence of the high place that this subject of the education of the artist finds in the consideration of men of culture who have at heart the city's advancement as a true metropolis. Mr. Henry L. Marquand, another member of the Museum, imported last year at the expense of over \$10,000, a collection of casts from the antique, which will be at the disposal of the students of these schools, as soon as the new addition to the Museum in Central Park is completed.

It is interesting to note that as early as 1801, Robert Livingston, then United States minister to France, wrote to his friends in New York urging the starting of subscriptions to a fund for the purchase of statues and paintings, the establishing of a public gallery, and a school for the instruction of art students. Thus through Minister Livingston's efforts, the institution which is now the Academy of Design, was founded. And he so far interested Napoleon in the Academy, that the Emperor presented to it several plaster casts from the antique, twenty-four volumes of rare Italian prints, and several portfolios of valuable engravings.

The "Elliott-Suydam" medals, the "Julius Hallgarten" prizes at the Academy schools, and the "A. A. Low" "Frederick A. Lane" and "Goodhue" prizes at the Woman's Art School, Cooper Union, are also among the tokens of the valuable assistance bestowed upon our academies by men of means.

The principal art-schools in New York are those of the National Academy of Design, and Metropolitan Museum of Art; the Gotham Art Students; Woman's Art School, Cooper Union, and the Art Students' League.

In these schools are about 1,300 pupils. They have classes in painting, in drawing from the antique, from life, and with the exception of the Cooper Union,

have modeling classes also. The Cooper Union is a free school, although there are pay classes connected with it; the same is the case with the Academy Schools, save that a matricule card costs the student \$10 a year. The Metropolitan Museum Schools and the Gotham Art Students are very moderate in their charges; about \$20 being the cost of the season's instruction in the former, and from \$2 to \$6 a month the terms in the latter. In the Art Students' League a somewhat higher fee is charged in the regular classes, while to study all day in the painting class will cost \$120 for the season.

Students' life in New York to-day is entirely devoid of bohemianism. There is as much goodfellowship among the pupils of the school, as would be found at a medical or law school; no more and no less. They have no clannish attributes. There is no "Quartier Latin" in New York city for them to inhabit; the episodes of students' life in Paris, which we read of, have no counterpart here. They live no differently from the dry-goods clerk, and dress as they can afford, often as near the "dude" as possible. The velveteen jacket, slouch hat, and the long cloak, are no longer insignia of artistic proclivities.

The only mark of their identification that we can think of, is their decided tendency to cultivate a special parlance, to use an artist's vocabulary; a technology which to the uninitiated ear is equal to any Gipsy lingo, pigeon English or dog Latin. As a general thing the richer this vocabulary becomes, the more indefinite are its terms. If you listen to a group of students in an art gallery, you are apt to hear some such expressions as these: "Is n't that a *stunning* Millet? I tell you what, there's *tone* for you!" "But I like the *quality* in that Rousseau better; that's *atmosphere*; it *hangs together* too; I call that *harmony*." "That Chase over there's got some *stunning* bits to it." "Yes, I like some of the *morceaux*, but the *technic* is the thing; just look at that *brush-work*!"

Furthermore, you would hear mentioned "nice feeling," "a well-balanced composition," "loud," "harsh," "crude," "dry" and "raw" color, and many

other terms whose meaning is dependent upon the artistic context.

"Don't you think that Number 50, over there, is a 'howler'?" we remember being asked once by a speaker who pointed to a painting by Wyant—a most delicate, misty, Adirondaek scene! By a "howler" was meant a noticeable picture or one that possessed salient qualities, the remark being intended as entirely complimentary.

Few laymen have any idea of what importance to the would-be painter, is the question of his art education. Except for a few geniuses, there is no such thing for the painter as self-instruction. It might have served one a century or even a decade ago, but to-day he who would receive recognition and patronage from the public, and is able to put forth only works executed by an untutored hand, will stand little chance of substantial success. He may assert himself in other branches of the graphic arts, as an illustrator for instance, but he might better eschew painting. To those who develop a tendency for painting, this fact becomes evident as soon as they endeavor to test their capability to do some real art work.

The young man coming to these schools from the West is apt to be greatly disappointed at the first steps in his studies. In his native town he has probably done some work which has brought him in enough money to pay the expenses of a trip to New York, and a season's tuition. Perhaps he has been able to make in comparison to what his companions in other trades receive, a very good income. The local press has chronicled his exodus as an important event, and spoken of "the visit of our talented portrait-artist to the metropolis, for the purpose of pursuing his art studies under the most favorable auspices." He has been held in high esteem by his town-folk; always looked upon as the artist of the place, never as a student. His work has been in partnership with the camera, that is to say he has made portraits upon solar prints (faint prints on paper, over which the draughtsman works with crayon or pastel). With this assistance, of course his drawing has never been questioned, his patrons contenting themselves with criticising the expression of his likenesses.

As he has always satisfied his customers also with the pretty pink color of the flesh in these pastel portraits, the bright blue eyes and the decidedly golden, nut-brown, or raven hair, he is himself quite sure that he must have naturally "an eye for color." He feels therefore, that he knows enough about drawing, and will merely cultivate this natural talent for color.

The school altogether has, in all probability, a much less substantial look than he had pictured: the floors uncarpeted, the walls simply unpainted board partitions, the chairs of the commonest kind, the class-rooms crowded, temporary curtains here, drapery forming impromptu backgrounds there; everything is for utility, nothing for ornament. Perhaps there are a few drawings from life tacked upon the walls by former students, made in art schools abroad.

He soon receives his first set-back in the form of warnings on all sides that his knowledge of drawing is too limited to carry him through, should he be admitted to a painting class; such admission, even, being far from likely, as his color is "raw," "crude," "lacking in values," etc., etc. A whole string of technical terms, few of which he understands, are showered upon him. So he seeks entrance to the antique class.

The antique room he finds crowded with casts. At first to one who has never seen anything more than a plaster mask or a statuette, the effect of these forms, peculiarly endowed with life-like action, yet clothed in effect with the pallor of death, is startling. The figures suggest various weird fantasies—a morgue of classical heroes, a convention of the shades of departed acrobats and pugilists. One instinctively winces under the athletic form of the "Moses" of Michael Angelo, who seems to preside. The young students pass warily by the outstretched arm of the stooping Discobolus, as if to avoid having their eyes become the target for his precipitant quoit.

The novice chooses a cast, and falls to work. At first with much assurance, he goes rapidly through the stages of sketching in, giving little heed to what others are doing around him. But as he goes on a slight feeling of intimidation comes over him, when, solicited and unsolicited,

his fellow-students give him the benefit of their critical judgment. No formal introduction is needed in the classes, and at the end of a day he is quite on good enough terms with most of the others to make a tour of the easels and acquaint himself with the methods of work in vogue. Whatever may be his secret belief as to the rightness of his own manner, unless he is a dunce he soon sees that his comrades pursue a different way.

The character of the student is severely tested here. If he has a keen rapid

rebellion against the "blocking in," the simplifying of shadows, the lack of finish, which is so coarse and brutal to his mind. For, a self-taught person is sure to demand finish and detail in everything, and can rarely bear anything broad and simple.

Be his nature submissive or stubborn, his ardor has cooled and a certain amount of suspense fills his heart when after two days have elapsed it is time for the professor to arrive. When he does, he falls at once to criticising, starting at the other



INTERIOR OF ANTIQUE ROOM (ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE).

judgment he will see immediately that his best course is to humble himself and follow meekly in the footsteps of his companions. If on the other hand, he has a stubborn nature, he is somewhat loth to smother his own individuality and allow himself to be melted and poured in and out of the same mold as the rest of the class. His memory is full of biographies which he has read, of great painters who revolted against academic methods and traditions when they first became students of art schools. He contemplates emulating them and placing himself in

end of the room from where the novice is at work. There is something to be gained by this, and the student is all ears. He endeavors to profit by the rapid criticism and looks at his own work, seeking to correct every fault that is found in the others' drawings. But too soon is the professor at his side, handkerchief in hand perhaps, ready to dust off with a turn of wrist the two days' labor of the poor student, and bid him make his drawing much larger or cut off his figure one-sixth, and keep his lights and shadows simpler.

Sometimes the pupil is told, "Your figure is too tall for its width; put the waist higher, make the shoulders and hips broader; the right leg must be cut in on this side; make the left arm slenderer and the right arm larger; your head is too broad, and you may better raise the eye-brow a little and put the eyes farther apart, and put the ears lower down. *Otherwise, your drawing is very good!*"

He has gone down in the mouth step by step as the faults in his work are developed; something like a resolution has darted through his brain to quit the school immediately, and return to his Western home; but the last sentence has saved him. He repeats, "*Otherwise, your drawing is very good!*" That must be so. The faults criticised are minor details easily rectified; he will correct them at once, and then his drawing will be *very good*.

He remains a student, soon finding out how little he knew before. But, day by day, the painting class seems farther away.

The life class is generally the successor of the antique. Nothing is harder to paint or draw than the human body, nude. And no one can consider himself an educated artist unless he has painted for years from the nude. It makes no difference what branch of art he may expect to follow—it may be landscape or marine—the curves in the human form are of such variety and of such beauty that it is not straining a point to say that once becoming acquainted with them, no lines, no forms in nature will be new. The resources of color are nowhere put to a greater test than painting flesh, but our schools have good facilities for studying from life, in both the day and night classes.

Here the student is permitted to develop a greater amount of individuality than in the antique classes. Save for certain necessary checks—an insistence that the figures shall be drawn in proportion and that the value in the colors be preserved—he is allowed very free exercise of natural taste in line and color.

Entering a class-room, we find each workman bent on a different purpose, though all earnest and intent upon their

products. Here is one "going in for" a portrait, upon a figure the legs of which are much too short and the shoulders too broad; he has a head on which we see a very good resemblance to the features of the poser opposite. Another "goes in for" color, and with the vaguest suggestion of a drawing of a figure has painted a form which stands out well from the back-ground and conveys the impression of the warm tint of flesh. In the minority are those who "lay themselves out on drawing." They carefully sketch in the figure on the canvas with charcoal, endeavoring to give the impression of the entire figure as one form; they go over this outline with a brush and some brownish paint, fixing the lines more permanently, and correcting and strengthening the drawing at every step. Their coloring afterward may be metallic or "leathery," but they will be sure to reap the fruit of this well-directed labor in the future; for few things assist a maturing artist more than confidence in his draughtsmanship, and a single year of producing carefully-drawn paintings from life will give one that confidence.

The young woman who comes to New York is not often in exactly the same position as the young man. Hers is less substantial. It is not likely that she has had that absolute encouragement which the momentary success of the young man's previous career has given him. It is the exception, not the rule, if she has earned much by her crayon or brush; she generally, while studying, is supported by parents or some other member of her family.

She comes to New York with a less definite purpose than the male youth, in many cases hoping to educate herself as a drawing-teacher.

For years she has been able to give very great pleasure to her relatives and friends through her Christmas presents and birthday gifts painted by her own hand. She has received no end of compliments for these, even flattery. Thus she is made ambitious to cultivate this talent in the hope of acquiring fame. Or perhaps, her position is such that she must earn her own living, and she hopes to find art an easier method than

any other of the few channels open to women.

Some friend may have succeeded, and this gives her encouragement. Or she has perhaps seen some such notice as this, which I clip from the "Report of the Principal of the Woman's Art School, Cooper Union:"

A partial list of last year's graduates and our present pupils, shows that 126 of them are in positions or are earning professionally. These report their earnings since May, 1889, as \$22,682, but this is probably not more than from one-half or two-thirds of the actual amount earned. Since last May, seventeen places have been taken as teachers in schools and seminaries. These positions include such institutions as Wellesley College and Mt. Holyoke Seminary in Massachusetts; Norfolk College, Virginia; Superintendent of Schools, Long Branch, New Jersey; Normal College, Omaha, Neb.; Public Schools in New York City, etc. Besides last year's graduates and our present pupils who are earning, I would allude to a few of our old scholars. One has an excellent place in Harrisburgh, Pa., another at La Salle Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., another at Des Moines, Iowa. The latter tells me that she is earning \$2,500 a year. Two young women have taken orders for decorative work. In one case the order was for over \$1,000, and in another for more than \$800. They have had constant employment from a leading firm in New York.

The prospect of such emolument fairly intoxicates her. How much better than being a type-writer, a governess, a dress-maker or a saleswoman! The subject is talked over in the family; and comparing such sums with what her brothers or cousins earn, she will certainly be well off after a few years' study, and be able to reimburse her family for the outlay incident to her domicile in New York.

When really in the art school, she is still more at sea than our young man, with more advanced students around her, the professor expected this morning, the object—still life or flowers—before her. Brush in hand, she finds the task of representing upon canvas, with no other assistance than her own eyesight, a widely different affair from the transcribing some other's design upon a Christmas card. She has never learned to look at nature for herself.

It is a long and tedious task for a girl—this learning that the knowledge of art in its higher forms cannot be acquired by receipt or precept, but that she must come to see nature in a new and more thorough light than is habitual to mankind.

Before entering the school, she is apt to believe that certain laws and rules for mixing colors, etc., can be found.

It is pointed out to her when she becomes a student that no such rules exist.

And it is a mental strain for her to give up all hope of being assisted by theories and scientific principles, and apply herself to the arduous task of imitating, by experiment after experiment with the combination of the relatively



SKETCH OF TENNIS PLAYER.

few pigments which her color-box affords, the multitudinous tints of nature, or rather of imitating the one general color these varied hues make in a harmonious whole.

Some teachers are willing to acknowledge a virtue in this craving for theories, but I think our best do not. I

remember that some years ago a certain painter was induced to succeed a well-known instructor who was going abroad. The class was composed of ladies, and the new incumbent—let us call him Mr. X—soon learned that his predecessor, Mr. Z, had been a wordy man,

that the whole human structure was a compound of curves. Thin-armed models would be pictured with Sullivanic upper limbs, because Mr. Z had initiated them into the mysteries of anatomy, and they said they knew the muscles must be there, even if they could not see them.



IN A STUDIO.

who had not hesitated to comply with his pupils' thirst for literary art-teaching. So, about one-half the directions Mr. X gave were met with the objection that Mr. Z had told them that quite to the contrary "was a well-known rule."

"You have too much top to that head, madam," he said to one of the students who was seated much below her model, who had his head thrown back and was sitting upon a platform, as is customary. "Oh, I don't see how that can be, Mr. X, because Mr. Z always told us that one-half of the head was above a line drawn through the eyes, and one-half below; and see [measuring with her charcoal], that's the way mine is." And it was the work of some minutes to show the lady that it was a self-evident fact that, from where she was sitting, she could not see as much of the head above the eyes as below.

He found the students drawing a square-faced model, *à la* Raphael's *Madonnas*, because Mr. Z had told them

Of late years in New York a number of women have asserted themselves in the field of portraiture, but, as a general thing, flowers and still-life are the subjects they essay, seldom succeeding in large or complicated figure compositions; while, on the other hand, as designers, where the conventionalities of forms are to be re-arranged with some originality and taste, they succeed remarkably well.

Be the aspirant man or woman, the art schools of New York afford him or her most ample facilities for study. For those completing the courses at the schools, and ambitious to follow out branches of art other than figure-painting, such as landscape, marine or animal-painting, there are many artists of reputation in those fields who receive earnest pupils into their studios for special instruction.

The "League," which has the largest number of pupils—about five hundred—can be denominated, I think, without

dispute, the chief of the schools. It was established and is maintained by "art students." It has no salaried officers, but is managed by a board of control, a majority of whom are actual workers in the classes. In giving us the Continental methods of teaching, *i. e.*, the methods learned in the first art-schools abroad—the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, in Paris, and the Royal Academy, Munich—it was the pioneer. Here, for example, is a list of the corps of instructors for the past season, and in parentheses the names of their masters, the leading painters of Europe:

Kenyon Cox (pupil of Gérôme and Carolus-Duran), H. Siddons Mowbray (Bonnat), Walter Shirlaw (Linderschmidt), George De Forest Brush (Gérôme), William M. Chase (Piloty), B. R. Fitz (Royal Academy, Munich), Geo. T. Brewster (Mercié, sculptor), J. Carroll Beckwith (Carolus-Duran), H. A. Levy (Gérôme), T. W. Dewing (Lefèvre and Boulanger), Thomas Eakins (Gérôme).

The pupils thus have the traditions of European art handed down to them; the traditions of schools which have supplied Continental Europe with most of her great painters. An American,

after a thorough course at the "League," may go abroad and enter the schools and ateliers there with no fear of having to unlearn anything he has studied, nor of being compelled to learn the first principles over again. His study there is sure to be progress from the start.

In previous seasons the "League" has had in its faculty, beside those named above, J. Alden Weir, Frank E. Scott and William Sartain. Mr. Charles R. Lamb has been president of the school

for the past three years. Under him the "preparatory antique class" was added to the course, and it has been a success from the start. Also, he has re-organized the workings of the "composition class;" and such a department is often much more the means of making practical artists out of the students than the professors

are aware of. The principle of a composition class is to give to the student for treatment such subjects as "Fire," "Silence," "Lost," "Home," "Wind," "Peace," "War," etc.; whereupon he makes his sketch, representing, as fully as his mental power and technical training will allow, the subject indicated. These compositions being brought in on a given evening, and duly arranged upon the walls, are criticised by some competent artist.

In this way, a student very soon finds out what chance of success he has before the public; for, the public will patronize those who can make pictures with a meaning in them—but not the clever or conscientious painter of bits and

fragments. Very sad is the lesson which many students who must make their living by art have to learn, namely, that to be able to paint parts of a picture ever so well will not bring success half so quickly as the ability to paint a complete picture passably. It is with the latter object in view, that composition classes are formed. I remember some years ago, that any drawing could be brought into this class at the "League," no matter what subject had been given out; for instance,



SKETCH OF GIRL AND CHILD.

a still-life study of tin pans and copper kettles could be exhibited when the subject was "Hope." Now, however, every member of the class must furnish a design which shall illustrate that announced.

The "League" has students from all parts of the Union, and also fourteen pupils from Canada. New York State, of course, furnishes the most, 321, of whom 214 are from the city. New Jersey is represented by 26, Massachusetts by 18, Illinois by 12, and Pennsylvania and Connecticut by 11 each. More than one-half of the 658 students are members of the "League," but about 175 of them are not active in the school at present.

Neither the Academy, Cooper Union, the "League," nor Gotham Art Students undertake to teach the arts applied to industry, nor to give any manual training. Therefore, when in 1883 Mr. John Ward Stimson was appointed superintendent of the Industrial Art School of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and found three night-classes at work studying designing, he, having been a pupil of the *École des Beaux-Arts*, saw his opportunity of fostering together, in the closest relationship, the creative art taste with practical industrial skill. While the arts of drawing and painting in the abstract were taught in the schools named above, and while the purely industrial designing was taught in many schools in the city in some such manner as geometrical drawing is taught, according to rules and principles, Mr. Stimson saw that great would be the gain in both cases if in his school the student should be taught to apply his knowledge of form and color to industrial productions. He saw the gain that would arise from the just connection of all branches of art with each other. This connection was made: and in a few years his "night-school" was brought to the very front, side by side with the other art-schools, and beginning with three classes he had thirteen, and some 300 pupils, when he resigned in January, 1888. Thus the Metropolitan Museum Art-Schools have become a boon to those with small means, who are enabled to study a branch of industrial art in which they can reach proficiency sooner

than in oil painting. Some, for example, can work at an "art trade" during the summer, and save enough out of their earnings to enable them to study painting during the winter.

Mr. Arthur Tuckerman, a pupil of the architectural department of the *École des Beaux-Arts*, has succeeded Mr. Stimson as superintendent. The life class, formerly Mr. Stimson's, has luckily fallen into the best of hands. Mr. R. Cleveland Coxe, known to the public as one of our foremost marine painters, but identified also in art circles as a figure painter of high order (whose schooling has been four years of study in the atelier of Bonnat), is associated with Mr. Lowell Dyer (of the *École des Beaux-Arts*). In sculpture they have Mr. Olin Warner, and the remaining industrial classes are in the charge of Messrs. V. G. Stiepevich, Julien Ramar, C. Brower Darst, Lucas Baker, Walter B. James, Ernest J. Gilles, Alois Loehner and William E. Voltz.

The Women's Art School of Cooper Union is presided over by Mrs. Susan N. Carter, who has been well known in the art world for a score of years. The instructors in the free school are: R. Swain Gifford, oil painting; J. Carroll Beckwith, life and cast; Mrs. Wm. Stone, normal drawing; John R. Davis, wood engraving; Mrs. M. C. B. Ellis, crayon photographs; Miss Lucy A. Coe, photo-color; Miss Kate Corey, cast drawing. Previous instructors have been Mr. W. H. Low, G. De F. Brush, and Geo. W. Maynard. The school dates back to 1857, and has been directed at different times by Mr. Jarvis McEntee, Mr. W. J. Linton, the engraver, and Dr. Rimmer. Mrs. Carter has had charge of it for the past sixteen years.

This school is free for those who intend to support themselves by the profession of art, but for those who wish to study as an accomplishment, paying classes are opened in the afternoon. In this department, Wm. Sartain has charge of the life and cast drawing, and J. Alden Weir, of the oil painting.

Previous to 1875, the course did not include a "life class" (drawing from the nude). Its introduction that winter considerably raised the character of the insti-

tution, and at present it stands on a par with the best schools of the country. Entrance in this life class, it is pleasing to note, is dependent entirely upon a previous successful course in the lower classes. It is thus made a goal toward which the students aim in their earliest efforts.

Unluckily, the resources of the Cooper Union Woman's Art School are entirely insufficient. Over 700 applications are made annually, but only about 250 find admittance, as that is the limit of the room-space at its disposal. Always before the school commences the free classes are filled, and those applying afterward must find instruction elsewhere.

About the same conditions may be asserted of the schools of the National Academy of Design. No other art building is so well known as this edifice on the corner of Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue. The Academy as an organization is so deeply associated with the development of art in America, that it is a great pity the schools do not bear a higher reputation. The collection of casts is said to be one of the largest and finest in the country. Classes are in session all day and in the evening. Possibly no graver charge can be brought against the management than that they are conservative. But it is well known in art circles that a student seldom joins the school save for

reasons of economy. Were the terms at the League as low, no student would hesitate a moment in choosing between the two.

As pointed out before, the classes are virtually free, a matricule card for the season costing \$10. This includes the classes



MR. CHASE'S PORTRAIT CLASS.

of antique, life, modeling, composition; also sketch and costume class. Messrs. L. E. Wilmarth, N. A., Edgar M. Ward, N. A., and Charles Noel Flagg, are the instructors, with Mr. F. Edwin Elwell in charge of the modeling class. Beside these, Mr. Ward has a painting class in

which the terms are \$30 for a season of six months, or ten dollars a month. During the season, Mr. J. Wells Champney, A. N. A., lectures on artistic anatomy, and Mr. Frederick Diehman, N. A., on perspective.

"The Gotham Art Students" organized themselves in 1879 as a sort of art club, to meet in the evenings for mutual benefit and for study from the cast and life. They were, for the most part, young men connected with the art trades—decorators, designers, engravers and lithographers; and were engaged in their occupations during the day. They procured two or three of the best painters in the city to visit them twice a week and supervise their studies. It was but another step to open their classes to outsiders; and yet another, a few years ago, to inaugurate morning sessions and classes for women. With these facilities, "the Gotham Art Students" has become one of the art schools of New York, and indeed one of great promise.

There are in the morning classes, a large number of students who intend to make painting a profession. The terms for tuition are lower than in the League, by about twenty-five per cent. The instructors are, Messrs. H. Siddons Mowbray, Wm. R. Derrick, B. R. Fitz, and F. W. Freer, in the drawing and paint-

ing classes, and Mr. Fred Moynihan, of the Royal Academy, London, has charge of the clay modeling.

To be a student in these schools does not necessarily indicate that one is only a beginner in art. Many of the exhibits seen on the Academy's walls at the autumnal and spring exhibitions are by pupils working in the school-rooms in the basement of the building.

Mr. Charles C. Curran, who has prepared the study of the interior of the League—which illustrates this article—while at present a pupil of that school, made his *début* at the Academy Exhibition some years ago.

The drawings by Mr. C. H. Warren were made at the "sketch class" at the Academy. A class of this sort is composed of students of the school who pose for each other every afternoon, during one hour. There is no instructor to the class, and each worker does the best he or she can, drawing or painting in whatever medium suits the fancy: pencil, charcoal, pen and ink, water color or oil. The benefit derived from such a class is that of acquiring the habit of making notes of forms and colors for future use, or of becoming able to take in an impression of a figure and indicate with point or brush its salient characteristics, without the help of prolonged study.

THE SHADOW-SELF.

AT morning-tide the traveler westward bound
Before him sees a lengthened shadow run;
At noon it shrinks beneath him on the ground;
Unmarked, it rearward moves at set of sun.

A juggling shadow-self the youth pursues,
And questions with a fond and curious mind;
This shade the man in prime subdues,
But mellow age has cast it far behind.

Edith M. Thomas.



MY DREAM OF ANARCHY AND DYNAMITE.*

I HAD a dream; please Heaven it may prove but a dream. Who that reads it will vouch that it will not become a reality?

I.

It was the middle of November, 1888. The Presidential election was barely over, and the canvass had been one of unprecedented bitterness. Three political parties had striven for the mastery and the two unsuccessful ones were making the land resound with charges of fraud and bribery. An impartial onlooker, if such could have existed at such a time might well doubt whether even a government "of the people, for the people and by the people" were likely to prove in the end, any permanent improvement upon those forms which we had been teaching American youth to regard as "effete." Many thoughtful men were conscientiously asking whether the whole science of government, as it had existed for six thousand years, were not a semi-barbarous system of blundering; and whether it would not be better to overturn the entire fabric, and at least make the experiment of some of the later theories.

A famous labor advocate, gifted, ambitious and as nearly honest as ambitious men usually allow themselves to become, had been the candidate for the Presidency of a party composed mainly of laborers, artisans, and men who enjoyed far less of this world's goods than they believed to be their just share in the grand distribution that is forever going on in the world's market-place.

Many of them were ignorant and impulsive. During several months they had been told that all property was robbery and the fruit of past robberies, and that all men had an equal right to an equal share of the luxuries of life. "Presidential year," proverbially bad for business, had been worse than common, from a variety of causes, but principally the increasing number of strikes and the attempts of Congress to change the tariff.

The unemployed numbered hundreds of thousands; winter was staring them in the face; the prospect was a bleak and bitter one, and men and women were desperate and ready to fall in with anything that promised even temporary relief.

Since the executions of the Anarchists in Chicago, a year before, the police had vigorously suppressed incendiary speech-making, and public disquiet over threats of dynamite had subsided. Just at this time, I met an old army friend, whose work as a detective had led him to disguise himself and frequent the haunts of the Anarchists in quest of a criminal supposed to be in hiding among them. He told me of the plans they were hatching for a bloody and terrible avengement of their Chicago comrades, and for overturning society, and seizing and dividing among themselves and the workingmen whom they expected to join them, all the money in bank vaults, the sub-treasury, and the portable valuables in stores and private houses throughout the city. I laughed at his pretty fable, and advised him to dramatize it, promising him at least a run of a hundred nights in all the principal cities. But the captain was not to be laughed down; he was terribly in earnest, and, finally, his earnestness impressed me to the point of consenting to disguise myself and investigate in his company, to be vouched for by him as an English convert to Anarchistic principles. My friend's influence brought me at once into contact with the leaders; and, under the pretext of a burning desire to be of assistance in the grand *coup d'état*, the captain's story was quickly confirmed.

There were about twenty-five thousand male adult Anarchists in this country, practically all foreigners, the vast majority being Germans, with a heavy sprinkling of Poles, Bohemians and Russians. They were by no means the ignorant and bestialized creatures that they were imagined. Nearly all were educated, and many were possessed of trained

* The author is a well-known writer who stands very high in military, social and political circles, but whose name is withheld at his request.—[The Editor.]

and skilful minds. More than half the total number—some fifteen thousand—were located in New York; some five or six thousand in Chicago, and the others were distributed among the suburbs of the two cities named, and in Cincinnati and St. Louis. Scarcely an appreciable following could be found in other large cities. They differed from the Nihilists up to the time of the Chicago hanging only in this, that the Nihilist was pledged by solemn oath to kill, and to kill whomsoever the "Committee" would direct. The American branch proposed to kill only after the failure of other means. "Other means to what end?" one asks, and the intangible answer, after much mouthing of "liberty" (in America!), must be finally resolved into permission to enjoy at will what their more fortunate neighbors have accumulated. Since November 11, 1887, they had changed materially; and now their motto had become "Revenge and Our Rights;" their motive to kill, and their great reliance dynamite.

The New York section was thoroughly organized, and large quantities of bombs were safely stored with a hundred petty leaders.

The outline of the plan was this: They themselves were not to make any breach of the peace, but were to wait patiently until some labor disturbance should rouse the great masses into a feeling of hostility against the police; then every art should be employed to instigate a conflict, and when blood ran at fever heat among the masses and they were ripe for vengeance, the police were to be dynamited in the presence of "the people." No half-way work, either, like the Haymarket, but one good bomb following another, until the police were absolutely destroyed. This would encourage and inspire the populace, and then the grand assault, the heavy work should begin. Whenever a body of police, large or small, showed itself, a dozen determined men well supplied with bombs, were to be detailed to destroy them. If doing it from sidewalks presented obstacles, it should be done from windows and roofs, to which the Anarchists would have previously forced access along the probable lines of advance of the police. It was estimated that the entire police force

could be destroyed by less than thirty determined dynamiters. The regiments of National Guard were to be destroyed while assembling in their armories, a detail of ten Anarchists being dispatched to the vicinity of each armory as soon as hostilities opened, but with careful instructions to await the time when the whole regiment should be formed within, before bringing their irresistible engines of destruction into play. If these plans should miscarry with one or more regiments, they could be destroyed on the march from windows and house-tops quite as effectually as the police would have been.

The intervention of the Governor, with a great body of State troops, had also been considered, as well as that of the President, and the regulars, and National Guard from other States. No regiment could live ten minutes in any street when the upper windows were in possession of a dozen dynamiters. Had not over seventy men been killed and wounded by a single bomb in the Haymarket? How many bombs, then, would be necessary to wipe the best disciplined regiment utterly from the face of the earth?

All this accomplished, all the exponents of force having been swept from behind the law, what then? "What indeed, but simply to take for ourselves the goods of which greedy capitalists have been robbing us; burst open the bank vaults, blow up the sub-treasury; appropriate the contents of stores and gilded palaces which would have been ours before, but for unrighteous laws, and hiring forces of police and soldiers; go in, and help ourselves, and let the poor become rich, and the rich step down awhile into the places of the poor. Glorious consummation! Most righteous retribution! We shall be simply coming into our own, of which we have been robbed. All this, too, can be accomplished with certainty and with celerity. There is no human power which can thwart our plans, if only our one hundred chosen bomb-throwers stand firm. And why should they not, when wealth and ease lie just before them, and only a few police and a few regiments of soldiers stand in the way?"

Such was the glittering prize held up to the view of the restless, dissatisfied, pinched workmen; and when I asked

myself what effectual obstacle could be interposed to this comprehensive programme, I was forced to admit that whatever barriers good citizens could rear, when once the machinery had been set in motion, they would certainly be far weaker than Paris vainly offered to the Commune—and that, too, before the days of dynamite. Here were men who had the brain to plan, the nerve to carry forward, and the numbers to sustain the entire programme. One hundred bomb-throwers would doubtless suffice to carry out all the work of destroying the guardians of property; but, if one thousand were needed, they could be obtained with equal facility.

It is only twenty-five years since a large part of New York was under the feet of trampling mobs, who showed what mobs can do even with no knowledge of dynamite. There could, consequently, be no doubt that, with the guardians of law and order once out of the way, no flinching would take place from the more agreeable and profitable role, wherein the mob helped each of its number to become a rich man in a day or a night. Nothing was plainer than the necessity of timely prevention, and that, too, by heroic methods. Here was no case for a weak, faltering or hesitating policy. Once ring up the curtain on the first tableau, where the police face the red flag, and the tragedy would go forward unerringly to the last act, containing the terrible *denouement*.

Prevention, then, was the only policy left for society to adopt; cure was beyond the hope of any sane man, after the first irruption.

But how might society prevent, under our constitution and laws? Increase the police and detective force? At the most, this would only increase by a few thousands the number to be destroyed. It would require only a few more bombs and bomb-throwers, and these could easily be supplied. An increase of the military would be no more effectual. No, the more closely one should think, the more clearly he must see that whatever of preventive measures were to be applied must be applied well in advance of the first organized assault upon the defenders of law and order. But what might those be?

I sought Inspector Williams, told him the facts, and asked him what *could* be done to avert the awful calamity. The handsome face of the officer expressed the deepest interest in my tale as I unfolded it; a few curt questions were asked, indicating that the subject was by no means new to his trained mind. He looked out of the window for several minutes, his brows knit, and a deeper shade came upon his bronzed features. Then he turned toward me and said: "I have no doubt that these fiends intend to do all they say; I will go further and admit that they *can* doubtless wipe us all out in three hours, whenever they have sufficient nerve and organization to attempt it seriously. Yet, under existing laws, we of the police, are powerless to forestall them. Our laws are framed upon the theory that so long as the people govern themselves, they will respect the laws of their own making. The law never contemplates the possibility of an extended conspiracy to overthrow the government by anything but ballots. Under a monarchy, the law is not so sure of popular support, and ample means are given the police to prevent outbreaks. Here, we must await an overt act, a breach of the peace, an assault, a threatened assault, or an incitement to commit a breach of the peace; something of this kind must occur before we can act."

"But, Inspector, do you realize the extent of the terrible disaster that must result from a policy of inaction and non-suppression? Do you take in the awful fact that if you wait an overt act, you will be too late; that the entire police force will be destroyed, and the city fall into the hands of plunderers? Do you mean to tell me that you have no right under our laws to self-preservation, and no right to take steps to preserve the city whose guardians you are, by any and every means which may clearly appear necessary? You know, that unless you search every suspected house for bombs, and unless you do it *before* any overt act is committed, you will be utterly unable, either to protect the city, or even to save your own lives; and do you seriously mean to say, that notwithstanding this, you must sit still and supinely wait for the swift and terrible destruction which is being prepared for you?"

The shades upon the inspector's face grew dark almost to blackness as I proceeded; and when he replied, his bearing was that of a brave man ready for a desperate deed; prepared to face his duty, but hopeless as to the result.

"You put it harshly but all you say is true. The law *says* just that, whatever the lawmakers may have *meant*. They did not foresee organized anarchism, and never dreamed of dynamite as the weapon of revolution. We can do nothing but watch and await the chance to move quicker than they do when the supreme moment arrives. We are prepared, and shall be quick, you may be sure; and, if we lead them by only an hour, then God help them—that's all! But, if they do nothing prematurely,—well, a man dies only once you know."

The law itself, then, was the fatal defect in the entire system of safeguards thrown around the lives and property of good citizens. The law must be amended; that was clear.*

Realizing that the extraordinary character of the laws which were required would necessitate a tremendous degree of pressure from the people themselves, I went to the editor of a great metropolitan daily, offered him my array of facts, and besought him to bring the powerful engines of press influence to bear upon the Legislature. In reply, he urged the

danger of making public such terrible facts, lest it only spur the Anarchists on and precipitate the catastrophe.

I responded that we are already years behind the Anarchists; that they knew their power as fully then as they would after the city should lie at their mercy, with its defences all demolished. There was not a feature or phase of the question which they had not discussed, in each other's faces, until they grew delirious with the anticipated victory and its golden spoils. That mischief was already fully done. The Anarchist was wide awake, and the only parties who were asleep, and who needed rousing, were the good citizens who could not yet bring themselves to recognize what a volcano lay beneath their feet. These men must be shown the facts of the case, before it became too late. Society must be aroused; laws must be enacted, as quickly as the Legislature could be convened, authorizing searches for bombs and imprisonment for their unlicensed possession. Business men must be shown that the entire business of New York might be irremediably ruined in forty-eight hours, and every species of property, except the land itself, wrenched from its owners, or destroyed. Nothing short of a profound conviction that such a danger impended would rouse our busy population to make any adequate provis-

* It becomes plain that two new features must be added to the laws: First, The possession of a dynamite bomb by any unlicensed person must be *prima facie* evidence of an intent to commit murder; and unlimited powers of search for bombs must be accorded to the police. A bomb would not be used by a private citizen not engaged in blasting, for any purpose other than murder; and the law might rightfully conclude that the man who had one in his possession without license had it in pursuance of an intent or conspiracy to murderously take human life. The penalty for conviction should be specific and extreme; no loopholes for jury nor judge should be left; the penalty should be specifically *imprisonment for life*, and, if it be possible, the intervention of pardoning power should be forever prohibited. Let these fiends know that the mere finding of a bomb, in house, shop or pocket, means perpetual imprisonment with no miscarriage of justice possible, and it will tide us over the danger temporarily. But this would not be a permanent safeguard. After a time, police vigilance must necessarily relax; and the danger would again suddenly confront us, the more effectively, from the fact of its having been driven to underground and hidden methods.

The second new law, then, must remove Anarchists from our midst. Constitutional objections would be raised to any method which it was possible to propose; but certainly no constitutional inhibition could reasonably be supposed to extend to the point of denying the first law of nature—self-preservation. That right lies back of all law, justifies all law, and it was, primarily, to promote and secure that right, that the Constitution itself was framed. That government has a right to preserve its own existence, was argued, and settled, in 1861. Government by the people, distinctly implies a contract of citizens one with another,

whereby all agree to create a government whose primary duty is the protection of all, in return for the pledge on the part of the citizen to sustain the government. The government shall protect each citizen, and each citizen shall sustain the government; that is the contract. But here comes the Anarchist, and instead of fulfilling his sworn contract (when he is naturalized) to sustain the government, he openly flaunts his opposition to all government and all law, and proclaims his deliberate purpose to overthrow the same by unlawful means—by murder and by the torch. It is against common sense to claim that the government is, nevertheless, bound to protect him; that a contract can have only one side to it, and only one party be bound. Government has the right, in the very nature of things, to compel the Anarchist to depart, even though he were not a dangerous member of society. How much greater becomes that right, when large bodies of Anarchists, arming themselves with the most destructive agent known to modern science, openly organize with the avowed purpose of killing the government's agents by wholesale, committing robbery by wholesale, and erecting a revolutionary system founded upon the ruins of a government that they proclaim their ability and purpose to overturn? The law should be enacted in every State without a day's unnecessary delay, *accepting the condition of outlawry which the Anarchist openly boasts*, and banishing him from our shores. Other countries would quickly follow our example; and, perhaps, we might see the edifying spectacle of all the world's Anarchists gathered together upon some accommodating island, remote from the laws which are so hateful, and indulging, at will, in the gratifying pastime of cutting each other's throats as the spirit of liberty may move them.



ion for preventing such an incalculable disaster.

The appeal was useless. The editor could not believe that so diabolical a plot was actually hatched by men competent to carry it out; he thought it was mere mouthing, vamping, and in a year's time I would laugh at myself for my fears. It was in vain that I reminded him how Paris had twice within a century been despoiled by mobs, and held in terror for months, though those mobs knew not dynamite, and though the local government was vastly stronger in every element of force than ours.

He doubted the constitutionality of the laws that I suggested; while I pointed to the distinctly extra-constitutional laws abolishing slavery and creating paper money as measures which no constitutional lawyer had ever sanctioned, before the white heat of war for our very national life had come upon us. He insisted that my alarm was needless; that barking dogs did not bite. I replied that barking dogs did bite in Haymarket Square, and that, moreover, they had now, ominously, ceased to bark. I begged him to reconsider, and, as it was already dark, to allow me to come to him again in the morning. Reluctantly he assented, neither he nor I dreaming that the fatal night had come, and that it was already too late. The day of doom was at hand!

II.

The feud between the Third Avenue Railroad Company and its men had again broken out, and a few "scabs" had been running the cars for several days without much disturbance from the strikers. The object was now to afford the pretext for a great riot, which should call out nearly the entire body of police, and thus facilitate their destruction by wholesale. A meeting was held, with closed doors, at which the representatives of the unions which controlled workmen on the other roads agreed to call out their men also, for the professed purpose of compelling the Third Avenue managers to yield, but really with the motive of increasing the numbers and power of the mob. Various other unions agreed by their representatives to call out their men, and it was openly announced that a "commit-

tee" would be posted at the junction of Third and Fourth Avenues to stop all cars at that point, and at all hazards. This point was chosen by the leaders as the battle-ground because of the immense open space, which favored the assemblage of a vast multitude; but chiefly, however, because of its proximity to the haunts of Anarchists, Socialists and the great tenement-house districts, where more than 150,000 men and grown boys live within ten minutes' run.

Before daylight, the expectant mob began to assemble. No cars were ready to start until after eight o'clock, by which time the seriousness of the prospects had induced the company to wait another hour for the arrival of a strong body of police escort. A single car, filled inside, and on both platforms, with police, moved slowly down the avenue, preceded by two heavy platoons of police. At Fourteenth street, it was halted to enable six more platoons to take their places, as it was now plain to the authorities that it would take hot work to get the car through the dense mass at the junction, now becoming turbulent by reason of frequent potations during the hours of waiting. A heavily laden lumber truck had been wrecked across the down track, and the driver had taken away his horses. Behind this obstruction stood the front rank of the mob, from whose throats went up a hoarse shout of defiance as the police drew near.

The first platoon advanced to the truck and some of them mounted it, unfastened the binder and began to lift off the pieces of timber, and remove them to the side of the track, when a paving stone flung from the midst of the mob struck one of the policemen that were on the truck and felled him. Instantly his comrades ceased work, and drew their heavy clubs, preparatory to a charge, while the other platoons moved up to close supporting distance, stretched out in several compact lines of sixty files each, and stood facing the mob, awaiting the word of command. Then the red flags were swung aloft in a hundred places over the heads of the mob, and were greeted with shouts, yells and curses of defiance against the blue-coats, to which a volley of paving stones gave greater emphasis. The order was at once given, and the police advanced on the

double-quick. Straight into their faces now came a volley of pistol shots, while stones flew thicker; here and there a blue-coat went down, plunging heavily forward upon the pavement, but the onward rush was not stayed until they reached the mob, and each officer began laying about him with his club. Then it was discovered that hundreds of ball-bats and axe-helves had been distributed among the crowd, and these terrible weapons proved a match for the long night-clubs of the police. The conflict raged without decisive result for many minutes; the officer in charge of the reserves seemed to be in momentary expectation that his brethren would force the mob to retire, as of old, and did not bring in his men. The mob gathered itself for a mighty effort, and pushing forward, by sheer weight pressed back the police, in some disorder. Stung by defeat, the captain gave the command to fire, and each officer delivered his fire into the mob, as rapidly as he could. This was the moment for which the Anarchist was waiting: "blood from the veins of workingmen" was staining the stones of New York; it was all the rallying cry he needed; now the workingmen would be ready to rise, now bring in the bomb! The reserve police came forward on a run to the assistance of their brethren, and all advanced once more, when a bomb thrown from a window with skillful precision, dropped among the officers, and instantly exploded. When the smoke cleared away a score of mangled men lay dead in little heaps, and, piled upon them, were three score more in every stage of mutilation. A wild yell from the mob was answered by a deadly volley from the entire body of police, who rushed forward to avenge their fallen comrades. Now came a second bomb, landing in front of the doomed ranks, and duplicating the butchery of the first; before they could recover, a fearful crash in the rear told of another bomb; then two more in quick succession shook the ground, digging out great holes in the street, and fringing each hole with little ghastly heaps of quivering bodies, torn asunder by the frightful potency of the infernal weapon. The sight was sickening to all except men whose passions were roused to frenzy.

But the killed and wounded among the mob had been many, and the sight of their fallen comrades, combined with the effects of their frequent libations, and the wild excitement of the hour, had transformed them into demons, and they rushed forward with exultant yells and shrieks, and blasphemy thrice-distilled, over the writhing bodies of their victims, and upon the shattered remnants of the blue-coats. A gallant rally, as the mob came on; a back-to-back movement to fight outwardly and sell their lives for a brave and bloody price, and the handful of survivors kept back the hordes now thirsting for their blood. A last bomb, aimed all too well, like its predecessors, and the little knot of men whom it spared, fell victims to the slower brutalities of the infuriated mob. The first act had been played through without the missing of a single line!

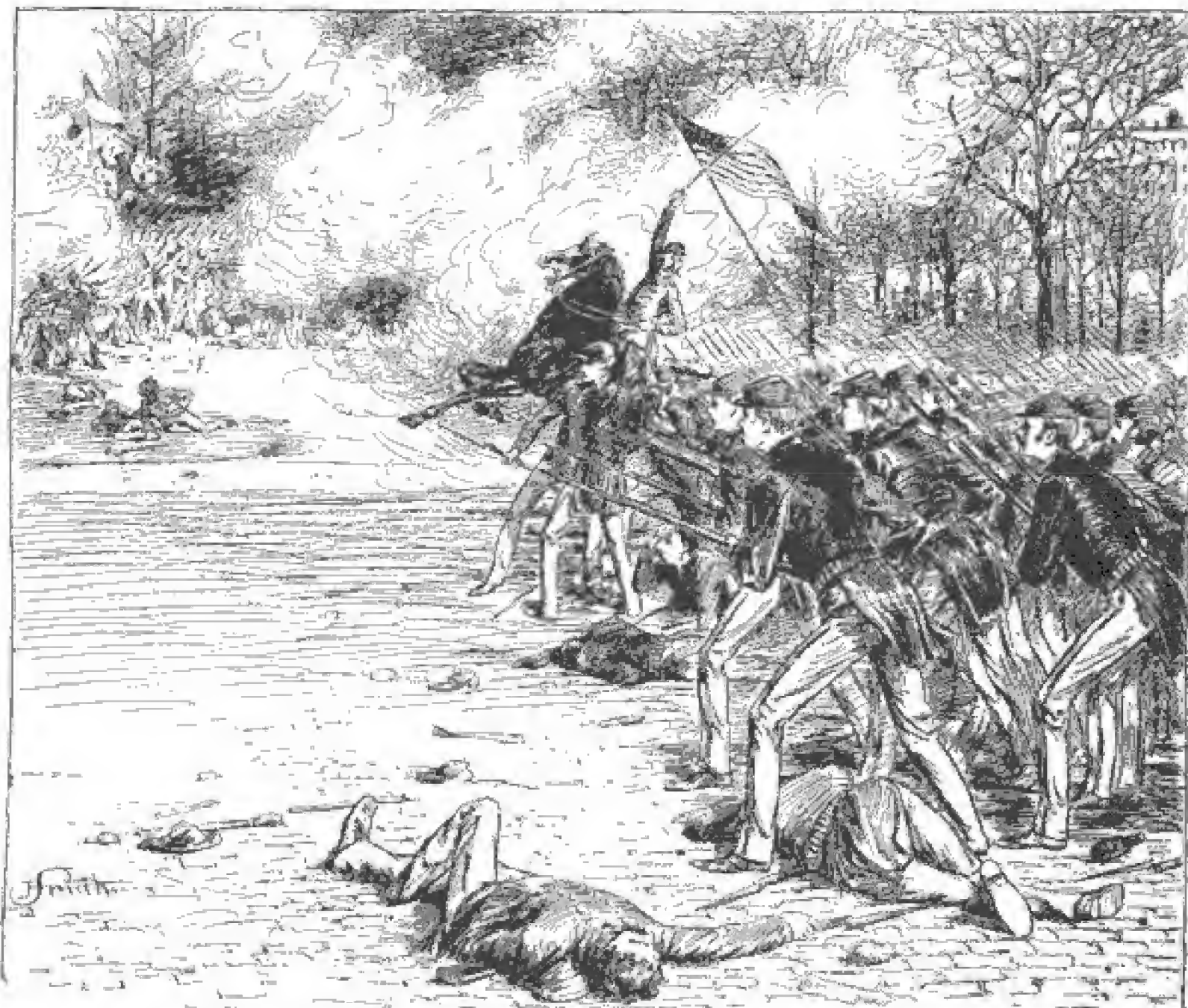
The echoes of the conflict, and its astounding result, spread like wildfire through the town; factory, shop and slum emptied itself at one retching into the street, and myriads of heavy feet trampled wildly towards the Bowery. Still the red flags stayed upon the slippery field, where their first victory had been won. They were waiting for the crowd to number tens of thousands more; for the police reserves to come on and meet the fate of their comrades—and *then!*

They had not long to wait. The broad street was already choked with men, among whom the red flags passed up and down, followed by a heavy human wedge of shouting, cursing, elbowing fanatics, crying that their hour had come at last for vengeance, and for coming into their own. Here and there, orators harangued the crowd from carts and trucks, inflaming their passions, and inciting to deeds of retaliation upon the "robber barons," "bloated aristocrats" and their "hireling" police and soldiers. Barrels of whiskey were rolled out from the neighboring saloons without emphatic protest from the owners, who were assured that they were all coming into their own before night, and the liquor would be paid for out of the capitalist's unrighteous hoards.

The delirium of the crowding masses grew rapidly from minute to minute,

and by the time the heavy battalions of police came within sight, the mob numbered fully fifty thousand men, so inflamed by rum and passion as to be almost bereft of reason. The Anarchist leaders still kept their heads, and prepared to direct the movements of the crowd. The alarm had been sounded throughout the city, and the various regiments were assembling with all possible haste in their armories. The police authorities felt it

gait, grasping their long clubs, but with revolvers ready for instant use. A roar of defiance and consciousness of superior power burst from the red throats of the maddened throng, and, before they had approached within fifty yards, the pistol shots from the mob began to tell upon their front rank. The word was given to draw revolvers, and then to fire, and a line of flame shot out, along the entire blue front, before which a hundred of



injudicious to allow the mob to go on gathering strength and fury during the two or three hours requisite to bring the members of the regiments together from their citizen avocations, and an immediate advance upon the mob was determined upon. A small force was detailed to close towards the mob from the side streets, for the purpose of diverting attention, in some degree, from the principal point of attack, and then the solid battalions came on at a swinging

the mob went to the pavement; another, and another followed, in quick succession, and the officers advanced steadily, firing as they went; the men in front of the mob dropped in their tracks with moans and shrieks of agony, and the whole mass began surging backward before the determined onslaught, when a terrific concussion announced that the deadly bomb-thrower was again at work—one, two, three—six—eight—twelve, delivered in quick succession from cool

and practised hands; and when the smoke had lifted, heaps of stalwart forms lying on the stones were all that were left of those heavy battalions except a few stragglers, who could barely count themselves fortunate in escaping death by dynamite, only to receive it from hob-nailed heels.

The mob now danced, yelled, hooted, laughed and gave way to frenzied expressions of demoniac glee; their hour had indeed come, and they were not only victors, but—*masters!* Some screamed, "Now for the soldiers," but the leaders knew that no soldiers would molest any one on the Bowery that day! They had taken good—too good—care on that score.

It was now almost noon. The members of the National Guard had responded with promptness to the summons, and every armory was a scene of excitement and activity. The Seventh's was half filled with gray uniforms, and with friends and citizens. Every moment fresh arrivals were coming; ammunition boxes were open; cartridge cases were being filled with nervous haste; officers were excitedly discussing the ominous news as it came in from time to time over the telephone, or cautioning their men how to bear themselves when they stood face to face with the mob, and under fire. "Do not shout or talk when the work begins; leave that to your officers; only listen for orders; obey them promptly; keep well closed up; leave the wounded, if any there are, to the ambulance corps; see nothing but the mob; hear nothing but your own officers; and, no matter what comes, never, never turn your backs upon a mob; remember that noise does not hurt; keep cool; and, when you fire, *aim low*; one disciplined regiment can break the heaviest mob that ever yelled." Such were the sentiments inculcated by the officers. Ah, yes; but a mob with *dynamite* is a totally different affair from a mob with pistols, clubs and paving-stones!

"Drum-Major, the 'Assembly'!" cries the Adjutant. The Adjutant, sergeant-major and markers take their posts; the staff moves toward its place at the right; the Colonel walks calmly down the great floor opposite the centre, faces the Adjutant, folds his arms and comes to "parade

rest;" the Adjutant signals for "adjutant's call;" again the drums roll out sharply; the Adjutant and sergeant-major move forward to the color line covered by the markers, place them, take one step inward, and, as they draw swords and face about to prolong the line, the companies put themselves in motion; the line is formed; the music ceases; the Adjutant commands, "Guide posts;" passes to the front and centre of the battalion, faces it, commands "Present arms;" polished steel tubes come to the front and centre of each man's body with a precision like one slightly prolonged *snap*; the Colonel has ceased to stand at "parade rest," and assumed the position of "attention;" the Adjutant turns upon his left heel, faces his chief, salutes, and reports:

"*Sir, the battalion is—*" DESTROYED! Aye, that's the word! That sentence will remain unfinished till the Judgment Day!

Ten well-dressed men had been listening, out on the streets, with apparent indifference, to the drum-beats within; they knew, too well, the signal which brought the whole of that gallant corps into compact lines, upon the stone floor; and, when the last tap had ceased, they scattered, each man to his assigned post. Four bombs crashed, simultaneously, upon the arch of the north roof, while the Adjutant was making his report, wrenching asunder the great iron arches, and spending no little of their terrible force upon the devoted heads below: instantly, four more came upon the south roof, and brought the whole superstructure down upon the masses of soldiers and citizens beneath; one crashed into the east entrance, tore up the paved way, and brought down a hundred tons of *débris* into the passage-way; another wrought a like work in the west entrance, and thus closed the only means of exit for those who had survived the fall of the roof. Almost as rapidly as the reader has followed the narrative, these events occurred, and were instantly followed by some twenty additional bombs that were tossed over the walls, among the soldiers and citizens already buried beneath the fallen roof. Each of the dynamiters had thrown but three bombs; it was all over in a minute; when, satisfied with their hellish work, they

coolly walked away without molestation from the few citizens who had observed the bomb-throwing, and who thought a live citizen was better than a molested bomb-thrower.

As the news of this calamity was rapidly carried through the city, it reached the bomb-throwers detailed to blow up the other armories before the regiments themselves were made aware of this new method of attack, and all the regiments but one were buried amid the ruins of their armories, without being able to fire a single shot.

This regiment, owing to a miscarriage of the Anarchists' programme, was enabled to march out upon the street without learning of the destruction of the other troops, and took up its line of march down town. At several points, en route, it met small bodies of rioters; but, being commanded by a cool, competent officer who had smelled much gunpowder in the Army of the Potomac, it bore down all opposition without opening fire on the crowds, by presenting an undaunted front, and advancing at "charge bayonets" whenever occasion served. All the regiments, when first called to arms, had been ordered to report to the Brigade Commander in Union Square; and toward that point the veteran Colonel directed his line of march. As the head of the little column passed Madison Square, the Colonel saw the unaccustomed sight of a body of police retreating in disorder up Broadway, bringing with them many officers of the Brigade Staff, and followed up by a heavy mob, between whom and the police a fusillade of pistol shots was in desultory operation. As the heads of the two columns approached, the regiment was halted on the north side of a street-crossing to enable the retreating mass to debouch into the side streets, and clear the space between the mob and troops. On came the mob, yelling over its anticipated victory, and mad with rum and lust, for plunder. It was indeed a heavy mass to check. If checked at all it must be by an immense weight of metal crashing through the foremost masses.

The dispositions were quickly made. The street was wide enough at that point to admit of a division front, which was formed in double-time; the second divi-

sion was closed up directly against the first; the front rank of the first division lay down flat; its rear rank knelt; both ranks of the second division remained standing; the space each front-rank man occupied across that street would send its four rifle-balls crashing into the mob at each volley—and it was a tough mob which would stand up to a fight like that. The Colonel stood in the front rank between the companies, and it was plain that the old-time, hot battle-blood was beginning to surge within him. He was pale, with lips tightly set, and eyes that grew hard and pitiless as he watched the storm gathering before him. The paving-stones had begun to reach his men; several pistol balls had whistled overhead, yet the veteran gave no sign of action. A bullet from the mob now struck a third-rank man in the breast, and he fell backwards in his tracks, dead. Quick, as though the word had been part of the dying groan of the soldier, came from the Colonel's lips, "*Ready!*" *Click—click—click* went four ranks of rifles. "Now, aim low." "*Aim!*" "*Fire!!*" and the winged messengers of death sped on their lightning errand into the bodies of the enemies of law and order. The front rank still lying down, placed the butts of their pieces on the ground and raised the muzzles to the position of "charge bayonets," until the smoke cleared away, and it became evident that the mob would not try to rush in before the ranks could reload. The other three ranks rapidly reloaded, then the front rank, and again a tremendous weight of metal went tearing through the mob. "*Rise!*" "*Load!*" "*Carry Arms!*" "*Charge Bayonets!*" "*Forward; Guide Centre; March!*" and on dashed the gallant citizen-soldiers of the little two-division battalion, followed closely by the balance of the regiment. The carnage among the mob had been frightful, and when they saw the solid front bearing down upon them with cold steel, they turned and fled precipitately back towards Union Square.

The street grew narrower, the division front was abandoned for the column of companies in close order, and thus Union Square was reached, and the veteran officer had reported, in literal accordance with his orders, but for the last time on earth!

The regiment was formed in line of battle, along the north side of the plaza facing the square. The mob, no longer pursued, halted under the trees in the square. The full scope of the morning's work, in destroying the other regiments and the main body of police, now was first communicated to the troops. They saw that the situation was desperate, far beyond the conception of the most cowardly recruit an hour before.

Mobs were gathering in immense numbers in various parts of the city; the criminal classes were all afoot; every workman had ceased work, deserted his bench, and either hastened away to secure and protect his home and its precious contents from a peril the scope of which he knew it impossible to measure, or, if disposed to evil, to swell the murderous throngs already numbering many scores of thousands. These alone were enough for a single regiment and the whipped and ragged remnants of a police force to face; how much worse, then, to add to them hundreds, perhaps thousands, of bomb-throwers, each bomb filled with the death of a hundred men, and almost certain to be launched from some unseen hand, some unsuspected lurking-place.

To add to the horrors of the situation, the military now knew that no fresh supplies of ammunition could be expected; none could be brought to them through the streets already thronging with rioters. Only twenty rounds could be carried in the cartridge-boxes. Twenty more per man had been served, with orders to carry them in the men's pockets; but this order had been but partially obeyed. The old soldiers of the war, particularly, were averse to loading themselves down in that way, and recalled the scores of times when such orders were obeyed, only until they got out upon the road, and then pockets were emptied, and rarely was the act repented. So, now, the prospect of using more than twenty rounds upon a crowd of ragamuffins, armed only with pistols and stones, seemed too remote to balance the inconvenience of stuffing their pockets with hard metal cartridges before a long march. The dropping of cartridges had begun as soon as the street was reached; those who had never been in battle were quick to follow so agreeable a precedent,

set by such exemplars, and the result was that very few soldiers had more than twenty ball-cartridges, while the first and second divisions, comprising two-fifths of the whole regiment, had but eighteen to the man. A brave man, with his foes all in front, his flanks secure, and plenty of ammunition, is a dangerous man to tackle, even when outnumbered ten or twenty to one, as our own war history has shown many a time. Here, none of these conditions were present, except the brave men.

The police were instructed to guard the entrances to all the houses whereby any roofs or windows could be gained from which the bomb-throwers could attack the troops from the rear, while the Colonel readily engaged to keep the main body of the mob far beyond bomb-throwing distance. One platoon of troops was sent to cover Broadway to the north and Seventeenth street westward, while another covered Fourth Avenue northward and Seventeenth street eastward, with instructions not to waste a cartridge. This left the bulk of the regiment, some 600 men, to devote themselves exclusively to the mob in front. Retreat was not thought of, and the idea would have been instantly rejected if proposed. No column of troops could now expect to march five blocks in any direction without being dynamited from some housetop or window, en route, and besides—*there was no place to retreat to*. Every armory had been destroyed, no building could be made capable of resisting an attack of dynamiters, however carefully its approaches might be guarded and defended. A single bomb would sweep away the picket-line and expose the building to instant destruction. No, the open air was best and safest, and if the soldiers must die they could perhaps have a chance to sell their lives dearly in the open plaza. There was a faint hope that they might so punish the mob as to frighten off the dynamiters, and thereby secure their safe passage to Central Park, where a camp might be established and a rally of good citizens be organized. The punishment of the mob became most evidently the first step to secure their own safety. Then the sooner done the better! A brief council of war was held in front of the regiment

at which the police officials were present, and it was decided to advance immediately upon the mob with such spirit as to demoralize them, if possible, and then having seriously punished them, send police and skirmishers ahead up Broadway and Fifth avenue to sweep bomb-throwers from the buildings, while the regiment and main body of police followed. One company was deployed as skirmishers in front of the battalion, with instructions to make every shot tell, and the regiment advanced in line of battle across the plaza and into the square. The skirmishers did their work well, and the mob slowly and sullenly retired before them until they were in Fourteenth street, and the line of battle had reached the centre of the square; then the mob cheered wildly, and broke away right and left, uncovering Broadway, up which advanced an irregular and heavy mass of men armed with rifles, escorting two Gatlings which had been captured an hour before. They came "in battery" on the run, and in a moment more the machine guns, evidently handled by men acquainted with their management, were pelting a hailstorm of balls among the troops with great effect.

"Lie down!" commanded the Colonel, and, as soon as the skirmishers had retired upon the line of battle, the roar of a regimental volley broke upon the air. Every man was swept away from the Gatlings; half a thousand of the foremost rioters had furnished living targets for the bullets of the soldiers.

"Load! Rise! Right shoulder arms! Now for those guns, boys! Forward, double time, march!"

With cheers that rang for blocks above the roaring of the mob, the gallant battalion dashed forward upon the guns. Those of the mob who had rifles and bayonets closed in, quickly, in front of the Gatlings, delivered a telling volley into the ranks of the troops, and came to a "charge bayonets;" the regiment staggered a moment under the heavy shock; the Colonel dashed out in advance of the line, and waving his sword, called out: "Come on, men; show them what you're made of!" and forward again, with a wilder cheer, swept the helmeted line, no longer straight, but bent and bowed, in and out, from flank

to flank, with great ragged gaps here and there, especially near the colors, toward which the followers of the red flag seemed to show a special hatred. The curb was reached, the line surged heavily together now towards the centre, rifles came down to "charge bayonets," and, with set lips, the gallant troops threw themselves upon the mob, who waited for their shock in dense and heavy masses. Straight at the breasts of the maddened rioters went that line of glittering steel; straight home went the sharp point of bayonet; down before the fierce onset went the foremost lines of rioters; still on, pressing through, bayonetting as they went, the rear rank filling up the gaps torn in the front, the officers rushing up and down behind the impoverished ranks waving their swords and cheering on the men. High aloft swung the stars and stripes and the State colors in the line of file-closers; high aloft waved the red flag of anarchy and murder. A hundred men had seized the Gatlings, and were dragging them toward a place of safety, but the thick mob impeded their progress, and, as rank after rank of the mob went down, this movement was disclosed to the soldiers. A wild rallying cry was sounded, and one company, headed by its captain, dashed ahead of the battalion line, with clubbed muskets, to reach the fleeing guns; the mob, already breaking, rallied for their defense; the regiment lost its cohesiveness; each captain acted excitedly for himself; two companies halted abruptly, loaded their empty pieces in a trice, and straight into the breasts of the men rallying about the Gatlings poured a deadly volley, before which they melted away like snow; the first company reached the guns, brained their abductors, and the mob was in full retreat, whipped, terribly punished; the Gatlings were once more in the hands of the National Guard, were turned upon the mob, and rained death upon them, until they surged out of the line of Broadway into the side streets.

The march was immediately begun for Central Park. No means of transporting the wounded were available; those who could not walk nor crawl to a hiding-place must be left behind to be beaten to death and brained by the fiends who would soon again swarm over the battle-field to glut

their malice upon helpless heroes. The police and two companies as skirmishers preceded the column, driving every suspicious-looking character before them, entering many houses and stores, and forcing into the street all of whom they could feel the least doubt. Twenty-third street was safely reached; it looked as though they might reach the open ground of the park; hope grew stronger in every heart, and the saddest thoughts now were those of the gallant comrades whose faces they should never see more. Thirtieth street, and still no bombs; surely the police were doing their work with exemplary skill and effectiveness. A look back down the slight incline of the avenue showed that the mob was not following; the street was clear, except for boys and a few scattering vagabonds. Had such an unlooked-for fact any ominous significance? What had turned the mob backward from its intended victims? Surely it must be the fearful punishment it had just received, and a new-born respect for the prowess of the boys in blue. On tramped the column up the stately avenue; houses showed no sign of being inhabited; had the wealthy people fled? Here and there a front door had been broken through; but the march was more rapid, and the skirmishers had to do speedy work to take even a hasty survey of the interiors before the head of the column reached them. All thoughts were now concentrating on the goal of safety, less than a mile ahead; quicker and quicker became the step of the column, longer and longer still the pace. Half-an-hour ago they had faced almost certain death; now hope, dashed with fear and anxiety, had taken possession of every breast. Each man drew his breath shorter and quicker; it seemed as if he had not time to allow a full inspiration; talking in the ranks had ceased, except in short, quick, highly-condensed sentences. Would some new and insurmountable danger confront them at Fifty-ninth street—would they be turned back and overwhelmed at the last moment in sight of the leafless branches of their only safe refuge? "Thirty-fifth street, and all's well!" "Thirty-eighth, Fortieth, Forty-second, Forty-fourth, Forty-eighth, Fiftieth, Fifty-first"—thank God, all yet was well!

Up to their left stood the noble pile of the Vanderbilt mansion. "Step out, boys, step out; close up; the park is in sight; no mob stands between—we'll be *there* in ten minutes"—aye, in less time, but *where*?

A huge rent in the pavement in front of the first company, another in the rear of the second company, another behind the colors, yet another under the very feet of the eighth company, and still one more behind the tenth; the earth ploughed out in vast heaps, the stones hurled with superhuman force in deadly circles from each chasm, a blinding crash and shock four times repeated, in such quick succession as to seem almost one; a clearing away of smoke, an atmosphere reeking with offensive odors—we draw the veil over the rest of that sickening scene! A few scattered knots of men still stood erect and stupefied along the space where the regiment had stood, when a second volley of bombs fell near each group and reduced the survivors of that gallant band to a mere handful. Two skirmishers but slightly in advance of the column turned and aimed their rifles with quick sight at the upper windows of the Vanderbilt mansion. A well-dressed man was leaning far out of one window to get a better swing for his right arm while his gaze was riveted upon one of the little groups of survivors below the house and somewhat down the avenue, holding to the casement with his left hand. It was an awkward position, and in his fiendish fever to furnish yet more victims for Death, he swung his body as far out as possible. It was a fair enough shot, but he must be a quick marksman who caught that murderous arm before it should send half a dozen more souls into eternity. There was a puff of smoke in the street, a sharp "zip" at the murderer's left elbow, a reeling, a clutch for the window-casement again with the wounded arm, the bomb dropped from the right hand while it involuntarily drew up toward the sill feeling for something to hold to, and in a moment the entire body had plunged outward, turning over and over lengthwise in its swift pursuit of the fallen bomb—and the ruffian fell upon and was blown to flinders by his own petard.

The police and the few remaining sol-

diers sought the interiors of such houses as they could gain admittance to, and when they emerged again, after the lapse of some hours, it was to proceed to their streets.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE PIPES OF PAN.

BEAUTIFUL Syrinx, garland-clad,
Over the hills and dales flew she.
Goat-footed Pan pursued, like mad,
Nothing of music then knew he;
Love, sweet love, was in his heart,
And he knew no thought from love apart.

Over the fields, through woodland bowers,
White feet wet with the glistening dew,
Strewing the way with fragrant flowers,
Closely followed the naiad flew;
Till, at last, she hid by the river bank,
Where reeds and rushes rose rank on rank.

Baffled and breathless, here and there,
Mad with the passion that knows no rest,
Vainly the god searched everywhere,
Clasping the reeds to his hairy breast;
And over their tops, as he held them fast,
The breath of his sighing swiftly passed.

And soft on his ear a sweet sound smote,
A sound so mellow and deep and clear,
That he sought on the reeds for another note
To gladden and comfort his longing ear,
'Til the harmony sweet that from them rose
Like a lullaby soothed him to calm repose.

And he only awakened to pipe again,
And to tell his love in the new-found notes,
While the birds sought vainly to voice the strain,
With the strength and power of their swelling throats;
And Syrinx, wooed from her hiding place,
Listened, with wonder upon her face.

And Echo, too, from her mountain home,
Down o'er the valley tripping came,
Across the stream, like a flake of foam,
While deep in her heart there rose a flame
Of love divine for the being there,
Whose trembling music filled the air.

Ever since then, Love's sweet desire,
Uttered in tones of melody,
Has found the spark of a kindred fire
In the souls that have heard love's minstrelsy.
Love's sweet whispers withstand who can,
Heart seeks heart through the Notes of Pan.

James Clarence Harvey.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD NABOB.

BY M. F. WILLIAMS.

WHEN I set out for my first visit to Burnaby Manor after an absence of a few years in the far South, I chose the rough unfrequented road over the Ridge. Silas Saxton's cabin, I incidentally remembered, was on the summit of the mountain. The sun neared the meridian as I reached the cabin and stood on its little porch, with the humblest of roofs over my head, but a picturesque landscape at my feet, rivaling in sublimity many a far-famed foreign view.

The mountaineer, a tall, sinewy man in blue cotton shirt, homespun breeches and squirrel-skin cap, slowly emptied the corn-cob pipe which I had found him smoking in that tranquil content that is characteristic of the natives in this secluded southwest region of the Old Dominion.

"Li'yer, hit 's grub time, by sun," he hospitably observed. "That ar young Docter Saxton will git heah long 'bout I 've fed yo' critter. That 's him a-cross-in' the branch this side them pines yonder, a-drivin' them fiery beass'es uv his'n es stiddy es a ole team."

"Saxton? Who is he?" I inquired. I don't remember anyone of the name, other than yourself."

"Tom 's his fust name," replied Silas, wrinkling his forehead in apparent effort to express sluggish ideas. "He 's mos'ly lived at New Yo'k en furring places, but he 's done settled at that ar big Saxton Hall. Thousings uv money went inter that house. The coal wur on that lan', en hit 's done med him rich."

"Coal would make you or anybody else rich."

"Likely 't would," he answered to my sagacious remark; "but top uv the lan' is good 'nuff fur me, li'yer. Folks es burrows inter the yeth fur what 's hid is sho' to git the wust uv hit. 'T would n't be hid ef 't wur meant to be drugged out. I don't favor these heah mines. They fatches a power uv strangers inter the country."

The mountaineer led away my horse, and had disappeared within a log building thatched with sod and pine brush,

which did duty as a stable, when a pair of slim, sleek thoroughbreds halted at the stile.

Tossing the reins to a mulatto groom, Dr. Saxton sprang from his carriage. I could not help admiring the strong, agile motions and the symmetrical grace of his sinewy figure as he walked along the path, slashing restlessly, but not destructively, at the hollyhocks, flags and hundred-leaf roses that fringed it on either side.

He was really handsome. The brilliant, deep-blue eye, and the flash of a ready smile under a heavy, blonde moustache, charmed me at once.

"Where is Mr. Saxton?" Very pleasant tones softened the abruptness of his inquiry. "Pardon me. I thought he was sitting here as I drove up."

"You were quite right. He was sitting here. If you wait a few minutes he will return from the stables."

Dr. Saxton consulted his watch before saying: "If he has gone to the stable, it may be ten, perhaps fifteen minutes, before he comes back. I have not that much time to lose. I can leave a message with Mrs. Saxton," he added, stepping rather unceremoniously into the low kitchen.

I could hear his gay, careless laugh and mellow, lively tones in response to the motherly voice of the mountaineer's wife. She followed him to the door, repeating an urgent invitation to stay to dinner.

"Positively no—not to-day. Thanks. I have an appointment at four, *sharp*."

"Will not five do as well for your appointment?" I asked, in compassion for the falling countenance of my hostess.

"My appointment is at *four*," he replied; and with a nod and a smile he walked back to his carriage, and the fast trotters dashed off down the Ridge road.

"What did you mek uv that ar young docter?" Silas inquired, when we had seated ourselves at the well-polished deal table.

"A noble-looking man, and certainly a thorough gentleman," was my reply.

An expression of gratified pride drifted into the mountaineer's sun-browned countenance. The expression was reflected upon the comely features of his wife. Evidently I had said just what pleased this old couple.

"That ar youngster is a genuine gentlem'," Silas solemnly stated, pointing each assertion by a startling rap with the handle of his knife upon the smooth table: "Yes, sir, a gentlem' uv money."

"He has every evidence of wealth," I agreed.

"His critters is fine, en his lan's is fine, en the looks uv him hain't bad, li'yer; they hain't," asseverated Silas. "Tek mo' sweet petatys, en anuther chunk uv bacon, li'yer; eat hearty en he'p yo'sef; thur's mo' petatys in the ashes on the hyearth, ef you 'll hev em. That ar youngster's place am ne'r to Bu'naby Manor."

"Then it must be very near indeed, for poor old Madame Burnaby has been forced to part with the bulk of the manor lands," was my regretful comment.

The mountaineer broke open half a dozen steaming hot potatoes and ranged them round his plate; then quaffed a huge mug of milk with impervious deliberation.

"Hit's a mizzable pity," he began impressively, "fur critters like them blood-ed Bu'nabys, with rich grandpaps en the like, to kum down to no mo'n a fohty-acre lot, round sech an aw'mighty big house too; but, li'yer—" The mountaineer came to an abrupt halt, and addressed himself to the demolition of the potatoes, which he accomplished in a surprisingly short time; while the unfinished remark seemed to await its proper turn to file into place. Pushing his plate to the middle of the table, in tacit announcement of having no further use for it, Silas returned the squirrel-skin cap to his head, and tore off an immense quid of tobacco. "But li'yer," he resumed, in precisely the same tone, "'t aint no bigger 'n that ar Saxton Hall."

"'T aint no grander, noways," supplemented his wife, with a proud little laugh, as if by acquaintance and identity of name this Dr. Saxton's grandeur cast an oblique ray upon them.

The transparent delight with which

these primitive old people alluded to the "young docter en his critters" amused me. The weather, the election, the grain, the game, each afforded some new occasion for reference to Dr. Saxton's ways and belongings. Altogether, the mountaineer and his wife seemed most innocently trustful of this new land-holder in their vicinity.

The sun had gone down behind the Ridge by the time I reached the pretty little lodge and carriage-gate of what had once been the well-kept avenue to Burnaby Manor-house. Outside the gate, a light carriage and pair of shining bays stood, under the shadow of the giant oaks. Recognition would not have been difficult anywhere. They belonged to Dr. Saxton.

Inside the gate, I discovered the doctor in earnest conversation with a young girl, comfortably seated on a broken rustic bench. Three smooth, silken-coated kittens dozed in the folds of her dress, and huddled closely together, more, perhaps, from a natural cherishing of warmth than mutual affection.

The girl seemed involuntarily to shrink from observation; but her shabby, weather-beaten straw hat failed to conceal magnificent eyes, or to overshadow pretty, smiling lips. Her cheap gray gown was not only faded, but scant and worn.

The salutation vouchsafed by Dr. Saxton was neither as careless nor sunshiny as it had been at the mountaineer's cabin. Annoyance clouded his features; my presence was plainly ill-timed and unwelcome, and I relieved him of it with all possible speed. Old Madame's warm reception banished the incident from my mind, until, later in the evening, her friendly confidence recalled it.

"Mr. Grant, it is five long years since you were here, is it not?" she said, after we had settled down into capacious leather chairs, before a fire lighted in the library.

"Fully five."

"Subtract that five, and the remaining seventy years of my life were respectably free from money misfortunes."

The old gentlewoman sighed and clasped her small hands nervously; then drew a black shawl closer about her shoulders, as if the bleak retrospect chilled her.

"My son, Colonel Burnaby, is dead, but the fire of his careless, easy ways—one might almost say, his follies—seems unquenchable," she went on irritably. "He left them to me, along with little Anne."

Ignoring the first part of her remark, I said "Anne is your grand-daughter: she must be quite grown." Old Madame took a surreptitious whiff of her vinaigrette: "Seventeen, my dear friend: a detestable age—just the time of life for predatory adventurers. A seventeen-year-old face is well enough, but a seventeen-year-old head—pray deliver me from the care of it."

Madame Burnaby took a second, more vigorous whiff of the vinaigrette, and found occupation for restless hands by opening a fan. "There is nothing left for Anne. The land is gone: first the great tract of hard-wood timber—yes—the timber first," she reiterated, counting it upon her fingers, with fan, in pensive, pleased enumeration of lost possessions; "then, yes, the spring farm, next; then the grain-fields and meadows, and last of all the sheep pasture on the slope, went to satisfy the ravenous mortgages."

"It does seem a hard turn of fortune."

"Hard?" sharply echoed my poor old friend, angrily brushing away a tear. "It is simply atrocious. I could have managed the estate to double its value. I am a capital financier, and now," she added, with a third, fierce application to the smelling-salts, "they have found coal on the Burnaby Slopes—a new and inexhaustible vein. Since the property has gone from me to this common, low-down clown Saxton, it has become enormously valuable. My ill-fortune is in inverse ratio to his prosperity. I have not the temper to bear it!" She shut the fan with a snap, and tossed it down on the table in reckless indifference to consequences.

"Would not Saxton give you time? He looks anything but an inexorable creditor."

With a wintry smile, old Madame spread out her little claw-like hands to the blaze. "He gave me time and time and time; but that only swelled the interest on the debt, and this pushed the mortgage closer to my door. I surren-

dered in sheer affright, lest the house go from over my head."

"This Saxton must be enormously rich?"

My remark provoked a high, cracked laugh from Madame, whose mood seemed vibrant between feverish rage and grief.

"Rich and richer," she replied; "he will sell Burnaby Slopes for a fabulous sum, or sink a shaft there and open another great mine, while the Burnabys of the Manor-house have a cabbage plat and turnip patch."

"Did his liens take in all the property?"

"Everything except this diminutive fragment," was the bitter rejoinder.

"Saxton is the neighborhood nabob. He is common and vulgar and rough, but—he is lucky. God knows that I am even afraid he may divert my blue blood into the veins of his descendants!"

She looked at me with such genuine consternation depicted in every lineament, that I was rash enough to smile.

"Oh, the stupidity of men!" she cried out. "I tell you this fellow without grandfathers and grandmothers aspires to poor dear little Anne."

"Impossible!"

Old Madame took several swift audible sniffs at the smelling-salts.

"I don't wonder that you are amazed. It's too true. He wants to include her in the mortgage—of course. Why shouldn't he match a plough-horse with a thoroughbred? Mercy on us! What are these upstarts coming to?" she said excitedly.

"He is a fine-looking man"—

"One moment, Mr. Grant," she interrupted; "don't trouble yourself to commend the man. I have set my heel on any such love, and crushed it," she added with an aspect of illimitable resolution. "The man has orders never to venture upon my premises, and Anne—but here is Anne now."

The door had opened quietly, and three kittens scampered into the room. The girl hesitated, then raised her eyes imploringly, as she came forward and gave me her hand.

It was the same fair face, unshaded by a tattered straw-hat; the same graceful, well-made figure, robed in the identical shabby gray serge, and lastly the unmistakable trio of kittens. It was not

possible to forget such a face, but the expression thereon certainly entreated oblivion of any previous glimpse. Tacitly recognizing the appeal, I made no allusion to the meeting at the carriage-gate.

"I suppose I am too old to see it, but I can't imagine the pleasure Anne finds in strolling through lands which have been taken from us," querulously observed old Madame.

"Yes, grandmother, but—but—I did 'nt go far; so it—it do n't matter."

Anne glanced at me, and blushed vividly, in intense embarrassment. Her grandmother's ill humor was a positive relief. It silenced the sweet hesitating tones, ruthlessly.

"Don't matter!" echoed Madame. "Don't matter that you must keep within stone's throw of the house, or trespass on the lands of another person! You are like all the Burnabys; nothing on earth ever troubles them."

"Oh! no, grandmother, I can't be like them—we are so poor. They had no troubles," began Anne in the softest of plaintive voices, breaking suddenly into irrepressible laughter.

Old Madame looked up suspiciously. "You are never troubled. You are in radiant spirits. You don't even care about what you might have been."

"Oh! grandmother, we have n't much, but you know I can't help that," interjected the girl in naïve simplicity.

"Well—well—your blood was not mortgaged," replied Anne's grandmother in pointed significance, her depreciative glance traveling over the threadbare gray gown. "Oh, if that coal had only been found while the Slopes pasture was mine! The man has taken advantage of my necessities."

"Grandmother, you don't think that!"

Madame Burnaby arrested the eager rejoinder by an impatient sniff of the smelling-salts. "There—that will do, Anne. I only ask you not to think of money alone." Anne's face glowed at the implied avarice. "Go and attend to tea, and take those kittens with you. Hannibal must carry two of them away to-morrow."

Anne took up one of the kittens and pressed her hot cheek caressingly to its soft white little head.

"Come, Bobbie Lee and Silkie; grandmother won't send you away!"

Old Madame half smiled, half sighed. She was not unkind; only sore and galled by misfortune.

"How very pretty she is!" I could not help saying, when the door had closed after Anne.

"Yes, her father was handsome, light-hearted, and ease-loving. It has brought us to this. You see," she added with a diplomatic air, "Anne is really so little mercenary, that she does not like the case when I put it in that light."

Knowing that this small, elderly, positive dame owned a tongue capable of great possibilities, I cautiously said "He certainly has much to attract and admire."

"He has his luck," contemptuously broke in my hostess. "Sheer, stupid, fatuous luck; nothing else. I won't countenance it. He must have something else. Luck is ephemeral—it is kaleidoscopic. He may be the neighborhood nabob to-day, the neighborhood sharper to-morrow, the neighborhood convict by the day after. I won't countenance upstart nabobs . . . Come to tea."

My friend opened the door in her quick, almost startling way. She had always been a rash, impetuous little woman, rushing to her purpose without the smallest prudential consideration. The wonder was that she never deviated from the proprieties of life, but somehow seemed to hold infallible right of way though untroubled by common caution.

Anne was gently attentive. She made the tea, with a delightful intuition of my preference in the exact dash of sugar and shade of cream.

At my time of life certain comforts hold a ruling place in happiness. With most men, dinner rises in the ascendant. With me, tea and my slippers have become the determinate point of diurnal content. I was not disappointed: Anne gave me a perfect cup of tea and a servant brought my slippers.

Old Madame succumbed to the genial influence of indoor comfort. Her talk, although at times a trifle sharp, amused for an hour or two; then wrapping the black shawl around her shoulders, and resting her diminutive feet comfortably upon the fender, she went to sleep.

Anne was darning a sleeve which showed signs of general outbreak at elbow and seams. The kittens dozed in the luxury of a great flat work-basket on the floor, at her feet. Evidently she was very shy—a dainty, blushing shyness, neither awkward nor painful.

"Do you know," I began, "that I see no trace of your grandmother in your features?"

"I am afraid there is none. I am very glad to resemble the Burnabys," answered Anne, with a sudden spirited look reminding me of old Madame, "although Mammie Hester says that grandmother was beautiful once; besides, she is the very wisest person I ever saw. But then," she corrected herself, "I have seen so few people!"

"Would you like to see more?"

Anne's face brightened at once.

"I should like above all things to go out in the world and mingle in the most fashionable society."

"Unwise! Consider how difficult for a young girl—country-bred and grass-grown, if I may say so—to adapt herself creditably to fashionable gaiety. One must understand the subtlety of elegance." My tone conveyed unspeakable disapprobation of any such vagary.

"But I am a lady, Mr. Grant; no one can be more than that," was the unanswerable reply, while her changeful color deepened. "Why cannot I behave creditably anywhere, if I can do so at home before grandmother?"

"There is a *savoir faire* acquired only by contact with the best society."

"I have had no society except grandmother's; but it has been the very best," persisted Anne, making effective use of that convicting logic natural to the feminine tongue when some personal interest is at stake. "I should like to try," she went on eagerly. "There must be some fashionable ladies who are no better looking than I am."

In view of the suggestive episode at the gate, and old Madame's disclosures, this urgent desire of Anne's became perplexing. I addressed myself to the solution of it with unconcealed directness.

"Are you tired of your old home?"

"Oh, no. How can you think so?"

"You do not share your grandmother's grudge against Dr. Saxton?"

A lovely deepening blush proclaimed the rapid rise of embarrassment; indeed there never was a more charming study or communicative face than the one before me.

"Oh, no, no! and I hate business; it is sure to be disagreeable and make people cross."

"You are simply lonesome; you crave excitement and strangers."

"I never was lonesome in my life," she cried out indignantly, "and I don't want strangers."

"An old fellow like myself can never understand the caprices of a girl. You disclaim every obvious motive. You are not even annoyed by the obnoxious stranger, who, for my part, I think"—At this point the wildest anxiety surged into Anne's countenance. Her splendid eyes dilated, her lips parted, she breathed feverishly: the poor girl hung upon the opinion, she longed to hear, yet dared not ask, as if it might be a verdict of life or death.—"could never be mistaken," I went on, "for anything but a polished, courteous gentleman. Of his birthright to that distinction I am ignorant; but if I am anything of a judge I pronounce Dr. Saxton, backed by a long line of noble ancestry."

A swift flash of joy illuminated the fair features. Anne laughed in such childish glee, that the kittens raised their heads from the work-basket and stared at their mistress in grave wonder. Just as abruptly she became thoughtful.

"Mr. Grant, you and grandmother have both seen numbers of gentlemen, and must be good judges; but you differ. Grandmother declares that Dr. Saxton betrays a low origin; you are equally positive that he is a born gentleman. There is only one way to be satisfied: I must go out into the best society and see the best men for myself."

There was no denying that Anne was largely endowed with a capacity of her own. The implied distrust, however, whether of herself or Dr. Saxton, still perplexed me. There was no time for a reply. Old Madame roused from her nap with all the buoyant loquacity of the surreptitious sleeper.

"So late? Who would credit it? All your fault, Mr. Grant! You have kept us awake. It is so seldom that we have

a guest; other than a man to serve a writ, or with back taxes, or with a fresh debt unearthed—a man to help push one down hill. Ring for candles, Anne."

"They are here, grandmother. Mammie Hester is in bed long ago," explained Anne.

"True! Why do I forget that Hannibal and Hester are both turned seventy, and they are the only servants we have. The novelty of a guest has kept me awake, but you, Mr. Grant, must be tired. Good night."

Hannibal had not claimed the privileges of old age, for I found him waiting in my room with a bowl of warm punch, just as he used to wait on his master's friends, before the rollicking, generous-souled colonel squandered the Burnaby fortune.

"We kain't do much fo' you, Marse Grant, but we kin give you a fust-class punch yit," apologized Hannibal, sure of my appreciation of his unrivaled brew.

After breakfast I strolled about the remnant of landed estate, comprising Burnaby Manor. Fields, beautiful, undulating, and more productive than ever, stretched away to the Ridge; but they had changed owners. Off to the left, beyond the barren aridities of Burnaby Slopes, the region seemed instinct with life. Gray, shadowy columns of smoke betokened the mouth of the mine and the village of cabins. All belonged to this rich Saxton. He had dispossessed the good, old family—this fortunate, moneyed nobody.

I summed the offenses of this successful, fine-looking alien in unfriendly array. They were negative and positive. Had he not broken in upon the traditional ways of our forefathers by not letting things alone? Was he not always in a hurry, rushing after an appointment, as though the matter of a couple of hours was of the greatest consequence? Burnaby Slopes did very well as a sheep pasture; it had always been that. Moreover, old Madame had mentioned that this Saxton actually talked of a branch railroad, when everybody felt satisfied that the weekly stage and semi-weekly mail carrier gave ample transportation and postal service. Altogether, I had nursed up quite a respectable antagon-

ism to the handsome stranger, by the time I returned to the library.

"I have just sent Hannibal in search of you, Mr. Grant," exclaimed Madame, the moment I appeared. "He is in the drawing-room now; on pressing business, his messenger informs me."

"Whom do you mean?"

"The neighborhood nabob," she answered, in inimitable scorn; "the metallic side of the nabob. Go and see him; I will not. Who knows but he has trumped up a claim on the garden or the house itself—this mountebank with only his luck?"

Under stress of the old lady's kindling resentment, I turned to the drawing-room without further question. It was neither a stranger nor the young doctor. Silas Saxton, the mountaineer, faced me, with his imperturbable simplicity and monstrous quid of tobacco.

"Howdy, li'yer! Reckon you dunno what to mek o' seein' me," was his salutation, as he held my hand in uncomfortably cordial grasp.

"Mrs. Burnaby supposed it was Dr. Saxton, but I am very glad to see you. She has deputed me to attend to your business."

"That's kerrec, li'yer. You'll do fur my arrant better 'n the wimmin folks. Dunno es hit's wuth mentionin', but I've kum long uv them Bu'naby Slopes, which they's hankerin' atter, tu'nin' bottom up'ards."

Silas stopped to push the squirrel-skin cap farther to the back of his head, and scratched his grizzled forelocks. The mountaineer never mixed occupations. When he scratched, all conversation was suspended. When he conversed, the scratching rested in abeyance.

"She has nothing to do with them; they have been sold to Dr. Saxton," I explained. "You must see him about Burnaby Slopes."

"Dunno es hit's wuth the trouble, bein' es he haint no say so long uv hit: bein' es he did n't buy the lan'," responded Silas with great deliberation.

"You are mistaken: he was the purchaser," I assured the mountaineer.

"Folks is oftentimes mistook, long uv a power uv things," he admitted; "but I'm sho' I haint mistook this time, kase I bought that ar lan' when 't wur sole."

He gazed in my face without the scintillation of a smile on his wrinkled countenance. "En the young docter," he added, pausing to rake pensively up and down among the grizzled forelocks, "en his fiery beass'es is mine, li'yer. Dunno es I tole you—Tom 's my las' boy. T' others died afo' Tom 's born."

For the first time a grim smile broke over the man's face.

"Your son? Dr. Saxton your son?" I ejaculated, electrified by the intelligence; "it can't be."

"Jes so, li'yer, en I dunno es I need be pertikiler 'shamed uv him," returned Silas with a gravity becoming almost droll, while I stood utterly confounded by this discovery.

I seemed to dart a swift backward glance, through years of desultory acquaintance, and see this man, so immovable, so self-centred, as to give not the faintest hint of the aims he carried to successful achievement.

Old Madame's aversion and scorn of Dr. Saxton were fully explained. Ann's rankling desire to learn for herself the footing of her lover among the best men now defined its animus. Before Silas had disposed of his tobacco juice, two conclusions ranged themselves in the foreground: Old Madame would never consent to the marriage, and Anne would always feel the prick of that unanswered question, whether Tom Saxton's polished courtesy merely imposed upon her simplicity, or whether it might pass current in the most refined and worldly-wise of social circles.

"Reckon, li'yer," Silas went on, "you had n't no notion of sech hard-wukin', common folks es we uns hev'in' sech a high-toned boy?"

Silas gave his leg a resounding slap, and laughed to himself in exquisite delight—a laugh subdued by excess of tobacco juice, as well as habitual reserve. His tone became jocular. Slapping his leg again by way of further emphasis, he added: "En a boy so wur fotched up like the bes' uv quality, en a boy es hes set his heart, nat'ral like, 'mongst the fustest big bugs."

"Events take a surprising turn, sometimes," was my cautious answer.

"Think so, li'yer? Ole Madame, she's done said him no, en sot her foot down,

es 't wa' n't no use uv lookin' long uv no Bu'naby; which es hit 's done, done with, en clean eended, I 've kum 'bout the business. You see, li'yer, I loant the Cun'el two thousing dollahs, en papered him on Bu'naby Slopes fur hit, en 't wur knocked down to me, las' corn-pitchin' time."

"Are you not satisfied with your bargain?" My tone became perceptibly cool. The man must be avaricious indeed, to want more from my impoverished old friend.

"Dunno es I am, li'yer. When they sold me that ar Bu'naby Slopes, 't wa' n't no coal foun' on hit."

"If there had been, things would have terminated differently," was my pointed reply.

Silas tore off another quid, and held it up before him in pleased contemplation. "I would n't hev got hit noways, would I?"

"I think it doubtful."

"Hit 's kinder cheatin' to tek lan' fur two thousing dollahs, en sell agin less 'n yeah atter, fur a hunderd thousing; haint hit, li'yer?"

"It is an everyday transaction. You gave Mrs. Burnaby time to take up the mortgage."

The mountaineer fixed his keen penetrating glance upon me, with a searching intentness, cutting short my remark.

"Jes so, li'yer, but I mought 'a knowed she had n't no money to tu'n up yeth, nor yit to do nothin' but sell to me. 'T wur mo' like cheatin' then; wa' n't hit?"

"Men are not given to troubling themselves with any such considerations, when they profit by the transaction."

I took refuge in generalities until the drift of his remarks became clear. He did not leave them long in obscurity.

"Dunno es they are," he agreed, still contemplating the tobacco between his thumb and forefinger, as if he regretted his inability to take up the business of the quid until the occupation of talking ended.

"Hit 's been a couple uv weeks sence they knowed fur sho' 't wur coal a holdin' up the ole sheep walk. Hit's tuk my hard ole head ever sence to wuk out things straight; en now, li'yer, that ar Bu'naby Slopes is wuth a fortin, en I haint no

right to no mo'n two thousing dollahs en my intrust on hit. She kin give em the say so, to wuk the coal-bed, en she kin pay me my two thousing dollahs en intrust."

"Do you mean to say that you relinquish Burnaby Slopes upon the payment of your debt?" I exclaimed, astounded for the second time by Silas Saxton.

"That wur my say so, 'ceptin' you 've done langidged hit like a li'yer," was the imperturbable response, while he turned over the quid for inspection on the reverse side.

"You understand that Mrs. Burnaby has no more claim upon it, than upon any other piece of property sold by her?" I felt bound to offer the explanation. It made not the slightest impression.

"True 'nuff, li'yer," he began, lifting his contemplative gaze from the tobacco to my face, "but 't wur two thousing dollahs I loant the Cun'el en intrust atop no that. If that ar Bu'naby Slopes had n't no coal to bottom hits yeth on, 't would n't be wuth no mo'n two thousing dollahs en intrust. She kin tek that ar Bu'naby Slopes agin, en ef she papers them coal-men tight, hit's wuth a fortin to her. I want my two thousing dollahs en intrust atop of hit, en I do n't keer fur no mo', kase t' wur no mo' a-comin' to me."

The mountaineer put the huge quid into his mouth, stretched his long legs out to their utmost length, and pushed both hands into the depths of his pockets, with the unmistakable air of one who has said absolutely all. The tobacco absorbed his attention now, and Silas could do but one thing at a time.

His rugged but shapely countenance evinced neither regret nor satisfaction. It was immobile as cast-iron. Nevertheless, as I faced Silas Saxton at that moment, the tremendous force and strength of the man's nature seemed graven upon every lineament. He had nothing more to communicate; so I went at once to the library.

Madame was there with Anne, in consultation over a list of necessities, which I fear me, they were striving to reduce to the capabilities of the scantest of incomes. I drew a chair close beside her. To lay the matter before my old friend, required no eloquence. The facts gained by terseness.

Anne's magnificent eyes grew large and luminous. She tossed her pencil to the floor and her account-book to the other side of the room, and rushed to my side. Madame's withered face flushed to a dark red. Grasping my arm in a nervous clutch, she cried out in a high shrill voice "Is it—can it be true? The man has honor! This mountaineer has honor—fine—beautiful honor!"

"Come and see him; he is waiting," I urged.

She summoned resolution immediately, and moved swiftly toward the door. Anne made a sudden dart forward and snatched the kittens from their repose on the hearth.

"Oh, my pretty pets," she cried out, "I may keep you now!"

Her grandmother stopped—"Indeed you may, my darling," was her fervent response; then she retraced a step or two, before saying "I banished this man's son because he had only a heritage of luck and its spoils. I say he may come back—mind I promise nothing more now;" and Anne's young face was hidden in the soft fur of the kittens.

"Ah, such beautiful, beautiful honor!" murmured the old lady.

In the drawing-room, the mountaineer removed the squirrel-skin cap in deference to the feminine presence.

"Dunno es I ever cheated nobody," he responded in simple surprise at the little lady's grateful praises.

"Hit wur two thousing en intrust es I loant the Cun'el when he's livin, en es I wuk hit out, 'taint no mo'n that ar, now he's done died. The boy Tom, he'll be proper glad to hev yo' say so fur comin' back. He's a gentlem', the doctor is, en don't owe a dollab in the wor-ld."

"Who ever heard of a gentleman with out debts?" exclaimed old Madame, talking very much at random in her excitement. "Gentlemen have debts and debts."

"Dunno es I didn't speak too spry. Tom—he owes me summut," corrected the mountaineer, "but he haint no debts he can 't pay."

"Far better," approved Madame; "he ventures then without peril."

Silas smiled grimly, in very plain doubt of any such commendation.

"You see, li'yer," he explained, as we walked toward the gateway, "I brung

up Tom not to owe folks. I whaled him once for borryin' a pipe, when he wur a chunk of a boy, en I'd timber him agin fur hit, ef he wur a hundred. Wife, she loant him fifty cents of mine, yistiddy, fur toll on the pike, bein' he'd done left his wallet home. He haint paid me yit, but he'll fotch hit befo' sundown."

My visit extended into several days, during which I adjusted Madame's affairs with the coal company. Their superintendent being eager to work the Burnaby Slopes, no unforeseen difficulty retarded our business. The result proved eminently satisfactory to my friend. In less than a week I was ready to leave the manor house. As Hannibal led my horse around, Anne followed me into the hall.

"Mr. Grant," she began in blushing shyness; "can grandmother afford to go away now, and see how the best—the very best—most fashionable people talk and act, and look?"

"She can easily afford to do so, Anne," I assured her.

In the following January a letter from Anne's grandmother informed me that she had established herself in New York for the winter—that many of her fashionable friends of the past had renewed their acquaintance. "Would you believe it," she added, "Anne is quite a success in society. We sail for Europe in the spring. Anne has set her heart on being presented at court during the London season, and, *entre nous*, I have no further dread of the neighborhood nabob."

Acquiescent usually in the old lady's conclusions, I differed in this, as expressed in her supplementary clause. I had a different theory of Anne's determination to see "the best—the very best society." As time went on, however, I rather inclined to the grandmother's view.

The superintendent of the mines made persistent efforts to purchase Burnaby Slopes outright. In frequent letters, I laid these large and liberal offers before old Madame. At first I urged her to sell. Invariably her replies were an emphatic rejection on this point, both of my counsel and of all offers of the coal company. At length I ceased to do more than acquaint her with their renewed desire to bargain for the property.

"I prefer to lease Burnaby Slopes,"

she wrote from Paris; "the coal beds are large and valuable. If they propose this amount now, it is certain that in a year or two these shrewd capitalists will double their offer." In substance this was her uniform answer to every overture of the coal company. She even refused to lease for any number of years. "As the property becomes more and more necessary to their purpose, of course my rentals must increase," this speculator in petticoats explained to me by way of response.

'So like a woman!' was my mental comment, while I carefully filed her letters, as vouchers in the future. 'Having a good thing, she at once wants a better. If the coal company offers one hundred thousand, she will refuse because it is not two; and yet she has absolutely nothing else!'

Thus, two years having slipped away, the Burnabys were coming home.

The bay of hounds and crack of fowling-pieces betokened the advent of the shooting season. Broadening flecks of yellow and red relaxed the prevailing sombreness of ridge and mountain. Bracing breezes sent the blood racing through my veins in renewed vigor. Some fitful and transitory return of youth tempted me to shoulder a gun, strap on a game-bag, and set off for a week's holiday on the mountain.

It was not until the fourth day that I sat down, in sheer exhaustion, to decide upon the shortest route out of these highlands. The limitless prospect had only deepened my perplexity, when the swift, reddish whisk of something alive was followed by the flash of a gun. A few minutes later, a tall, agile figure came noiselessly up the gray rocks. The squirrel-skin cap, pushed to the back of his head, identified the wearer, before his healthful, weather-beaten face turned toward me.

The man was Silas Saxton.

"Li'yer Grant! Howdy, li'yer?" he said, with a twitch of the facial muscles meant to do duty as a smile of welcome. "This 'ere varmint travel'dt wunst too oftin'," added the mountaineer, holding up a red fox, whose adventurous whisk had cost its life.

"Dunno es huntin' s wuth the trouble, sence that ar mine's brung sech a power uv folks inter the country."

"The mine must be some distance from here?"

My assertion was purely interrogative, for I had quite lost my bearings.

"Think so?" queried Silas. "You 're out sho' en clean, for it's no mo'n three mile south'ard, es the bee flies, from heah to Bu'naby Manor, en' the mine is two mile fudder. Old Madame en the little gal may like hevin' em so close, but I don't."

"The mine has brought some money into the country," I reminded him.

Silas placed his heavily-booted foot on the rock in front of him, and chewed the monopolizing quid in unhurried deliberation; then carefully adjusting his elbow upon his uplifted knee, he rested his chin in the palm of his hand. In his squirrel-skin cap, his ash-colored homespun, and with an utter lack of motion, he seemed almost hewn from the gray ledge of rock behind him. A belated rabbit scuttled away into the tall ferns, shaking their broad fronds with a soft, mysterious whir. Silas noticed it passively.

"The money may do fur Tom," he said, at last, in a low monotone, not discordant with the scene. "Hit's give to him. He's quality, li'yer, the bes' uv quality, but dunno es all the money'll fotch what he's a-hankerin' atter. Hit's the little Bu'naby gal, li'yer."

"She's young yet," was my apologetic observation.

"Jes so, li'yer," he dryly rejoined, straightening himself, and drawing out the clumsy ramrod; "but she's two year older 'n when she done went away; leastways he's got a big house, en the bes' uv lan', en a stable full uv fine critters, en them fiery beassies still travel that ar road, but there haint no talk uv tyin' together . . . I'll jes' load up now, en git on."

"As I am so near the Manor-house, I will go and see Madame about the renewal of her lease of Burnaby Slopes; and by the way, how does the mine prosper?"

"Dunno es I kin tell you, li'yer. I done sole out my shur, two years ago, comin' near layin-by-corn time. 'Twa'n't no good unkiverin' what's kivered, en I had n't no call to own property es I could n't see, so I got shet uv hit. I

did n't keer to fetch prowlin' strangers on the mounting. Thar ways is so terrible diffrunt. Good day, li'yer!"

Nightfall found me once more at Burnaby Manor. An hour's rest restored my somewhat fagged strength and spirits. I descended to the drawing-room in some trepidation, lest I should be late. The fear proved groundless. On the hearth-rug stood Dr. Saxton, who greeted me with that same ready brilliant smile.

"The ladies are not down yet, Mr. Grant," he said, glancing at the clock; "but you will have a very short time to wait, for Mrs. Burnaby's dinner hour is immovable."

I seated myself in front of the cheery blaze. Dr. Saxton resumed his position on the rug. The light of the wax candles in the chandelier seemed to catch the golden glint of his hair, and bring out the fine tints of his complexion. He was certainly a splendid specimen of manly beauty, and moreover proved a singularly agreeable talker. Something of a traveler, and largely a reader, his ideas were pronounced and inspiring; indeed I thought him too progressive for our locality.

The latent force peculiar to the mountaineer Silas, evinced itself in the mountaineer's son. The twenty minutes before dinner sufficed to rivet a belief that if Anne had ever loved him she would always love him. Compared with the inherent power and dominance of this man, the fashionable fops of society must have made but a thin, faint resonance in her life, calling back no echo.

Old Madame, grown younger and more good-natured by luxury, though original and vivacious, interrupted our conversation. Soon afterward Anne came in, smiling and indescribably lovely, and transformed into a veritable *grande dame*. The shabby stuff dress, replaced by a charming toilette becoming to her refined style, may have aided in the transition. An undefinable influence had wrought the fair, shy young girl into a graceful, high-bred woman. I noted that the magnificent eyes glanced first at Dr. Saxton.

"My dear Anne, you always save yourself by a hair's-breadth," laughed her grandmother indulgently. "Think of it—just one minute of my dinner

hour, and yet you are in time. Come, there is Hannibal."

Dinner was quite as formal an affair as in the days of the bibulous Colonel, when such meals had doubtless counted as an important factor in the debit column scored against the estate.

"It has been barely one week since we reached home," Madame remarked when we returned to the drawing room; "in that time, I have had two visits from the superintendent of the coal mine, and now he requests Dr. Saxton to ask for an immediate decision."

Naturally I took my accustomed seat opposite the hostess. More naturally still, Dr. Saxton seated himself beside Anne.

"Then you have considered the matter of sale or lease, and I hope decided in favor of selling outright. It is much safer to invest the money."

Madame Burnaby assumed a new character—that of hesitation.

"Do you still advise it?" she asked, peering into my face with those bright, far-seeing eyes of hers.

"Most urgently."

"Dr. Saxton, do you still advise the selling of Burnaby Slopes? Pray give me your counsel, too."

She turned from me to Dr. Saxton in apparent doubt.

"I am so little of a speculator, my dear madame," rejoined Dr. Saxton, "that I always prefer a reasonable certainty to a prospective bonanza. You ask if I advise selling your coal-beds. I answer most emphatically that I do."

"Thanks, gentlemen! Your advice has the unusual merit of sincerity," she retorted, the facile, half-satirical tone proving our hostess herself again. "For once in my life my affairs have a woman's head to the fore. I mean to do what I think best. I shall turn speculator, and hold back my shares until they rise to immense value."

"They may fall in value," interpolated Dr. Saxton.

"How can they fall? The vein is inexhaustible. You have no ambition—no vim—either of you," scolded Madame. "You are like all Virginians, content with a shabby competence. Give a Virginian the smallest of incomes, a pipe to smoke, a history of Virginia to read, a

grandmother to tell him legends of his ancestors, and he is happy—blissfully, absurdly happy. It is shameful. Dr. Saxton, you should have more spirit at your age."

"Very possibly, madame, but one must be wise, as well as adventurous," was the light response.

"Tut! You are men, and men are either reckless or timid. I shall be—what neither of you has the courage to be—business-like," returned my hostess. "Dr. Saxton, you asked an immediate decision; pray be good enough to go around by the mine, this very night, and say to the superintendent that at present I positively decline selling."

"He shall have your message to-night, if possible," agreed Dr. Saxton.

"Pray state decidedly, that at present I positively decline; remember to say *at present*. I wish to leave the way open for future negotiation," she sagaciously added. "I am the very first of the Burnabys who ever tried to make money."

With a smile of supreme satisfaction, she drew the soft, warm shawl about her shoulders, and in five minutes was asleep.

The evening passed very quickly; in fact, I could never recall a single topic of conversation. Of course I did not fall into a doze. Dr. Saxton's voice became audible once. Possibly he supposed me sleeping instead of meditating; or, being thoroughly in earnest, he forgot my presence.

"Why am I to wait—wait always, Anne, my dear?" he was saying; "I am not the man to procrastinate. After waiting three years, you now repeat the same exasperating refrain, Wait! wait!"

"Only until grandmother consents, Tom," answered Anne's sweet, plaintive voice. "She has always loved me. I do n't think I could be quite happy without her consent."

"She desires a brilliant match for you, Anne, and very justly," he began; a touch of regret in his accent.

"I could never marry anyone else, Tom, and you are quite a brilliant match."

Anne's soft tones, half in earnest, half in jest, were certainly very lulling and conducive to drowsiness.

"If your grandmother would trust something to time. Power and prominence only come with years, unless they are inherited. I had no such birthright, but I shall—" He must have lowered his voice to a whisper.

The elder lady calling to me rather loudly was the first distinct sound dispelling my reverie. Why she should declare that she had to call several times I am quite unable to say, when I am positive that it was but once. Old Madame can be disagreeable at times, even to the best of friends. I explained how I had been turning over the question of sale or lease of Burnaby Slopes, whereupon Anne laughed and Saxton smiled.

"You are tired. It is eleven now, and Dr. Saxton is waiting to take leave of you. Do not forget your promise to see the superintendent yourself, Dr. Saxton, and say that I positively decline to sell, at present: positively—at present," she reiterated.

"Your decision shall be conveyed in your own words within an hour, if possible for me to see the superintendent," Dr. Saxton assured her.

"What a pity Tom Saxton don't make use of his opportunities," commented my hostess when Anne had followed her lover into the hall. "I can't bring myself to permit the marriage. Anne could have done so much better abroad—foolish girl."

"She will marry him," I briefly asserted.

"Perhaps," doubtfully replied Anne's grandmother. "With his opportunities for speculation, his courteous manners, and fine appearance, he might reach any height. I call it a lack of good sense to allow such chances to pass unimproved. The truth is, that Dr. Saxton is like old Silas—honest, obstinate, and narrow-minded; well enough in his way, safe and honorable—a beautiful honor—but so stupid in business. Anne must wait until I am dead. Ah! Hester is waiting for me."

The grandmother and her elderly maid quitted the room together, thus perhaps expediting the farewells in the hall, for Anne returned at once to the drawing-room.

"Are you going now, Mr. Grant?" she asked.

"I desire first to make an inquiry, Anne."

A charming color reddened her cheek as I spoke. "I want to ask you whether Dr. Saxton bears the test?"

"Oh, Mr. Grant! what a memory you have for my absurd whims! However, it is but fair that I should answer your inquiry, and acknowledge that I have met no one comparable to Dr. Saxton. I—well, I don't mind admitting that I—love him now, after seeing other men for myself."

"You have judged wisely, dear child. But I must not keep you up. Good night!"

Excessive fatigue and good Hannibal's punch soothed me to sleep almost as soon as my head sank upon the pillow. The absolute oblivion of deep, dreamless slumber had not long enfolded me, when suddenly a dull roar, reverberating, seemingly through all space, aroused me. I started up in bed, thoroughly awakened, much alarmed, and vividly sensible that some super-human, unknown thing had happened.

I listened with an intent, acute susceptibility for even a faint sound—all was still. Unbroken quiet reigned in the great roomy mansion. I fancied once that old Madame called Hester. Before I could be certain, that terrible roar of thunder, again crashed through the silence—a hideous sullen roll of thousands of cannon. The windows rattled in their casements; the very house itself trembled from roof to base, like some living thing in mortal terror. The same intense hush, as if all nature was petrified by fright, followed this horrible thunder.

I sprang from bed, and hurried on my clothes. Opening my door, I could now plainly hear old Madame and Anne, and some of the servants in the upper hall.

"What is it, Mr. Grant? What can it be?" ejaculated old Madame.

Anne and the servants, seemed too panic-stricken, to make coherent inquiries. "Can it be an earthquake?" she asked in a breathless whisper.

I think, after the first terror, we experienced some relief at this solution of what, otherwise, seemed an inexplicable horror. Fully an hour lapsed, while we waited in the hall for what might happen next.

The servants huddled together in one corner. Mistress and maid, guest and man servant, were alike appalled. No individuality of heroism evinced itself. At length I suggested, that in all probability no more shocks would occur; we might return to rest in supreme gratitude for our escape. The servants crept away after their mistress, with visible reluctance.

I soon regained my couch, but not repose. Nervous apprehensions of disaster banished sleep and exaggerated every passing sound, so that when a handful of gravel suddenly fell on the panes of a window near my head, I instantly sprang from the couch and threw up the sash.

"Mas'r Grant! it's me, sah—Hannibal—don't make a noise, please, sah." The man suppressed his voice almost to a whisper.

"What is it, Hannibal?"

Some instinct told me, that the prescient dread, straining my nerves to their fullest tension, hovered on the verge of realization.

"It's the mine, sah! They've had a accident! It's done 'sploded, sah—the mine has—wid all de men in it!" he said, in swift undertones.

"Good Heaven! Are you sure?"

"Yes, sah; I brung the news," answered another voice—"I've jes' come from de mine, sah. Dat whole place is all to' up fur miles roun', ebery las' thing is blowed to shivers, en smoke pourin' out'n de shafts, en de yeth a-cavin' en a-crashin' in, top ob dem men, like de judgment day sholy done come; en Mr. Grant, sah—I—I—jes' come on to ax you, sah—has you seen Marse Tom—Docter Saxton, sah?"

"Is he not at home?" I called out, in sharp alarm.

"No, sah—I sot up fur him, but Marse Tom aint nebber come home. Dem horses come a-tearin' up de road atter de 'splosion, wid de fix smashed all to flinders, en I've tracked em clean back to de mine, but Marse Tom wa'n't thar, he wa'n't anywhar; nobody knowed who's down in the mine, but Marse Tom aint nebber come, sah—he aint nebber come home."

* * * * *

Daylight found me in the midst of a throng of grimy colliers and wailing

women, at the mouth of the pit. The Saxton groom had in nowise exaggerated the disaster. Shattered windows and fallen debris, miles distant, attested the force of the explosion. No one gave it a thought. No one marked the utter wreck, almost immolation, of the village about the mine. No one took cognizance of anything, save the black shaft, at the foot of which lay entombed the night shift of miners, and perhaps others.

Inquiry merely augmented anxiety for poor Tom Saxton. It accumulated facts, pointing to the same conclusion. The superintendent had gone down the shaft at eleven—he was still in the mine when the explosion occurred. Dr. Saxton left Burnaby Manor at eleven, and certainly went to the mine. There, all trace of him vanished. There, the terrible fear for him commenced. Hours wore on. Doubt settled into conviction.

The mine was on fire, the miners said; and, indeed, the hot gusts of fiery, gaseous smoke told their own sickening story. It required no gift of divination to forecast the future. I summed the worst feature of the disaster, as it appeared then.

"The mine is on fire, and Dr. Saxton is missing," I reiterated to myself, turning away in blank, hopeless dismay.

Blackened and begrimed by exertion, and painfully helpless to succor, I was moving back aimlessly, when Silas Saxton, pushing his way through the crowd, confronted me.

"Li'yer," he demanded, in a low brusque voice, unusually accelerated, "whar 's Tom?"

His piercing eye, riveted upon mine in a fixed gaze, seemed striving to read my inmost thoughts.

"He had business with the superintendent," I began in lame circumlocution—"he drove to the mine to attend to it."

Not a muscle of the mountaineer's countenance changed; so rigidly still was it, I noted that even the quid of tobacco had been forgotten.

"Jes so, li'yer; en the boss wur in the mine?" he questioned.

Briefly, I related the matter of the rejected sale.

"The widder Bu'naby wur sot agin sellin'?" he interrogated; "an' Tom fotched the say so to the boss?"

"Yes; and we fear—that is—he has not been heard from since," I explained, doubtful whether the fatal blank had been filled by Silas Saxton. The immovable, unreadable features made no betrayals.

"Li'yer, sommut's happened to Tom," was the deliberate answer; "but he haint in that ar mine. Nigh onto two year back, Tom gimme his *say so*, not to go inter the mine, savin' on a matter of life or death. Kin you call to mind, what it wur he said?"

"Perfectly. He replied to the old lady that if possible the superintendent should have the message that night," was my answer, with a precision enforced by his searching gaze.

"Nat'ral 'nuff, li'yer. It wur not pos'bul, kase uv his *say so* t' me. I brung him up not to lie, en his *say so* papered him tighter 'n what's writ with pen and ink. Sommut's wrong. I'll look for him, but not in that ar mine. Tom's not thar."

He turned short away, and easily forced a passage through the crowd.

Accustomed in my profession to the least honorable phases of human nature, I might naturally have hesitated at abandoning the well-founded belief that Tom Saxton had perished in the mine. I did nothing of the kind. The very force of the mountaineer's conviction swayed my own conclusions.

I rapidly pursued the squirrel-skin cap, visible above the heads of the crowd. Dr. Saxton's groom, a faithful fellow, joined the mountaineer. Both the groom and myself found it difficult to keep pace with his long, swinging strides. If the horror at the mine had not absorbed every thought and held us intent upon its own appalling catastrophe, Tom Saxton must have been discovered within a few hours after his accident. We found him, where the horses, in their mad plunges of terror at the explosion, had flung him. The road was rough, rocky and unused; the fall perilous; it had fractured a leg and stunned the young fellow; but all this seemed trifling, compared with the direful fate we had feared.

"I knowed sommut wur wrong, Tom," the mountaineer said, "but I knowed

you wa'nt in that ar ongodly mine, kase I had yo' say so, not to go."

Silas brushed his eyes slowly with the back of his brawny hand; his usually emotionless monotone wavered and broke, almost into a sob. With a deft and touching tenderness, he aided us to lift the splendid but helpless form into a comfortable position; divested himself of the homespun short coat and folded it under Tom's handsome head; gave him a cool draught of water from his flask; then, drawing out a twist of home-grown tobacco, tore off an immense quid and put it in his mouth, saying, more to himself than to anyone else, "He wur my las' boy, Tom wur."

There is little else to add. For the second time, my stay at Burnaby Manor lengthened unexpectedly, but not by business for old Madame. There was absolutely no business. Legal acumen and acute negotiation were alike uncalled for in the phrasing of lease or deed. The lease had expired. The deed would never be drawn. The mine resolved itself into a huge subterranean furnace. A single chance remained of extinguishing its hidden fires—to close and abandon it for years, perhaps forever. That was done.

Mine and miners alike had vanished. Burnaby Slopes lost its ephemeral value, and became even insecure footing for sheep.

Old Madame never rallied from this second shattering of her fortunes. She failed visibly and rapidly. "Anne," she said to her pretty pale granddaughter the morning I left them, as she read the daily bulletin from Silas, 'Tom's on the mend', "Anne, I meant to make money; like all the Burnabys I have lost it, but it was a man's fault. Your father's carelessness made me over-cautious. You may only trust some men, my dear, and you are to marry Tom Saxton soon, very soon. He inherits a beautiful honor and a grand hard sense. He is the neighborhood nabob now, and he is of such a fibre that he will always be the neighborhood nabob."

They obeyed the old lady to the letter the moment Dr. Saxton recovered.

Silas still sits on his porch, and chews the immense quid or smokes the corn-cob pipe, while his eyes traverse the grand stretches of country at his feet.

"I knowed sommut had happened Tom, li'yer, that ar night," he said, not long ago; "but I knowed he wur not in that ar mine. I tole him long back, es I 'd raise him like a gentlem'; but he wa'n't to lie like a gentlem'; nuther to owe money like a gentlem'; en he's done, done es I tole him."

THE MUTINY ON THE "SOMERS."

BY LIEUT. H. D. SMITH.

CONNECTED with the brig-of-war, "Somers," there has been recorded a tale involving mutiny, piracy, and swift and terrible retribution, the details of which, created at the time of the occurrence a profound sensation, with mingled sentiments of horror, indignation, and sorrow throughout the land. Midshipman Philip Spencer, son of the Honorable John C. Spencer, of New York, Secretary of War under President Tyler, was convicted of being the ringleader and prime instigator in the first regularly-organized mutiny known in the annals of the United States Navy.

The "Somers" was the handsomest miniature man-of-war sailor's eye ever rested upon. She was built at the Brooklyn Navy Yard in 1842, costing \$37,650. She was 259 tons, mounted ten guns, and was manned by eighty men. Under the command of Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, she sailed from New York on her maiden cruise, September 13th, 1842, with despatches for the squadron on the coast of Africa. On the 10th of November she left Cape Mesurado, homeward bound, standing across to the Leeward Islands, so as to touch at St. Thomas on her return to her native shores.

On Saturday, November 26, Lieutenant Gansevoort, executive officer of the "Somers," stepped into the cabin and informed Captain Mackenzie that a conspiracy existed on board, having for its object the possession and control of the vessel, the murdering of all officers and a majority of the crew, and the hoisting of the black flag, with Midshipman Spencer as chief of the pirate band. Mackenzie was disposed at first to treat the subject lightly, as a boyish talk, and the effects of a vivid as well as a foolish imagination. He tried to impress upon his executive the terrible nature of the alleged

crime, which might involve the question of life or death. But Gansevoort replied calmly that he fully realized the importance attached to every word he uttered, and at once laid before his superior some astounding information imparted to him by Mr. Hieskell, the purser.

In maturing a plan of so atrocious a character, involving the capture of a vessel of war, and the shedding of blood, it became extremely hazardous to gain over adherents, or to approach wished-for recruits. It required a certain amount of nerve, a cold-blooded, calculating vein of judgment and audacity, that one would scarcely be apt to credit to a youth of Spencer's pretensions, training and elaborate education, to say nothing of the advantages he had derived from home associations.

The purser had an assistant-steward by the name of Wales, a far-sighted fellow, possessing ability and qualifications far in advance of his position. It is possible that Spencer had not been blind to the assistant's worth, and desired to strengthen his organization by securing his services.

On the night of the 25th of November the midshipman approached Wales, as he was standing in the waist, enjoying the beauties of the tropical evening. Inviting him to take a seat on the booms, and offering a cigar (something of a condescension from the hands of an officer), Spencer, without further beating about the bush, at once opened the trenches. Beginning with a remark that he had something of unusual importance to say, he asked his companion if he would bind himself by an oath never to divulge the particulars. Spurred on by curiosity, and little dreaming of the monstrous plot concocted in the warped and morbid brain of the youth, Wales rendered a ready assent. The oath of

secrecy was then given: the midshipman drawing a Bible from an inner pocket, had him kiss it.

"Now, Wales, I can speak freely, for I know you to be a man of honor, and no matter what your decision in this affair may be, the secret will be held inviolate. Would you hesitate, under certain conditions, to kill a man? Have you the nerve to face death, and are you afraid of a dead man?"

Concealing his astonishment under the pretence of lighting his cheroot, Wales recovered his composure, and answered in a manner which encouraged the conspirator to proceed.

Rapidly and minutely, the midshipman dashed into particulars of his terrible scheme. He had resolved to seize the "Somers;" to murder the officers, and compel such of the crew as were averse or superfluous to his plans, to *walk the plank*; to haul down the national ensign and pennant, and substitute black bunting in its place, and then launch out as a free-booter, with head-quarters at the Isle of Pines. He had secured the services of twenty men, and one of them had been intimately connected with slavers and Spanish armed traders for years. Through him, were to be perfected, the business details, such as the safe disposition of captured cargoes; the establishment of trusty agents; the rapid transmission of news concerning the movements of men-of-war; locating cruising grounds, hiding places, and depots for supplies—in fact, he would attend to almost everything bearing upon the ominous business. No risk was to be assumed by attacking aught else but unarmed and defenceless merchantmen. Every vestige of each vessel they captured was to be destroyed after selecting what was valuable from the cargo; though such of the female passengers as found favor in the eyes of the buccaneers were to be spared.

All were to share and share alike; with Spencer as commander-in-chief whose authority none were to dispute, and whose judgment should be considered final and absolute. The *written* plan, covering the entire project in all its elaborateness, was carefully preserved and secreted in his neckerchief, and he promised to reveal it to Wales when a good opportunity offered.

Casting his cigar over the rail, Spencer brought his face close to that of his companion, and hissed through his teeth, threats of the direst vengeance from the hands of himself or associates if he should presume to utter even one word of "the game that was afloat."

Wales never hesitated as to what course he should pursue, for he was firmly convinced that horrible influences were at work, threatening the lives of several persons and involving the fair fame of the United States Government.

Hidden in the recesses of the store-room, the steward, with bated breath, related to purser Hieskell all the details of what he had heard. The purser, dismayed and scarcely crediting his senses, took the first lieutenant aside, and entrusted him with the particulars of the piratical conspiracy; and that officer, in duty bound, lost no time in rendering a report at head-quarters.

Commander Mackenzie listened attentively to the threads of the tale, but on weaving them together as a whole he was disposed to treat the matter lightly, as unworthy of serious consideration. But before the audience closed, the first lieutenant was cautioned to be on the alert, and if any new developments were made, to report the same without delay.

Gansevoort retired from the cabin, scarcely satisfied with the results of his interview. In his own heart he believed that a dark and terrible plan was being woven and elaborated, to kill all not in sympathy with the plot. Had he been in command, there is little doubt but that decisive measures would have at once been instituted.

Without creating suspicion or in any way changing in his demeanor toward Spencer, the first lieutenant narrowly watched every movement he made. His vigilance was rewarded by seeing a number of indications which pointed clearly to the guilt of the accused officer. But before a second report was ventured upon, Gansevoort resolved to submit convincing proof regarding the strange affair or preserve a profound silence.

Spencer was observed to be in secret and nightly conference with boatswain's mate, F. Cromwell, and a seaman by the

name of Elisha Small. To both of these men he was known to have given money, tobacco, and liquor. He had found means to undermine the integrity of the ward-room steward, and induced him to steal brandy from the mess, with which he supplied his favorites and then got under its effects himself. He had entered the ward-room, asked for and obtained a large chart of the West Indies, studied it intently, and questioned the surgeon respecting the Isle of Pines and its reputation for healthiness. He was also very particular regarding the rate of the chronometer, applying to Midshipman Rodgers for the desired information. He would load the commander with blasphemous abuse when lounging among the men, and was overheard to express an admiration for the black flag, and the exploits of those who had ranged themselves under its distinctive emblems and device.

These and other circumstances were brought to the notice of Commander Mackenzie, and that gentleman resolved to probe the affair without further ceremony.

All hands were assembled at quarters at sun-down, and the officers were directed to meet on the quarter-deck. Accosting Midshipman Spencer, the commander in a stern voice said—"So, sir, you aspire to the command of this vessel, I understand."

"By no means, sir," was the response, with a smile and respectful bow.

"Did you, under an oath of secrecy, tell the purser's steward, you had a project to gain possession of this vessel, to murder all hands, or a considerable part of them, and to commence the life of a pirate?"

"It is possible that some such nonsensical conversation may have taken place—but purely in the light of a joke."

"A sorry one, I fear. Remove that neck-handkerchief."

The closest search of his person, however, failed to reveal the tell-tale proof.

"What have you done with the paper on which you wrote out an account of your plot?"

"It was a mere scrap having my day's work figured out, sir."

"Do you usually carry problems on navigation in your neck-handkerchief?"

"Only as a matter of convenience, sir."

"Mr. Spencer, your conduct justifies me in placing you in close confinement. Mr. Gansevoort, put him in double irons."

This order was at once obeyed, and a thorough examination was made of Spencer's effects. Concealed in the lining of a razor case, was discovered a tightly rolled bit of paper covered with Greek characters, a language well understood by the midshipman. Mr. Rodgers translated it and found the names of the ship's company arranged in columns: one with those considered doubtful; another of those willing to join; next, the men who were to be forced into the scheme; then those selected to perform the work of murder, to provide arms, take the wheel, act as sentinels—in fact the general plan and scope of the proposed mutiny was revealed in all its hideousness.

After his arrest, the midshipman, heavily ironed, was placed on the quarter deck, with an officer as guard. The officers observed that alarming indications of insubordination were now apparent on all sides; that the crew assumed a sullen, discontented expression, and in little parties conversed in low cautious tones, casting stealthy glances toward the after part of the vessel, and slowly dispersing upon the approach of a superior.

On the day of the 27th of November, the main-top-gallant mast was carried away during the execution of an order, but whether by accident or design was never fully established. Mackenzie inclined to the theory that there was method in the circumstances, and that under cover of the confusion and bustle, the mutineers hoped to effect the rescue of their leader and seize the vessel at once.

Whatever might have been their hopes in that direction, at the decisive moment no demonstration was made. The new mast was rigged and sent aloft, and all damage repaired before night set in. The sullen air and muttered growls on the part of the crew when this was accomplished, increased the suspicions and apprehensions of the little band of officers. Two more arrests were made: of the boatswain's mate, Cromwell, who was doing duty as boatswain, and the seaman Small, before mentioned. They

were heavily ironed, brought aft, and a vigilant watch kept over them by the officers.

With the confinement of these men, the crew openly testified their disapprobation. Mutterings, low and ominous were heard from various quarters, while black looks and petty acts of insubordination were not wanting. All this, with the insolent airs and menacing manners assumed by some of the men, had the effect of thoroughly arousing Commander Mackenzie and his officers. They were convinced that their lives were in peril, that they were standing over a volcano, which at any moment might overwhelm them with destruction. How far the seeds of disaffection had taken root amongst the ship's company it was impossible to determine, but little doubt existed relative to certain members of the crew still at large, who, had justice been rendered, would have been confined side by side with Spencer, Cromwell and Small.

The officers were now all armed, and keenly alive to the dangers threatening them. Never for a moment did their vigilance relax in maintaining a strict watch over prisoners and crew.

There were no marines attached to the brig and their absence was sorely felt, so much so, that it was not deemed advisable to make other arrests, the energies of the officers being already severely taxed. To the lasting honor and credit of the marine corps, be it recorded, that since its formation as an arm of the service, in all cases of emergency, sudden peril, and situations demanding prompt and decisive action, they have never wavered in their loyalty or been found wanting in the essential qualifications that have won for them a more than national reputation for courage and unselfish devotion to duty and the flag under which they serve.

The petty officers, to a man, save Cromwell, were "true to their salt," and the stigma cast upon them by the course of action pursued by their comrade was deeply felt. They expressed their indignation in no measured terms, and requested to be detailed for posts of trust that they might prove their sincerity, and remove from the hearts of their superiors any suspicion that might possibly have been entertained.

Commander Mackenzie was not a man to flinch in the hour of danger or emergency. He had carefully studied the situation, and he adopted what appeared to him the best and most politic course. He summoned the petty officers aft, told them that he relied implicitly on their honor and fealty, armed them with cutlasses, pistols and muskets, and with Midshipman Rodgers in charge formed a line across the quarter-deck. By this means, all openings for communication were cut off between the forward and after parts of the vessel, and an increased sense of security pervaded the little band of anxious watchers. The surveillance over the crew was strictly maintained, and various overt acts well calculated to increase suspicion were quietly noted. Attempts at intercourse between the prisoners were detected, but the prompt and stern interference of the armed guard foiled what designs may have been harbored in the brains of the discomfited mutineers.

Early in the morning of November 30, Commander Mackenzie sent a message to his officers, requesting their opinions relative to the best course to pursue regarding the three culprits under arrest, whom he judged to be the principal conspirators, and also, what additional measures were necessary for the safety of the vessel.

The officers assembled in the ward-room and consisted of Lieutenant Gansevoort, the surgeon, purser, acting-master, who was a passed midshipman, and three midshipmen. The three young midshipmen did not take part in the discussion, but during the sessions assisted the commander in looking after the vessel. A watchful eye was kept on deck while the examination of witnesses progressed. "Their deliberations" says an able article on the subject, "did not take the form of a trial, and cannot in just sense be called one, as the accused did not appear before them, and were granted no opportunity for explanation or defense. Indeed, the object of their investigation and consultation was to advise their commander, whether in their opinion the necessity of the case was so extreme and urgent as to require the exercise of that arbitrary power, which, without question, must at times be within the

discretion of military authority. That this necessity did now exist was the decided opinion of three officers, and this fact they reported to their commander on the morning of December 1. They considered that in the state of the crew, as they viewed it, it was impossible with any good hope of security, to carry the vessel into the nearest port of the United States. They also deemed it an important naval principle, that a ship of war should not apply for assistance in a case like the present, to any friendly foreign power. In these views, Commander Mackenzie coincided. He decided that it was not his duty to run for the nearest friendly port, in order to obtain assistance. His desire to reach even the island of St. Thomas, without resorting to the stern law of necessity, was caused by the hope that he might there find the United States ship 'Vandalia.' But in his opinion this alternative was not now left; the safety of the vessel requiring the immediate execution of the three mutineers."

No time was lost in completing the arrangements for carrying out this resolution. On the same day it was formally announced to the prisoners that they must prepare for a speedy death. A little more than an hour was allowed, to give them an opportunity of making known their last wishes and of leaving final messages to their friends.

Three whips were rove off from the main-yard arm: the after-guard of both watches manning the rope destined for Spencer; the forecastle and foretopmen standing by the line for Cromwell, while the maintopmen ranged themselves along the main deck in readiness to "walk away" with Small, who, for a month, had filled the rating of captain of the main-top. The petty officers fingered their weapons nervously, as all hands assembled "to witness punishment." The officers, attired in full uniform and with drawn swords, were grouped together, while the commander, stepping forward, made a short address to Spencer, dwelling on the enormity of his crimes. The prisoner was then allowed ten minutes for prayer. He sank upon his knees, and, bursting into tears, declared he was not fit to die, but upon being reminded by the commander that he should set the ex-

ample of dying with composure and dignity to the men he had corrupted and seduced, he regained his self-possession. Cromwell was entirely unmanned by his impending fate, but Small listened calmly to his sentence. Spencer admitted his guilt, and said that he deserved death, as he had harbored like schemes when attached to the "John Adams" and the "Potomac." He sent brief messages to his parents, and begged Mackenzie's forgiveness. Cromwell and Small received permission to address a few farewell words to their messmates. The former had been declared innocent by Spencer, and maintained stoutly to the last moment the truthfulness of the assertion. His last words were: "Tell my wife I die an innocent man; tell Lieutenant Morris I die an innocent man."

The ensign had been bent on to the halliards; the drummer stood in readiness to beat the call, to roll off; and at the third roll, a gun, the signal for the execution, was to be fired. Spencer requested permission to give the word in person, but at the last moment his courage failed him, and he begged Mackenzie to speak it for him.

The officers stood over the men, having received orders to cut down any who faltered in performing their duty. When everything was adjusted, and the last word had been said, the commander gave the order, the signal gun boomed forth its dreadful import, the national colors were hoisted, and simultaneously the three condemned men were dangling from the yard-arm. Mackenzie then addressed the crew, after which they were piped down, and the usual duties of the ship resumed.

With the going down of the sun, and as the shades of night closed in upon the little vessel, the solemn funeral service was read by the light of the battle lanterns, and the bodies were committed to the sea.

The effect of the execution was not lost upon the men. Nothing approaching disaffection or discontent was again discernible on board, and the "Somers," after touching at St. Thomas, reached New York on the 14th of December.

On the arrival of the "Somers," and the facts becoming known, a thrill of horror and consternation pervaded the public

mind. Mackenzie and his crew marched to the nearest church, and returned thanks to Almighty God for their safe deliverance.

A court of inquiry was at once formed, consisting of Commodore Stewart, Jacob Jones, and Dallas. Mackenzie's course was fully approved, but subsequently, on his demand, he was accorded a court martial, of which Commodore John Downes was president, and the trial, covering a period of forty days, resulted in his complete vindication. Fenimore Cooper, with his fertile brain and biting sarcasm, wrote a scathing article and review of the case, handling Mackenzie in an exasperating manner, but popular opinion was on the side of the commander of the "Somers." Secretary of War Spencer, father of one of the executed mutineers, wrote a letter, which was extensively circulated, denouncing the act of Mackenzie as illegal and unwarranted, as, if there were any grounds for believing a mutiny was contemplated, the prisoners should have been brought in irons to the United States, where they could have undergone a legal trial. Complaint was made during the court-martial trial, because B. F. Butler and Charles O'Connor, employed by the father of Midshipman Spencer, were not allowed to sit by and put questions approved by the court.

It has been stated that the commander of the "Somers" assumed another name to avoid the unpleasant notoriety he had acquired in the tragic and unfortunate affair. Nothing can be further from the truth, so far as the mutiny and death of the conspirators were concerned. The change alluded to occurred in 1838, while the execution took place in 1842.

The records of the New York Legisla-

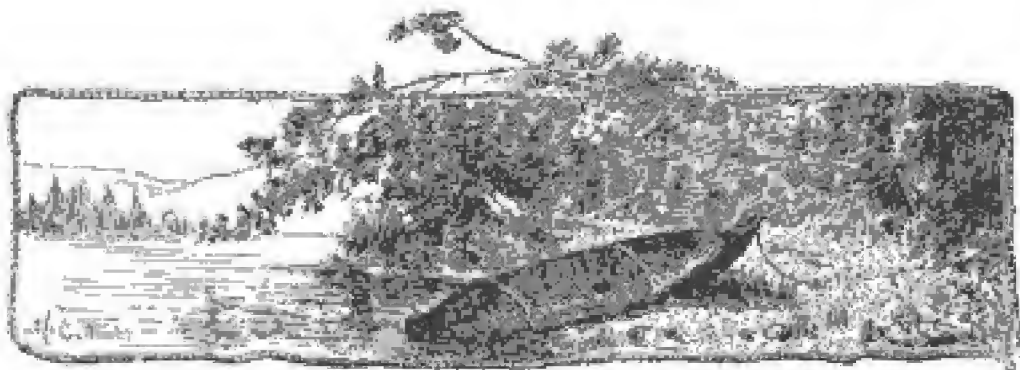
ture contain the following in relation to the point:

In the Senate on Saturday, January 6th, 1838, Mr. L. Beardsley, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported a bill authorizing Lieutenant Alexander Slidell, of the U. S. Army, to assume his maternal name, Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, to enable him to inherit property. Mr. Verplanck said he had presented the petition. The petitioner was well known as a skillful and gallant officer, and his name also stood high in the Navy world. It was one which, with its present associations, he should think, nothing but the strongest inducements could impel him to wish to change. He must write a great many good books ere the name of Mackenzie would be more celebrated than that of Slidell.

He was commissioned a commander, September 8, 1841; and died, from injuries received through falling from a horse, September 13, 1848. He was a brother of John Slidell, who, with Mason of Virginia, represented the Confederacy in France during the war of the rebellion.

During the Mexican war, the "Somers," under command of Semmes, who was then a lieutenant, was engaged on blockading duty off Vera Cruz. On the morning of the 8th of December, 1846, she was struck by a squall while between Verde Island and Paxaros reefs. The brig was undertopsails, courses, jib and spanker, and Semmes had just ordered the mainsail to be hauled up and spanker brailled up, when the squall was upon them and the vessel was thrown upon her beam ends. She was flying light, with but six tons of ballast on board, and short of provisions. She sank rapidly, carrying with her to the bottom over half of her crew; but her commander, who certainly was never born to be drowned, was picked up by boats belonging to a foreign man-of-war, and reserved for his career on the "Alabama."

The scenes connected with the loss of the "Somers" may doubtlessly have been brought vividly back to Semmes while he was struggling for life amid the dark waters off Cherbourg, with Winslow's guns still echoing in his tingling ears.



OUR CABINET.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

LITERATURE—BOOK REVIEWS.

THE CALENDAR OF HEALTH.

TIMELY TOPICS.

OPEN LETTERS.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT.

PORTFOLIO.

LITERATURE—BOOK REVIEWS.

Two short stories, "A Phyllis of the Sierras" and "A Drift from Redwood Camp" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), by Bret Harte, form a very attractive volume of light reading. The former shows the more evidences of care in its preparation, and contains some charming strokes of description and quaint humor that are fully up to the standard of any of the author's previous efforts. The idea of the "Drift from Redwood Camp" is, perhaps, the newer, but the story has rather the stamp of being entirely a work of imagination. In brief, a bummer of a mining camp is washed away in a freshet, and falls in with and is cared for by a tribe of Indians, who regard him as something supernatural. Such material in the hands of an ordinary author would, no doubt, make very dull reading, but it is quite sufficient, in the hands of Bret Harte, to make a charming little sketch.

The Indian question has long been one of great interest, but it also has been very one-sided, and we welcome, therefore, the little volume before us, "The Indian's Side of the Indian Question," by Dr. William Barrows (D. Lothrop Co.). The author believes the Dawes Bill presents an opportunity such as never before existed for saving the Indians and making self-sustaining, self-reliant, capable citizens of them. But he shows that the law will amount to nothing without the systematic, persistent and watchful co-operation of friendly Americans who are not the Indian's neighbors. The Indian's neighbors are not his friends. Frontiersmen must be held in check by the law and public opinion behind the law. With a view to bringing about that accord, Mr. Barrows reviews the whole history of Indian management briefly and in a business-like manner, with continual citing of authorities. This is Indian history with a purpose; the book is a means of intelligence on a question, which within a year has taken on so new a phase that it needs to be studied anew, and this volume is the readiest means of information we know of.

Another volume by Dr. William Barrows has been brought to our notice: "The United States of Yesterday and To-morrow" (Roberts Brothers). For actual information in regard to the great West, few books have been published that will compare with the one in question. It is a volume that will give the young man a respect and a knowledge for the resources of his country such as he would never get if his information must come from the ordinary text-books. Moreover, it is written in such an interesting manner that the young student will be attracted to its pages. Early pioneer life, with its hardships and crude laws, is faithfully depicted, and the great prospects of the West are set forth in an impressive manner.

An entertaining little book comes to us in the form of "The Story of the City of New York," by Charles Burr Todd (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The aim of the volume is evidently to create a love for local history among the younger generation, and in this respect it will without doubt, fill its mission. Furthermore, it appeals to what may be termed popular readers—a class that abhors anything having the semblance of dryness. The work is essentially a history until it reaches the more modern stages, when it becomes a record of contemporaneous events.

The story as a whole, is well told. It starts at the beginning, the discovery of New York Bay in 1524, by Jean Verrazano, a native of Florence, who took possession of the surrounding land in the name of his patron, Francis I., King of France. Then follow interesting detailed descriptions of the Dutch dynasty, of the English rule, the commercial development of the nation, and finally, records of the more important recent incidents, such as the history of the Tweed Ring and a description of Brooklyn Bridge. The work is nicely printed and fairly illustrated.

"Essays, chiefly on Poetry." By Aubrey De Vere, LL.D. (Macmillan & Co.) This

is a collection, in two nicely printed volumes, of essays that have at different times been contributed by the author to high-class English periodicals. The first volume is devoted to criticisms on Spenser, Wordsworth and Sir Henry Taylor. It opens with a treatise on the characteristics of Spenser's poetry and is followed by a discussion on "Spenser as a Philosophic Poet." Two essays are about Wordsworth, one dealing with his "genius and passion," and the other with his "wisdom and truth," both in a forcible manner. The remainder is taken up by an able criticism on Sir Henry Taylor's "Philip Van Artevelde."

In the second volume, the collection includes in addition to several literary essays, a number of discussions on ethical topics, the most interesting of which perhaps is "The Subjective Difficulties in Religion: Does Unbelief Come from Something in Religion or in the Unbeliever?" Essays are certainly not the most popular of current literature, but for profitable and entertaining reading, the volumes in question are among the best of the kind that have been brought to our notice for some time.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has in "Gouverneur Morris," made a valuable addition to the American Statesmen series (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The word "biography" has in it little that will attract the general reader. This is due very largely to the way the market for half a century or more has been flooded with dull, aimless and uninteresting literature of this description. Mr. Roosevelt has a ready pen and his style is forcible. He has in the volume in question cast adrift the old tedious style of narrative, and has given the sketch of "Gouverneur Morris" a spirit that carries the attention of the reader through the entire volume. The idea is a good one, and other biographers will, we think, do well to follow the example.

The "Pocket Guide for Europe," by Thos. W. Knox (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a timely little volume which contains a great deal of concise information on questions that everybody who contemplates a tour of Europe asks. The author's aim has been to give a general outline of a Continental tour, but the "Guide" will be found especially interesting by those who have only a few weeks and a few hundred dollars at their disposal. A valuable feature is a chapter on "Travel Talk in Four Languages."

"Agatha Page," by Isaac Henderson (Ticknor & Co.), is a novel well worth reading, even in these days when the production of fiction seems to have no end. While a number of the characters are rather hackneyed, the author has displayed a force in their de-

velopment that takes them entirely out of the old rut, and renders them almost real. Agatha, the heroine, is a character on whom the affections of the reader are immediately centred, while the tale hinges largely on the attempts of Mercedes, a brilliant but scheming woman, to destroy her happy and ideal home. The interest is well maintained throughout. Should Mr. Henderson write a few more stories equal to this and "The Prelate," he will force himself to the front rank of modern popular novelists.

The Maximilian era has furnished background for innumerable pictures of Mexican life and adventure. In "Isidra," by Willis Steel (Ticknor & Co.), we have another story of this epoch added to the list. While perhaps rather improbable, it is bright, and will deeply interest those who like brigands, soldiers, intrigues, treachery, and love, all served up in one tale.

"Cloudrifts at Twilight" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is the title of a collection of the poems of William Batchelder Green, author of "Reflections and Modern Maxims." The volume is nicely printed, and many of the compositions are strikingly good.

"Heartsease and Rue," by James Russell Lowell (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The lover of good poetry will hail this volume with delight. In this age, when so much so-called poetry is current, it is truly a relief to turn to the work of a living master, and still more to find that this master has not yet reached the zenith of his magnificent career. The volume is gracefully introduced by

Along the wayside, where we pass, bloom few
Gay plants of heartsease, more of saddening rue;
So life is mingled; so should poems be,
That speak a conscious word to you and me.

And so the poems are mingled, and the grouping shows the scope that is covered. The first class bears the heading of "Friendship"; then follows "Sentiment", next "Fancy", then "Humor and Satire"; and the volume closes with a collection of epigrams. The style is as varied as the scope, ranging all the way from the Elizabethan to the present, and affording an almost inexhaustible store of enchantment for the cultured mind.

A new volume of poems by Thomas Brown Peacock comes to us from G. P. Putnam's Sons. It contains "Poems of the Plains," "Songs of the Solitudes," and "The Rhyme of the Border War." Mr. Peacock has the not very general quality of having something to say in his poetry, and of saying it. The world is every day becoming more practical, and Mr. Peacock well deserves the title

of practical poet. The volume contains a biographical sketch of the author and critical remarks on his poems by Prof. Thomas Danleigh Supplee.

Mrs. Wister possesses to a remarkable degree the talent, somewhat rare among translators, of preserving the force and beauty of the original—that local coloring which is as essential to the beauty of a novel as a good background is to a painting. Her translation—or, rather, adaptation—of Schobert's romance, "Picked Up in the Streets" (J. B. Lippincott Co.), is a decided illustration of

this happy faculty. In reading this interesting story, one seems actually to be with the heroine, Terra, in all the stages of her eventful career. The portrayal of the petty German court is so vivid, one seems to breathe its very atmosphere. The rigid and narrow-minded Princess Sybilla, the mischief-making lady-in-waiting and her even more disagreeable brother, the high-minded Rommigen, and the beautiful Terra, as well as the other people of the story, appear living realities, so faithfully are they drawn. It is an enjoyable story, and is exceedingly well written.

THE CALENDAR OF HEALTH.

Jottings for May.

It is the most dangerous time of our year. We are assailed by strong temptations in the form of warm breezes and occasional foretastes of summer heat to change our thick clothing for that of lighter weight; to linger for a few minutes upon a chilly corner, to discuss matters with a friend; or to let furnace fires go out—it is really so warm. When the frost is coming out of the ground, it has a power of imparting a chilliness to feet that even winter's ice did not possess; or perhaps the thick boots and overshoes have been laid aside—spring is really here, you know.

All such things make these May days dangerous, and the AMERICAN warns its readers to exercise double care during this month. No underclothing should be changed in weight, no matter what temporary aberrations thermometers may show in upward leaps, and an overcoat is quite as necessary as in January. It need not be worn continually, but it should be as constant a companion as the hat.

Women in spring are usually wiser than men in these matters; they do not discard their winter wraps until it is time to pack them away altogether; and the statistics of lung and throat diseases give them a partial exemption therefor.

It is particularly necessary that houses should be heated during these damp days. Air in cellars circulates through upper stories with perfect freedom, and if the furnace goes out below, chill rapidly penetrates above. It is better to have a warm room, with open windows, than sleep where the air is both damp and cold. In many parts of the country there is a fixed date to extinguish winter fires, and commence that annual sacrifice to filth that is called house-cleaning. But if in remote periods that date was a guarantee for summer's advent, times have changed, and we may now look for a cold north-east storm that has been regular enough

to have earned the name of "the May storm." In New England and the northern central States, this cold, wet snap seems to come later and stay longer each year, and everyone living north of Virginia should beware of its arrival, and not be caught unprepared. It is emphatically a dangerous corner.

I have been asked once more to say something anent the abuse of tobacco. It is almost fruitless to inveigh against its use, for there are too many millions of sensible people who find comfort in its smoke, solace in its company, and contentment in its effect. Yet the fact remains that with its increased consumption physicians find an increasing list of patients with heart derangement. Life insurance examiners now reject applicants for policies who have what is known as "tobacco heart disease," which disorder is manifested by palpitation, nervous fluttering, or irregularity of pulse, and inability to climb stairs or hills without shortness of breath. All these are symptoms of poison—and this universal toxic agent is tobacco.

When any one or all of these signs become manifest, a wise man will either quit poisoning himself or at least reduce the dose; but the trouble is, there are so few wise men!

The most harmless form of tobacco using is probably smoking through a narghile, or water-pipe; next, mild cigars of low grade, for the finer qualities of tobacco contain the most nicotine; and last, ordinary pipes. The most harmful forms are chewing, and especially cigarette smoking.

If our young people who are addicted to indulgence in the cigarette could see how and of what it is made, they might be induced to quit the practice, though I doubt it. It is fashionable, and that is enough for them.

A young society lady said to me recently, after listening to some such statement as the above: "Why, doctor, we ladies do not object in the least to cigarettes; in fact, we rather like the odor." And until our girls put their

veto upon the practice, I presume it will continue, with the certain result of a weak-nerved, soft-muscled, and short-winded race of men to come.

Moderate smoking by adults is not attended with much danger. On the contrary, many seem to derive actual power from it, but it is only seeming. The use of any poison can at best only be tolerated for a time; it can never be permanently attended with good effect.

Throughout this month, throat troubles are common, and among those that come under my observation I notice a preponderance of tonsillitis — the old fashioned quinsy sore-throat. Here is a simple remedy that is most effectual for that very uncomfortable disorder. Since using it, I have found it necessary to puncture a tonsil only once.

Carry in a pocket a small package of bicarbonate of soda (ordinary baking soda) and apply it gently to the affected tonsils with the tip of a finger. If the application is made hourly for two days, all inflammation will disappear. It is, however, best to avoid cold damp as much as possible. Sleeping rooms should have a plentiful supply of pure air, which is best obtained by opening windows. "But night air is not wholesome this damp weather," said a gentleman, lately. "My dear sir, what other kind of air is there in the night *but* night air?" was the reply. After a winter's depression of vital tone, and exposures to Arctic blizzards, a plentiful supply of oxygen is doubly necessary, and there should be no hindrance to free circulation of air while voluntary life is still.

If everyone would take half a dozen deep inhalations twice or three times daily, beginning with the arms hanging down and an empty chest, and gradually raising the arms until when the lungs are full they are stretched directly upwards, there would soon develop a sturdy power of resistance to cold that would add much to our comfort; and even in the chilliest of weather it is surprising how much warmer this makes a person feel, besides expanding the chest and enlivening the general system.

Surface rheumatisms, such as lumbagos, cricks in necks or pains about the ribs, are nearly always due to exposure to cold damp. An excellent remedy for slight attacks of this nature is the application of heated flannel upon which a few drops of spirits of turpentine have been sprinkled, to the part. Do not use red flannel. Since mineral have displaced vegetable dyes, there is no safety in any bright color, and several instances of severe skin poisoning have recently been traced directly to wearing red flannel underclothing. If heat and counter irritation do not relieve, there is no home remedy equal to massage and electricity, which the family doctor will probably order promptly.

I saw a lady in a horse car lately take a coin

from her purse to pay fare, and put it in her mouth a moment while she replaced her glove. It seemed to me then that a long sermon might be preached from that text.

If the lady in question had considered the many foul places that coin had visited, the many filthy hands and possibly infected clothing it had passed through, and the serious danger she incurred of catching some contagious disease, I do not believe she would have put it between her lips, where absorbents are so numerous and active. It occurred to me, as I recalled a certain scarlet-fever stricken shanty down town, where there was a small store of just such coins in a cracked earthen jar, that if the lady had seen those surroundings, she would have wanted a pair of tongs to handle the coin, instead of putting it in her mouth.

It is one of those causes of the spread of infection that cannot be estimated. It is, however, so easy to avoid that a few warnings such as this will probably do good.

While upon this subject, hotel soaps will bear examination. Though it is to the interest of first-class hotels to furnish everything of the best quality, yet the soap found in their sleeping apartments is rarely so. Besides being of a cheap and nasty sort, it is left in rooms from one tenant's occupancy to another and another, until used up. Perhaps the person who washed with it last night had had itch or something worse that could be communicated to another with the utmost ease, especially if the skin were broken. Perhaps not; but who knows who was the last to wash with that half-worn-out cake of soap, that would have been when whole dear at a penny?

Europeans permit everyone to furnish their own soap; and when I have heard my countrymen complain of "want of conveniences," I have felt inclined to ask them if they thought a hospital for skin diseases ought to be attached to their hotels. Soap, good soap, is cheap, and twenty-five cents is not much to pay for the certainty of avoiding infection. Let hotel soap alone.

It is about time for the annual hegira to Europe to commence, and for numbers of people to hesitate about undertaking the journey for fear of seasickness. Many years' experience of sea life has taught me that for certain persons there is no such thing as a remedy at once effective and harmless. They must be seasick if on the water, in spite of everything, but it generally does them good. The majority, however, need not suffer at all. Here let me record my conviction that there is no excuse for using any powerful drug, much less for the exceedingly dangerous practice of stupefying a person with bromides or poisoning him with antipyrine, the latest proposed remedy. In itself, seasickness is rarely a serious matter, much less a dangerous one. Discomfort of an acute type is the

worst of it, and to avoid a few days of this, it would be certainly injudicious to poison one's self.

As long ago as 1876, I made a series of experiments upon seasick people with a special remedy, and since then they have been repeated with the same gratifying result. It is pretty well settled now that this disturbance is due to loss of nerve control, and that any remedy, to be effective, must tend in that direction; also, that doses which seem altogether incompetent by reason of smallness to do any real work have often a surprising efficiency when accompanied by personal influence and persuasion, where nerves alone are to be operated upon.

It might prove that the latter factor of my scheme was the greater, if this medicine had not proven effective when taken by the patient himself. At any rate, here is the prescription for all to try who wish, and it is absolutely harmless:

Into a tumbler of pure water put five grains of bromide of soda, two drops of tincture of nux vomica and two drops of wine of ipecacuanha. This must be taken in teaspoonful doses every five minutes—best from the hands of a medical man who will attend to

his business and not leave his patient. In half an hour the nausea usually disappears; in another the headache has gone and sleep comes. Upon awaking, there is a very active and hungry man looking for something to eat instead of the utterly dejected mortal of a short time before.

Nor does the malady usually return. A lady aboard the "Alliança," to whom I administered this remedy, had no further serious trouble, although the last twenty-four hours of the voyage was rough enough to make the oldest salt top-heavy.

Such doses of bromide as ten, twenty, or even sixty grains, daily for several days before sailing are always dangerous, sometimes causing insanity.

It is too great a price to pay for a trifling upset, and every sufferer from seasickness will hardly acknowledge it to be more than that—after he has landed.

As for antipyrine, there are several recent accounts in medical journals of fatal poisoning with this drug; reasons sufficient for its total abandonment by all except doctors.

"Better bear the ills," etc.

William F. Hutchinson, M. D.

TIMELY TOPICS.*

A Very Low Business Standard.

Now that poor old Jacob Sharp is dead and buried, and cannot enter into further conspiracies to defraud the city, State, or National government, is there not an opportunity afforded to be a trifle more lenient in our estimation of him than has been the case for some time? To be sure, he did use dishonest means to obtain Broadway for a surface railroad. Still he used these when he found there was no possibility of obtaining the franchise by honest methods. He was in Rome, and was forced to do as the Romans did. It is a safe supposition that no matter how large a price Mr. Sharp had offered the city for the Broadway privilege, he could not have obtained it without at the same time resorting to bribery. It was a clear case of "no bribe, no road." If he did not bribe, the project to run cars on Broadway must be indefinitely postponed; and if he did, the crime would be no greater if he paid the city nothing than if he paid a large price. Consequently, it is not surprising that he chose the cheaper course.

Judged by the ideal standard of right, the

financier was wrong; but measured by the lower and commoner standard of every-day business dealing, wherein every man is endeavoring to overreach his neighbor, Mr. Sharp does not appear as such a heavy villain. Here are two standards; and yet how many of our business men and politicians, who are so loud in their denunciations, could be tested by the higher one, and not be found wanting? The Broadway surface railroad has, without doubt, been one of the greatest of recent additions to New York City's conveniences, and the case in question seems to a slight extent to flavor of the end justifying the means, and to this slight extent at least let us give Jacob Sharp's memory credit on the ledger of justice.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

New York.

R. C. B.

New York City's Morality.

THE chief question that seems to be agitating the social mind is, Whether the standard of morality in New York is higher or lower than in other large cities?

*The pages of this department will be exclusively filled with letters and short articles from our readers; and the Magazine will not be responsible for their sentiments.

To the Rev. Dr. Dix may perhaps be accorded the honor of popularizing the discussion, on account of his recent bold and cutting strictures on society women, though he dealt largely with society as a unit. It must be granted that sham and even shame do exist in New York society to an extent that is truly deplorable; it must also be admitted that many so-called society "ladies" and even "leaders" pursue coquetry almost to the point of imbecility; that they throw aside their modesty and prudence to an extent that is often disgusting; that they thrust behind them, in the search for the sensational, most of the offices and duties that belong to a good wife and mother; and yet, one who has traveled and has moved in the "best society" in many of the leading American and foreign cities can, with very little effort, treat the attacks on the morality of the Empire City with cynical composure.

Close observation has clearly convinced me that in no city are sham and shame more superficial in their relation to the *best* society than in my own. In every community there will naturally be an amount of evil in one form or another that will crop out at times and attract public notice. But, to my mind, it is a direct acknowledgment of unacquaintance, blindness, or pedantry, to say the metropolis is worse in point of social morality than other large cities. The actual society in New York is especially pure and refined—more so, I think, than that of any of the many large cities I have visited. And even in the lower social scale there is a decided feature that speaks favorably for the general morality of the city in question. I refer to the self-reliance, on the part of young women, that is generated by the rapidly growing field for females in respectable and responsible professional and clerical situations in our city. In the course of my foreign travels I was particularly struck with the utter helplessness of the young women of respectable though not wealthy families. To earn their living is considered a degradation; marriage is the cynosure of all their earthly ambition, and in the race for husbands which this condition calls forth the leaning is naturally far more toward the immoral than if the condition did not exist. At any rate the tendency is not elevating, and when we take into consideration the many avenues that are open to young women in our city in which they can make a comfortable living, without even dreaming of social deterioration, the conviction must, I think, force itself strongly upon us that in both the lower and higher strata of New York society, the morality is at least as high as that of any other large city.

Mrs. A. D. Y.

New York.

Emigration and Immigration.

THE study of this subject is, in a great measure, a study of causes and effects with regard to the countries involved. Taking, as a useful example, the German movement of population, which has lately taken precedence of all others in the eyes of the observing and reading public of Europe and America, we inquire the cause or causes of German emigration. Is it the incentive so often presupposed of the Irish emigrant—poverty, landlordism, official oppression?

At Frankfort-on-the-Main, in 1682, was formed the first American colonizing company, which made its settlement at Germantown, Pa. During the famine of 1709, thirty-five thousand persons availed themselves of Queen Anna's offer of free passage to America; and from that time there has been a continuous stream varying in size more with the comprehension of oppression, than with the severity of it. For a whole century after the English queen's aid was given, the German peasant was in the condition of a serf. "Not till 1810, was freedom secured, and not till 1821, was every vestige of this ignominious bondage removed." They were at last allowed to become absolute proprietors of their little holdings, now dotted over the arable lands of Germany, like patchwork. But their possessions are loaded with taxes, and they have no voice in the government by which their freedom of motion and of speech are confined, not even in local affairs. Yet they, like their forefathers, would doubtless cling to and extol the country, notwithstanding; for it is an old-time custom to submit in quietness to the ruler's exercise of this and greater prerogatives, as by divine right.

Hard times at home has some effect, but the most directly felt and directly apparent grievance is the compulsory three years military service of every fairly able-bodied young man. The standing army is a standing grievance on the Continent. This compulsory service is one of the most obvious and egregious follies, idiotically rather than childishly shortsighted and impolitic. As marriage is strictly forbidden to the common soldiers during service, there are some of the very strongest incitements for these men, the hope and sinew of Germany, to seek their fortune in other countries as soon as the age of service approaches—between 20 and 25 years old. Their parents do not blame them, but approve of their making good use of these three of the best and most important years of their lives, instead of idling them away in garrison-towns, contracting evil habits for life, at the same time keeping alive the spirit of war and private feud: and beside, immensely increasing the expenses of government, to be wrung

out of the peasantry who are not of military age or sex.

The peasants' cottages in Bavaria have been characterized as pig-styes; and those in Nassau, as little better than Indian wigwams, though the farmers of that place are superior in their occupation.

In the mechanical trades another three years is virtually wasted in journeymanship, traveling from shop to shop, for the fruit of the work is of one pattern over the whole eastern half of Europe, and westward to the Rhine; while outside of Germany one would not have the aid of his trade's-guild. As it is, journeymen sometimes come to begging. Every trade must follow the old way.

One reason for the large number of musicians in Germany is that there is in this profession a chance to rise, and the absence of rivalry and competition gives the artisan the necessary time for practice.

The lower classes regard this country and our ideas with favor; the higher classes, with the reverse. Here a farmer's wife or help would not think of performing the grosser out-door occupations, such as the loading of carts, driving oxen, working as hod-carrier, drawing hand-carts, which the peasant women there are obliged to do, partly because the men are compelled either by law or custom to waste so much time.

The difference between Catholics and Protestants in the greater part of Germany is, perhaps, less than anywhere else. Both churches are easy-going; the members and clergymen do not hesitate to indulge in a certain amount of social drinking, card-playing and theatre-going.

If we observe for sake of learning which provinces furnish the best, most easily assim-

ilated and Americanized class of German immigrants we can scarcely fail to choose the northwest German of Schleswig-Holstein, Westphalia, Oldenburg and Friesland, against the southern provinces, their houses and methods of living being in advance of those of South Germany. The North German farmer, indeed, might be able to teach us some improved methods of agriculture if we could get him here; but there, as elsewhere, the most comfortable class does not so readily emigrate. Yet the habits of the rest of Germany are not so fixed and constitutional that assimilation is hopeless. In the second generation, at least, Germans may become Americans. The work is one of the most important in our times, from the vastness and preponderance of German emigration.

Another nationality which is entering the Northwest we can doubtless assimilate more easily, as it is more like the original settlers of the Northern States: the Norse, under the name of Danes, Swedes, Norwegians and Icelanders. The latter people are being compelled by calamities produced by nature to leave their beloved country, to escape famine; and the government which facilitates the settlement of this interesting, intelligent and moral people is following the dictates of a wise policy; and now is the time to do this for our own present and future interest. It is one of the Teutonic nations which is to predominate in this country. Shall it be, in the building up, as in the founding of the United States, the North-Teutonic principle of freedom by constitution and laws, which shall prevail? The strength and hope of any country lie in the character of its people.

Fairfax, Vt.

J. N. Eno.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

Home Amusements.

Now, while young ladies are so accomplished there seems to be but little difficulty in getting up an amusement for a home evening. There are in the first place all the accomplishments. Young girls can learn the harp and the violin, and play both so well that the evening concert fairly rivals the professional one. Then comes the great army of charades, the play improvised on the spot out of a word, a few local incidents, a dream perhaps. Nothing is more amusing than this improvisation to those who have the talent. Then comes the study of costume which is necessary to the making of pretty dresses and picturesque groups. Such an entertainment called "A Night in Venice," can be made

very amusing by groups of girls who have arranged a Polish quadrille, a Swiss dance, a Russian, a Dutch, and an Italian group. The dances can be all studied from some book of the dance. The costumes can be made at home by the wearer, out of bits of cretonne, and red flannel, etc.

Then there is the new accomplishment of elocution. Nearly all young girls now are learning this elegant art, and they are committing to memory the best pieces of modern and ancient poetry. Let them be particular in their selections, and avoid the morbid, the sensational and the queer pieces often selected by the amateur speaker. Young ladies have a false idea that such pieces as "Ostler Joe," "Genevra," and other equally sensational and feverish poems, are dramatic, and

will show them off. It would be far better if they would seek the pure well of old undefiled English, and learn pieces from the earlier poets, like Drummond of Hawthornden, Sir John Suckling, Dryden and Herrick. There is a compilation by Palgrave, called the "Golden Treasury," which is unusually rich in pieces suited to the young elocutionist.

Then the modern accomplishment of photography as practiced by young girls adds much to the amusement of the home circle. If by flashing a light the miraculous machine may take an instantaneous photograph, how amused every member of the family must be, who sees the expression of the one at the piano, the funny man, the smile of the young daughter, all put on the photographic paper instantaneously.

This accomplishment is invaluable to the young artist. If there is a studio in the house, the amusements are incessant, for the sketches can be brought down and talked over, while mamma mends the stockings and the artist in fancy work embroiders her satin screen.

Needlework has now become one of the fine arts, and the lace maker, the embroiderer, the knitter, enters the portal of the great temple whose worship ever leads us up higher. Emerson says that we are all delicate machines and that we require nice treatment to get from us the maximum of power and pleasure.

The native air of the mind is hard to find. Certainly, in gay, mixed fashionable society, there is no possibility of much individual expression; but in the home circle, one could blossom into the best individual advancement. How often a new friend introduced into the family causes all others to shine with a new lustre! It is like the brilliant flame of that match which is struck for the instantaneous photograph. Thoughts, fancies, humors glow; we are amazed at our own cleverness; we estimate our home with a new value; our old things are not so old after all; the members of the family have a new setting—like old gems, they reveal new brilliancy. We measure the sons and daughters by another meter. We kindle each other, and make life happy and brighter.

The fashionable routine has nothing like this. We may enjoy the infinite opulence, the gay movement, the music, the fine dressing, the attention to ourselves perhaps, the pageant as it passes; but we come away hungering and thirsting; it leaves us no legacy for rainy days.

What we need is a friend who will drop in to dinner, and be in tune with the whole family; somebody and his wife, whom we love and trust, who comes in from life similar to that we are leading—fellow-soldiers in the same great battle, with whom we can interchange a few leading ideas, words of mutual courage and help; these are what we need.

And it is a curious fact that when one sets out on any quest, the supply usually equals the demand. Knowledge, tact, agreeability, musical skill, culture in the best sense; people who have experienced all that helps to polish the manners and refine the soul, are all about us, ready to become our intimate friends, to visit us socially, if we can only find them out.

Eating and drinking together has endeared people of all ages. It is said that men must dine together before inaugurating any great enterprise. A supper is a good basis for a mutual understanding, and the simpler the better. All the stories of the great wits like Charles Lamb have much about the little supper, and the great sayings of Dr. Johnson had only the background of an indifferent tavern-dinner. Neither meat nor wine was so good as to be distracting.

Our own houses are our kingdoms, within which we may practice all the kingly virtues. There society begins.

"The domestic fireside is a seminary of infinite importance, and its duties are not all done when it has educated the group of children who grow up about it." It should be a beacon light to many a homeless wanderer in a great city, and especially should it gather in homeless boys—those who, just out of college or away from their own background, are trying to make their way in that pathless forest, a great city.

"The world is still deceived with ornament," and we are in danger of forgetting the underlying charm of simplicity, so that the effort to make a quiet evening at home amusing is often a failure in a great city. In New York, people of quiet tastes and who are fond of early hours, have tried to stem the torrent of the "German" and the great ball and the more formal dinner by entertainments which shall be less expensive and more rational.

Hence clubs have been formed for literary readings, music and games. The success has not been phenomenal. Sometimes the effort to be playful becomes elephantine, and that is not graceful. Free and easy entertaining must, like Sancho Panza's reading and writing, come by nature. A party, to be agreeable, needs sometimes a quality which those who give it have not got in their natures. Entertainers are born, and not made.

Society, as such, gets many cutting criticisms for its insufficiency. Everybody says, "Why, with all our wealth, talent, art, civilization—why have we no more agreeable *réunions*?"

People do not sufficiently realize that when society is reduced to a mercantile basis, and that when you invite me because you owe me a dinner, or when I make a dinner and

invite you to meet ten other uncongenial creditors of mine, that society has lost its charm.

Of course, like all great things, the lighting or cleaning of a city, for instance, this society paying of debts must be done, in a grand general manner, and the greater must swamp the lesser.

But the losing of the principle, which is generally supposed to be amusement, and retaining the outward form, is a miserable sham.

We wish to go to a dinner, to meet agreeable people; we want men and women to come to us, to amuse us.

To improve society, we must begin by improving ourselves; to have unity, you must first have units. We must learn to make our home evenings agreeable, before society will be agreeable.

It is a question of temperament, whether anybody is happy. Life could n't be lived did we see the whole of it before us. We must take it by minutes, and God give us courage and power to conquer the trials of every day.

The beginning and end of every accomplishment is to enable us to make somebody else happy, and we generally end by cheating ourselves into a great deal of happiness by the way. But if we start out in pursuit of our own happiness, we are very apt to have an overturn on the road.

There is in all young persons, a love of that sweet irrepressible intoxicating pleasure known as dancing, and when every other attempt at an evening entertainment fails, that comes in. Then there is the lawn tennis, the polo, the hunt, the opera, the theatre, the drive in our great crowded city, all awaiting the fashionable and the well-to-do. It would seem as if this were enough. But it is exactly in that set that the enquirer finds the people who complain of *ennui*.

The world, full of enchanting paths, vague, glorious, and tempting, opens before the young figure that goes gracefully dancing down its paths. The legacy of the world's romance is left to the young. We might as well attempt to close the throat of a song-bird who is just beginning to sing as to tell a young girl not to be gay.

And who wishes her to be told not to be gay? Her gayety is what keeps this dreary old world of blizzards and failures alive.

But her very gayety may be misinterpreted. It has been lately, even from the lips of divines.

There are ultra fast and fashionable women, whose salons are entertaining but not safe. Society is a mosaic, in which the false jewels shine more brightly than the true.

An instinctively pure and imperial nature, however, walks through such a salon to repudiate the bad and to extract the good; but how is it for those who are gentle, un-

suspecting, ignorant? How for those who are *only half good* and open to temptation—which is the position of more than half the world?

The influence of one "ultra fast and fashionable woman," whose principles are questionable, does more injury to society than a thousand essays can tell; and even a woman who has no particular vice, but only an idle love of pleasure, with this desire for a celebrity which is at best questionable, is one of the evil forces which are undermining the social reputation of American women at home and abroad. The presence of bad manners, loud, unconventional behavior, is attributed to bad morality, when it is simply a carelessness of outward appearances.

Now, if there were a beginning of home influences, home amusements and home culture, much of this might be obviated.

There is a fullness in life which needs no false excitements. Many of our best women in society are models of virtue and propriety, full of good works, thought, enjoyment of literature; filled with that exaltation of intellect which comes from contact with the best society. There is a generous outgoing of sympathy from the highest class to the lowest. To be a fashionable belle does not preclude the possibility of being a St. Elizabeth; but on the other side of the picture, the ultra fast and fashionable women are vulgar to begin with. They suffer much from that heavy *ennui* of the mindless. No purposeless visiting and chatting, nor, indeed, the triumphs of dress and what is called social success, can save a woman of idle spirit from *ennui*. Of this class, Horace Walpole made the scathing criticism that one-half of one's acquaintances in this world pursue the other half merely to get rid of themselves, to use up days which they cannot otherwise employ.

In contrast to this, imagine a home circle where each individual is bright and witty; imagine them getting up a set of Shakespearian dinner-cards for the family dinner-party; imagine each one cultivating herself to the highest point of excellence, with a view to making the evening at home a party to the wearied Papa or the anxious Mamma.

Unfortunately, some homes are rather dull and commonplace. No one seems to have much energy to make it gayer. Sarah gets very tired of Emily, and Emily does not enjoy Sarah. Papa comes in tired and disappointed, and Mamma finds her pleasure at the gayer *réunions* of society. Of course such dark places are hard to illuminate, but it can be done. One gay, bright member must strike the match, and take an instantaneous photograph of the best moment.

Mrs. John Sherwood.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT.

Confidence in Our Own Faith.

WITH a great many people, the considerable number of things they have doubt about prevents their appreciating what they have faith in, and getting from that faith the strength and assurance they otherwise might.

When Abraham was called out of Ur, he knew the Lord was going to use him, but had not the slightest idea *how*. He, however, did not fill his eye of faith so full of motes and beams of unfaith, as to make it good for nothing. It meant more to him that he knew the Lord was going to take him somewhere, than that he had no conception where He was going to take him. His solid crystals of assurance did not tumble apart in a warm bath of encompassing uncertainty.

Like Abraham, was the man born blind. He made queer work of the questions the catechetical Pharisees put to him:—"Canst thou tell me anything about the man that did it, but I can see?" He did not see his way clear to be blind on account of his inability to account for his *power* to see. What he knew was as distinct from ignorance as though he had known more.

We have less need of more faith, than of recovering the faith we have, but have forgotten about, and of bringing out, and airing and wearing the convictions we have laid away in the drawer. I have great confidence in the policy of ventilating our religious convictions; by which I do not mean publishing them, but letting the air in around them.

I remember how on the farm we boys used to gather together the brushwood in Spring, and make bonfires of it, and the brush would burn for a while with a brisk hot blaze, and then begin to die down; and the smoke would curl and roll, and the whole performance become inexpressibly sooty and hopeless; till one of us, with his eyes running over with tears tortured from them by the settling smudge, would rush up with a long pole and push over the brush-heap, and away would go the smudge, and up would dart again the long tongues of flame. Bonfires need air. Convictions need air. Men are suffering from unoxygenated faith.

We get a little faith, and then we go and pack it away like a miser sticking gold coins under a loose board in the floor; like the poor fellow in the parable, digging a hole in the ground to put his lonely talent in. One talent would have been enough if he had kept it out of a hole and kept the napkin off it. We believe enough ten times over if we would not persist in winding our faith with waxed cerements and interring it in doctrinal graveyards.

We pray sometimes, "Lord, increase our faith." What if we should vary our supplication sometimes by crying, "Lord, raise our faith from the dead"? And then, having prayed that, supposing we should go about answering our own prayer by digging down and giving the poor strangled thing something to respire, and discovering that it was not death, but asphyxia!

Our faith becomes in time like trampled ground. We not only wear the grass off it by treading across it so much, but we get it so packed and crusted it will yield no grass. We settle into a condition of moral hard-pan; and for purposes of fruitage, hardened belief is not worth much more than hardened unbelief. It would be a great thing for us, as individual believers, if we would take just one of the cardinal doctrines of our own creed, keep it at our elbow for a week, get the grave-clothes off, and let it sit up in its own coffin and look about.

It is this which ails quantities of young men and women of our generation. It is not that they believe so little, but that they become so mentally ensnared in the mists that have been started up along the margin of their belief, that the belief goes out of sight altogether. In their distracted consciousness of what they do not know, they forget that they know anything, and incertitude becomes their dominant temper. A very thin mist will shut out the sun, and one question will make more racket in a man's mind, and create a denser smudge, than almost any number of affirmations.

For this reason, we deprecate the discussion in the pulpit of so many matters that lie out on the frontier of religion. We preachers are too apt to be like the divine in the story, who, having propounded his theme, said, "Now, brethren, I am going to discuss this under three heads: first, I am going to tell you what we all know about it; second, I am going to tell you what I know about it but you do not; third, I am going to tell you what there is n't anybody knows about it." And his congregation, of course, went home in the smoke. That discourse, like so many others similar, only put the hearers the further beyond the touch of their own convictions, gave them a vigorous push toward the conviction that they had no convictions, and doomed them to shipwreck by bringing down a fog upon the very coast to which their boat lay moored.

C. H. Parkhurst, D. D.

New York City.

The State of Society.

WHAT IS OUR OWN SOCIETY? It has almost ceased to have a national tone: the old American life and ways are overlaid and hidden; this is the land to which enormous delegations from other lands migrate; it seems a great assemblage, a conglomerate of many and strongly contrasted civilizations. Nowhere has there ever been a better field for the devil's double propaganda; and all about us are the signs of his activity. True, there are checks which still restrain the evil, but each day some barrier gives way. To keep to the straight and narrow path of settled principle, clean living and purity of heart is harder now for our young people than it was a quarter of a century ago, because a false sentiment, widely influential, condones their excesses and even approves of their errors.

Note first, the execrable quality of much that the people read. To refer to the public journals is but to begin; they feed a taste for what is vulgar, coarse, and low, with copious daily supplies of stuff adapted to that unwholesome appetite. But these annals of degraded life are supplemented by fiction of the same tone, by novels whose heroes and heroines are libertines and light and fallen women, and whose plots are a network of seduction, adultery, divorce, murder and suicide; by that special kind of poetry justly named "the fleshly," in which this vile body of ours, with its stirring passions and their manifestation, forms the perpetual theme. Sensation novels, dashed with as much indecency as possible, and sensuous poetry, in which the ideal and the animal are one and the same thing, form a quality of mind and temper which finds further attraction in the drama, as we have it now; in large measure a repetition of the old, old story of the working of Lust, and garnished with dances which gratify man's sensual appetite and attest women's misery and shame. Such minds, such souls as these, may turn to Art for a new excitement, and they find it, in the imported works of foreign schools, such as we have referred to, and in those of a home school, which follows the lead of dishonor, and devotes itself, mainly, if not exclusively, to the delineation of lascivious and salacious figures. To these demonstrations of immoral craving and declining taste, response is made by the bookstalls and news-stands on the street, and by many a shop window, where vile wood-cuts and engravings meet the eye, and help on the work of corrupting the public mind; and no doubt the thing would be much worse than it is, but for the agency of the police, who, under the indignant protest of decent citizens, compel the dealers in obscene literature to keep within bounds.

It would be painful to enquire what kind of life is developed under the influences thus at work for our ruin; to gauge, with the line and plummet of God's Word and law, the demoralization of society. For some of this there may be excuse; for example, think how the lowest classes live, in tenements, crowded together in such wise that it is impossible to be decent; that children cannot be brought up like Christians; that young men and women can hardly by any chance be kept honest, chaste and pure. But what shall be said of the higher classes, for those whose sins are without justification, and denote simply carelessness, irreligion, unbelief?

Look how young girls are trained; in softness and luxury, with the one idea of making a figure in society and a brilliant marriage; of making the most of their physical advantages, and alluring the other sex by the acts best adapted to that purpose. See them on the drive through the troubled social sea; at their lunch parties, with a dozen courses and half as many kinds of wine; at the opera, immodestly attired; at the ball, giving the whole night to dissipation; at the summer haunts of fashion, without due oversight or sense of responsibility, treated with easy familiarity by careless men, and apparently without a vestige of an idea of what is due to a gentlewoman from a man. Listen to the low gossip among these young women; to the broad speeches and unclean stories, by which they are prepared for the final surrender of the last idea of propriety and of all faith in the honor and virtue of men.

Then pass on, and let us look at the woman as married; married, perhaps, for her money, or marrying some man for *his* money, without love, and often without respect. Married, but with no idea of living thereafter under bonds; resolved to be more free, and to enjoy life more; eager for admiration, athirst for compliments and flattery; so that the husband early drops into a secondary position, and some other man, who does the madly-devoted for the time, engrosses the larger share of her thoughts. Follow out this subject till you come to the divorce suit, and the separation; and thence to the next marriage, when those whom Christ and the Gospel forbid to marry so long as some one else liveth, snap their fingers at the attempted restriction, and commence a second partnership without fear and without remorse. We all know that these are the commonest things of the day. We see men freely moving in high places whom no respectable woman should permit to cross her threshold; notorious immorality condoned for the sake of great wealth; grave social scandals, widely known and openly canvassed, though the actors are received with open hand and made welcome as before; flirtations going on between persons each of whom has

plighted troth to some one else, and thus stands perjured before man and God: men languishing after the wives of other men, and married men running after young girls and paying them attention, with the devil's look in the eyes and the devil's thoughts in the heart; and women, young and old, permitting these demonstrations, agreeably entertained and flattered by them, glad to find themselves still able to make conquests.

There are, undoubtedly, persons among us who prefer vice to virtue and the excitement of animal passion to the testimony of a good conscience and a pure heart; who like the stimulus of sin and would deem it an awful misfortune and an unspeakable affliction to have to live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world. Our danger is not in the fact that there are such as these in the world, for such have there always been; but the danger here is reached when no strong public opinion is against them, when a general approval hardens their hearts; when others who would live orderly and honor-

able lives find it up-hill work to do so; when chastity and modesty are sneered at, and those who will not join hand in hand with these sinners are bidden to stand off, and keep out of the way, and hold their tongues, nor interfere with this grand business of enjoying the pleasures of this present world.

I have gone as far as I care to go, and yet have done no more than to skim the bubbling caldron and take off what comes to the top, leaving the black broth below, a thing too foul to be described. But the scum is an index to what is underneath; and if these things whereof we have spoken go on in sight, what, think you, goes on out of sight? How appalling must be the record of one night only, when the shadow lies black on this vast city! What crimes must that deep gloom conceal; what sights to scare good angels away!

Morgan Dix, D. D.

New York City.

THE PORTFOLIO.

Intensely Intellectual.

I THOUGHT I detected a wicked gleam in Ben's eyes, but everything was done so quietly and Mrs. R., the lady to whom I was introduced, was such a quaint, charming, little woman, that I was completely off my guard.

Mrs. R. was dressed in a soft gray gown, peculiar to the Quaker sisters. About her shoulders was folded a delicate lawn neckerchief, and her hands were gloved with the utmost nicety. As she seated herself in one of the wide armed rockers and let her eyes wander over the expanse of ocean, her expression was sweet and dreamy.

"Do you like the ocean?" I at last ventured to enquire.

No answer. She must be deep in thought and does not hear me.

"Do you like the ocean?" I repeated considerably louder. Still she did not answer; a shadow seemed to pass for a moment over her sweet face.

How stupid of me, I thought; perhaps the sea recalls no pleasant remembrances.

"Isn't this a magnificent day?" I next ventured, thinking this question surely conventional enough to deserve an answer. But the silence remained unbroken.

Well this is rather queer, I repeated; perhaps she is intensely intellectual and scorns such sorry platitudes as the weather.

"What do you think of Von Hartmann's Philosophy of Disenchantment as an exponent

of the more recent German thought?" I next queried. Still the awful silence. Suddenly a light shone upon me. Why of course the lady is a Quaker and will reply only when addressed in her own peculiar dialect.

"Hast thou been in this locality long, friend?" Still the saintly eyes scanned the horizon, but never so much as a murmur in reply.

The situation had become decidedly embarrassing. What should I do; leave her apparently absorbed in the universe? As I turned to go away I heard my wicked friend, convulsed with laughter.

"For once we are quits," he said; "that poor woman is stone-deaf, and even Gabriel's trumpet would very likely fail to arouse in her the least emotion."

A. C. B.

Batavia, N. Y.

A Well-planned Revenge.

FROM my boyhood I have much disliked practical jokes. I do not now remember ever having played one on anybody, with a single exception, and that brought down such dire vengeance upon my head that I never tried another. Indeed, if it had not been for my profession—that of a clergyman—I should most surely have seriously contemplated ordering "coffee for one and pistols for two," as probably nothing short of a duel would have satisfied my thirst for retaliation.

While I was a student at Amherst College I had for a class-mate a fine-looking and promising young man whom I will call James Edmunds. In common with many students, he had a hobby. His was a liking, nay more, a perfect infatuation for the writings of Horace. Many half hours, and whole ones too, aside from his necessary studies, had he devoted to translating the writings of this, his favorite author. In his dissertations, essays, and debates, there would frequently crop out the words, "as the eloquent poet of antiquity has said," followed by a quotation from Horace. Indeed, so frequently did this occur, that he became, unconsciously, a laughing-stock of his class.

It was in our Senior year, when, one afternoon as I was returning to my boarding-place from the cobbler's, where I had been to get a boot that had been patched, my eyes fell upon the piece of newspaper wrapped about it, and I began to read. At that time Horace Greeley was in the beginning of his career, and the article I was reading was a report of an eloquent speech he had made in Boston, in which he had introduced a fine description of the hills of New England. I tore off the word Greeley, and reserving such of the article as suited my purpose, crossed the street to the house where my friend Edmunds had his room. On entering I began, "Here, Edmunds, did you ever see this quotation from Horace?" and handed him the bit of newspaper. He read it, and went into ecstasies over it, wondering where it was to be found, in what particular poem, etc., and actually spent a good part of the evening, as he afterward told me, in trying to find it in his "Horace." He thought it descriptive of the hills of Italy; and imagine my astonishment when he actually incorporated it into his next essay. I kept my secret, and neither students nor professors discovering the fraud, the time rolled rapidly on, and Commencement Day drew near. Edmunds and I both received appointments, and when we had prepared our orations, we agreed to submit them, each to the other, for criticism before the important day arrived. Accordingly, one evening we met to do so, and what was my dismay to find that he was again going to use the quotation from Horace Greeley, preceded, as usual, with the words "as the eloquent poet of antiquity has said." I felt I could hardly allow this, and on the next day I sent him a note through the post-office, which ran as follows:

EDMUNDS, MY DEAR FELLOW—Believing the joke has gone far enough, allow me to inform you that the description of the mountains I gave you, and which you so much admire, was written of the hills of New England, by Horace Greeley.

Sincerely yours, SPENCER.

On my way to recitation the next day, I met Edmunds, and received from him a rather

cool salutation, which I was obliged to confess to myself I deserved.

Commencement Day had come and gone. Our college life was over, and we separated; he entering Andover Theological Seminary, and I going to another divinity school. Years passed away, both of us began preaching, Edmunds settling in Connecticut and I in New Jersey. During my first winter as pastor, I prepared a series of lectures upon the early life of the colonists in New England, and upon the Revolutionary War. After delivering the first one I was gratified at seeing a synopsis of it in our village paper, and, marking the article, I sent it to Edmunds, with whom I had kept up a desultory correspondence. In a few days I received a cordial note from him, in which he expressed regret that he had not composed one of the audience. "By the way," he added, "if you care for it, I will send you a piece of 'Plymouth rock,' and you can use it in illustrating the landing of the Pilgrims on the 'stern and rock-bound coast' of New England." I replied immediately, thanking him for the offer, and assuring him that I would be much indebted to him if he would send me the piece of rock, for I had been invited to repeat my lecture in a neighboring town, and the young people, especially, would be sure to be interested in such a relic. So in the course of a week I received by express a box containing a good-sized piece of rock, which I carried with me to the next town, where it created a decided sensation. I invited those of my audience who desired a closer inspection of the original "Plymouth rock," to come up to my desk at the close of the lecture. Many did so, evincing much patriotism and enthusiasm over the relic. Indeed one young lady asked me if I would have any objection to placing it upon the floor, that she might put her foot upon it, and so imagine herself a Pilgrim just landing from the "Mayflower." So large was the specimen that I could afford to be generous with it, and, accordingly, I chipped off several pieces of it for my friends. I had for some time been contemplating setting up a cabinet, having collected quite a large number of mineralogical and geological samples, and I established one now, placing my piece of "Plymouth rock" in the most prominent compartment.

Early in the following spring I was asked by another college friend to give my lecture upon the early Pilgrims, in his town in Massachusetts, which was but a few miles from the place where Edmunds was located. So it was arranged that we should meet. I went, saw Edmunds, talked with him about the old times, and lectured as requested. Again I exhibited the piece of rock, which by this time had dwindled considerably. The next morning I bade my friends good-bye, and as I

shook hands with Edmunds he gave me a note, saying, "Read that on your homeward journey." I slipped it in my vest pocket, intending to read it immediately, but on entering the stage which was to convey me to Springfield, I found an old acquaintance of my father, and became so engaged in conversation with him, and so lost in admiration of the fine scenery on this route, that I forgot all about the note until I was aboard one of the Sound steamers, bound for New York. Alone in my state-room that night, I found the forgotten note. Opening it, the reader may imagine the chagrin with which I read as follows:

SPENCER, MY DEAR FELLOW—Believing the joke has gone far enough, allow me to inform you that the piece of Plymouth rock sent you by me, and the object of so much curiosity, is not from Massachusetts, but from Plymouth, Connecticut.

Sincerely yours, EDMUNDS.

Had any of the passengers been on deck at an early hour the following morning, a lone, melancholy man might have been seen dropping into the swiftly-flowing waters an oddly shaped piece of rock, and thence pursuing his voyage a sadder but a wiser man.

For some time afterward, I was kept busy writing to my friends who possessed specimens of the bogus rock, that I had been the victim of a practical joke. It is, perhaps, not surprising that I have lost my interest in the real and only original rock, and I think the sight of any big stone is fully as interesting to me as would be that historical one at Plymouth, Massachusetts.

K. St.-J. Hurd.

Stray Hints to Travelers.

As the time will soon be here when most people go "to the country"—wherever that is—a few hints from a lifelong wanderer may, perhaps, command respectful attention.

Always carry as many bundles as possible; they occupy the mind as well as a couple of extra seats in the car.

It is a good plan to start for the station two or three hours ahead of train-time, and run most of the way. You will thus have an opportunity to read all the signs on the walls of the waiting-room, study the rules and regula-

tions of the road, count the seats in the room, and obtain other valuable information.

Never place any reliance upon the sign-boards you see about the place, relating to the departure of the next train. Always consult the ticket-agent; he is used to it.

When you hear a gong ring somewhere, grab up your bundles and make a wild rush for the train; it amuses the crowd.

About twenty minutes before train-time station yourself near the door leading to the cars, and wait. When the door-keeper announces "Special express for Buffalo, Chicago and the West!" quickly step to his side and ask him if this train goes to Squedunk. If he doesn't know report him for insolence, or carelessness, or negligence, it doesn't matter which.

Before boarding the train, ask a brakeman if this car goes to Squedunk. After carefully arranging your bundles on four seats, raise the window, if you can; otherwise don't, as you might burst a blood-vessel, or break your suspenders. Now hunt up somebody and inquire if this train goes to Squedunk. Never on any account consult a time-table, as it is very trying to the eyesight.

Always forget which pocket your ticket is in.

If you would impress people with the idea that you are an experienced traveler, keep your head out of the window most of the time; you may get it knocked off.

When the train halts twenty minutes for refreshments, dash to the lunch counter, scare a sandwich down your throat with three gulps of hot coffee, hold it down with a piece of cocoa-nut pie, grab a doughnut, and run for the train. The doughnut will amuse you the rest of the twenty minutes, perhaps the rest of the day, and deprive you of the rest of the following night.

Two hours before you reach your destination, gather all your bundles about you where you can seize them at a moment's notice. Then sit perfectly still. These last two hours of the journey pass very rapidly when thus employed.

Be on your feet a considerable time before the train stops. You will reach the door with a rush when it does.

Geo. Peterson.



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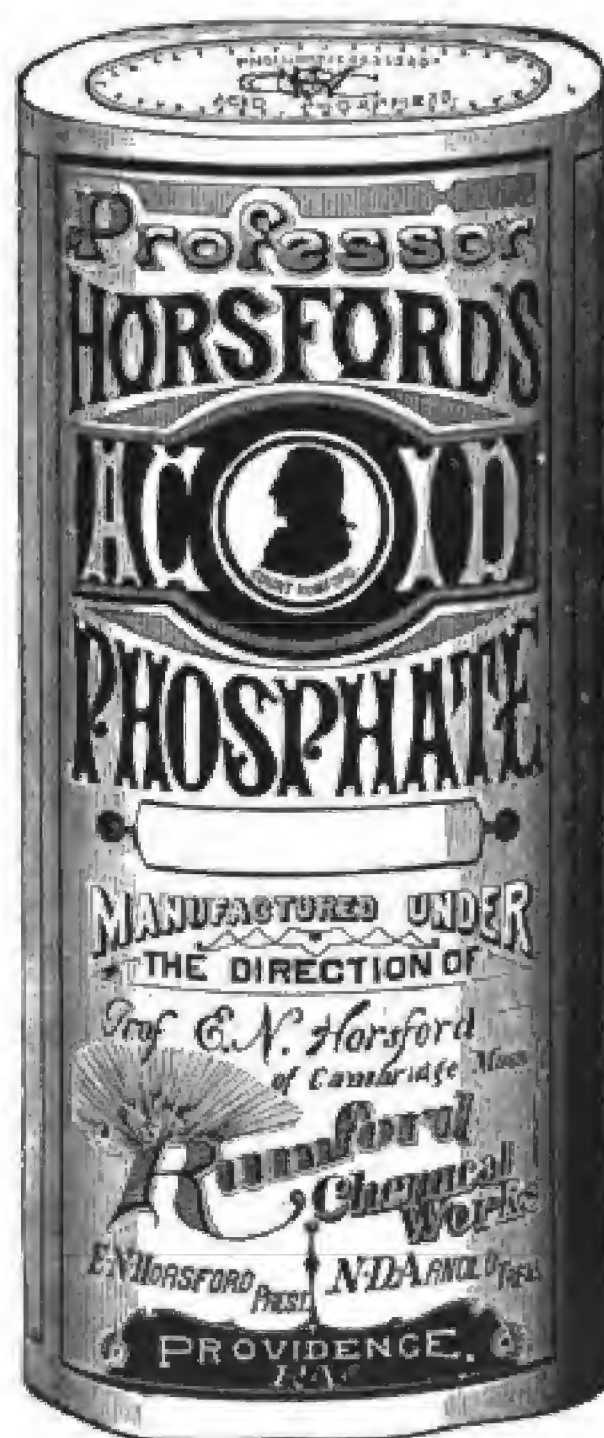
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Water-man Fountain Pen

may be compared to a fountain of water that flows on and flows ever, like a perennial spring, without coaxing, without waiting; and the uninterrupted flow of the ink contributes mightily to the uninterrupted flow of ideas—the constant halting to go through the process of dipping the pen into the inkstand being like the stopping of a preacher to look at his notes—a break in the connection that interrupts the electric flow of ideas. For these reasons, when you add the danger of the baby's knocking the inkstand on to the carpet, you can hardly overestimate the value of this ever-flowing fountain. It seems to me to be the perfection of a pen. Good-bye to inkstands for me. My writing will henceforth and forever be done with a Waterman Fountain Pen. I cannot imagine any possible improvement on it. I have just sent one to Carrie for Christmas.

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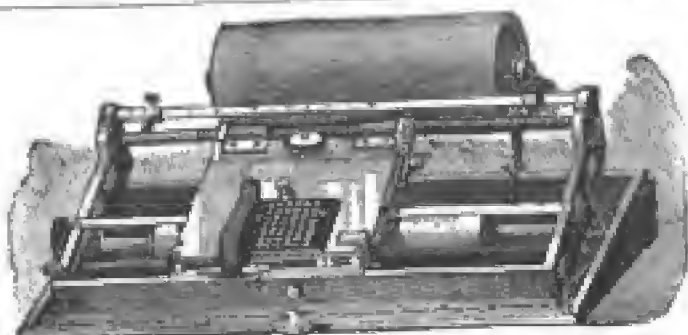
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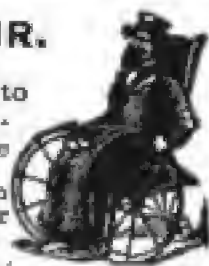
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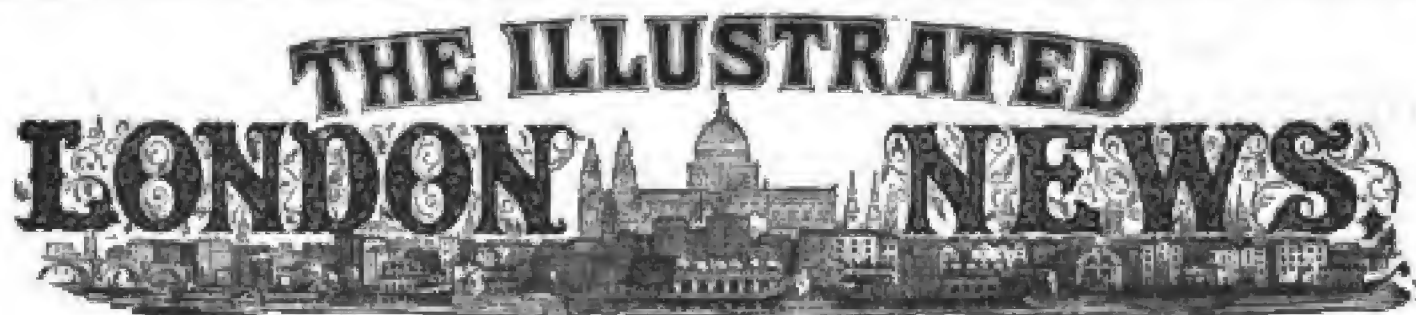
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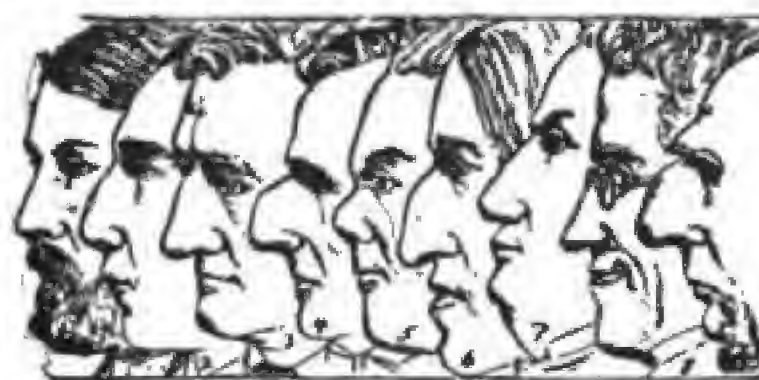
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THE serial of the year will be the intensely interesting story of TWO CORONETS, by Mary Agnes Tincker. This is without doubt the most powerful of the productions of this well-known writer, and it is a story that in point of realism has had few equals. It began in the April number. Back numbers can be obtained.

A special feature will be the publication, from month to month, of articles of National interest and importance by the most eminent writers and authorities in the country.

Among the many attractions which will appear in the June number may be mentioned the following:

OUR DEFENCES FROM AN ARMY STANDPOINT, by Gen. O. O. Howard. This article will be finely illustrated, and will show in the terse and soldierly manner which characterises the Commander of the Division of the Pacific the measures that should immediately be taken to insure our National safety. General-like he does not believe in awaiting an attack before preparing to resist it, and he has written his views in a manner that renders them interesting alike to citizen and soldier.

THE ART OF ENTERTAINING, by Mrs. Gen. John A. Logan. There is not a lady in the land who has a higher or more merited reputation for graceful hospitality than Mrs. John A. Logan. How to make a guest feel entirely at ease, and how to perform the many other duties that confront the aspirant for social influence are subjects of perpetual interest. The article will be no text-book on etiquette, but will have the flavor largely of personal experience.

ALONG THE CARIBBEAN: THE ELBOW ISLAND, by Dr. William F. Hutchinson. Few Americans realize the opportunities for commercial advancement that exist between the United States and West India and South American countries, and Dr. Hutchinson having spent his winters there for seventeen years, has thoroughly familiarized himself with the resources of those countries. It is hoped that his illustrated articles, which will appear from time to time during the year in "The American Magazine," will have the effect of causing our merchants to take advantage of the opportunities that are presented. His paper in June will deal with Barbadoes: The Elbow Island.

DICKENS' AMERICAN CHARACTERS is the title of a paper that will be contributed by George Edgar Montgomery, the poet and critic. The subject in itself is exceedingly interesting, and the article will be nicely illustrated.

ANARCHY AND DYNAMITE.—Part II. The second paper on this subject is even more exciting and interesting than the first. It abounds with vivid descriptions of military tactics and diplomacy, and withal teaches a lesson of great value to every law-abiding citizen.

DINNER FOR TWO, by Elia W. Peattie, is a charming illustrated sketch, sparkling with wit in almost every line. Its motive is to show that a man's a man.

In addition to the above, the June number will contain many other features of special interest.

Among the many Contributors to THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE will be found the following:

JOHN G. WHITTIER,
ARCHDEACON FARRAR,
DR. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND,
GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP,
REV. ROBERT COLLYER, D. D.,
E. P. ROE,
EDGAR FAWCETT,
ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER,
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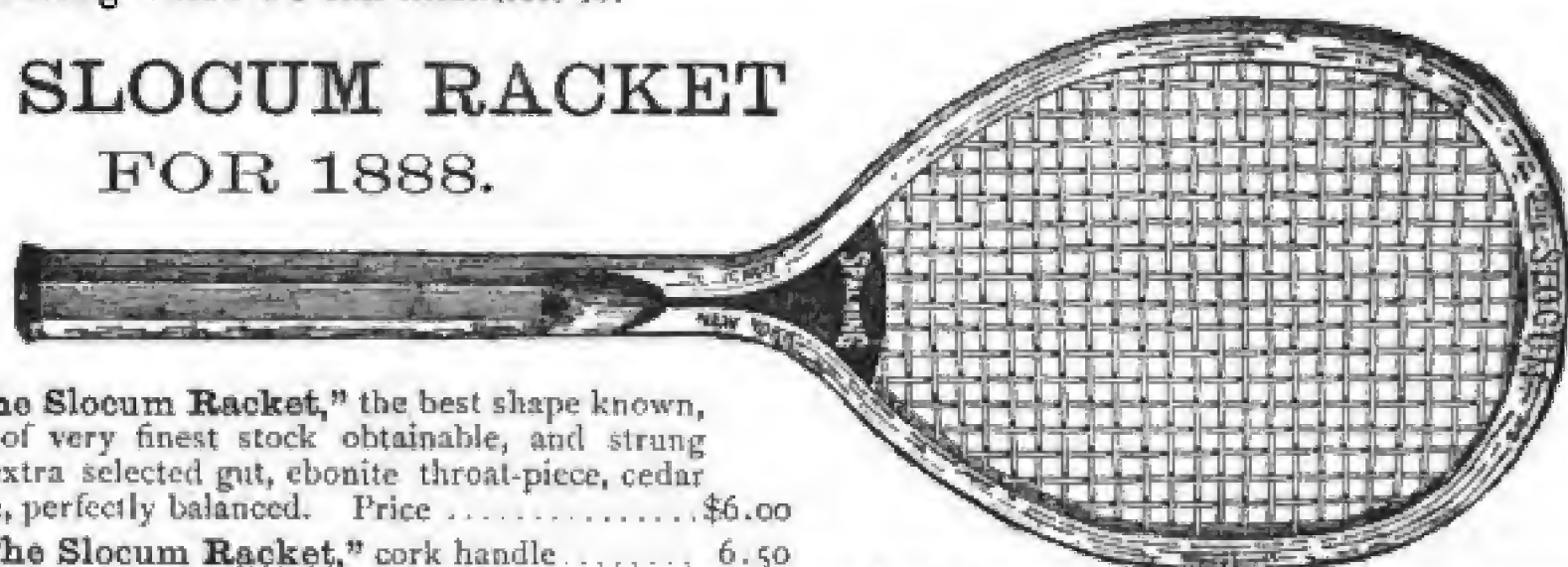
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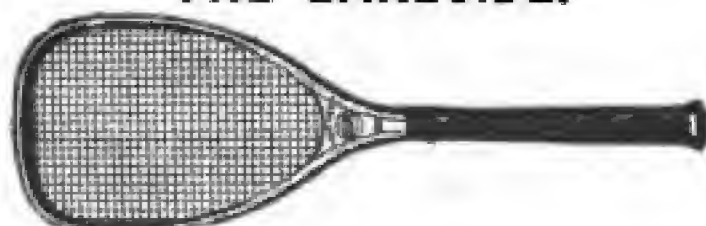
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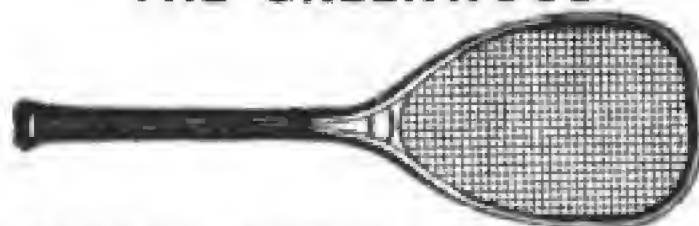
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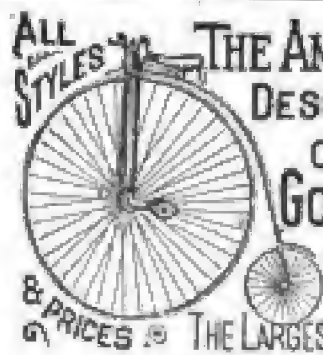


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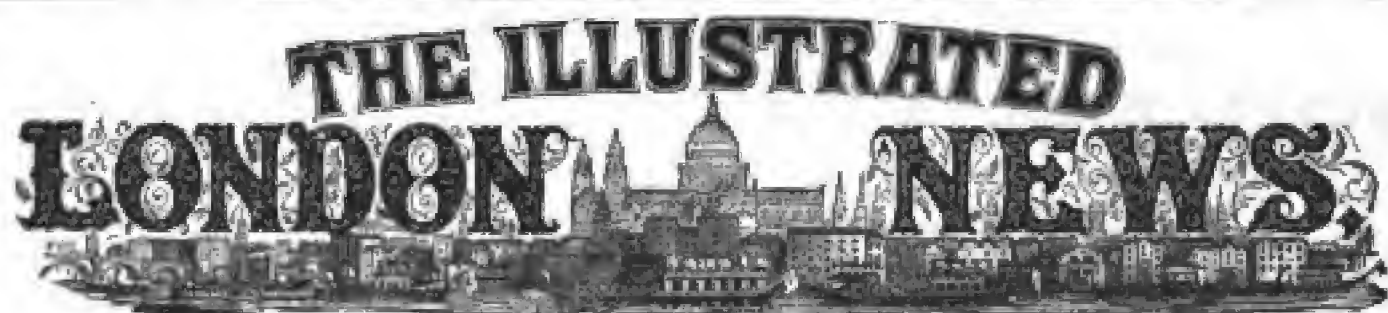
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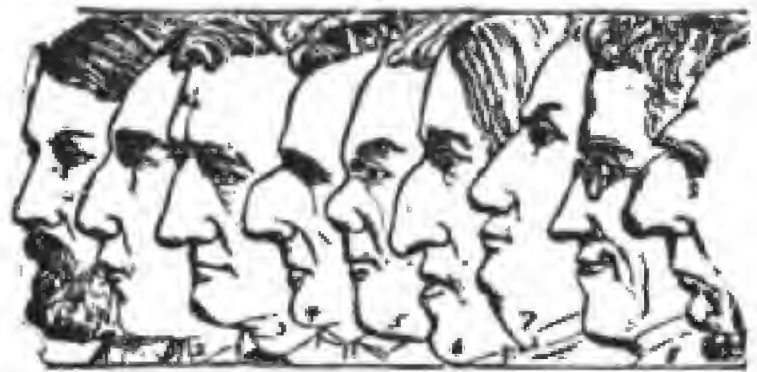
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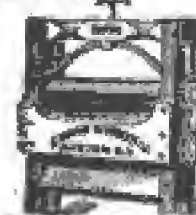
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THE serial of the year will be the intensely interesting story of TWO CORONETS, by Mary Agnes Tincker. This is without doubt the most powerful of the productions of this well-known writer, and it is a story that in point of realism has had few equals. It began in the April number. Back numbers can be obtained.

A special feature will be the publication, from month to month, of articles of National interest and importance by the most eminent writers and authorities in the country.

Among the many attractions which will appear in the June number may be mentioned the following:

OUR DEFENCES FROM AN ARMY STANDPOINT, by Gen. O. O. Howard. This article will be finely illustrated, and will show in the terse and soldierly manner which characterises the Commander of the Division of the Pacific the measures that should immediately be taken to insure our National safety. General-like he does not believe in awaiting an attack before preparing to resist it, and he has written his views in a manner that renders them interesting alike to citizen and soldier.

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DICKENS' AMERICAN CHARACTERS is the title of a paper that will be contributed by George Edgar Montgomery, the poet and critic. The subject in itself is exceedingly interesting, and the article will be nicely illustrated.

ANARCHY AND DYNAMITE. - Part II. The second paper on this subject is even more exciting and interesting than the first. It abounds with vivid descriptions of military tactics and diplomacy, and withal teaches a lesson of great value to every law-abiding citizen.

DINNER FOR TWO, by Elia W. Peattie, is a charming illustrated sketch, sparkling with wit in almost every line. Its motive is to show that a man's a man.

In addition to the above, the June number will contain many other features of special interest.

Among the many Contributors to THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE will be found the following :

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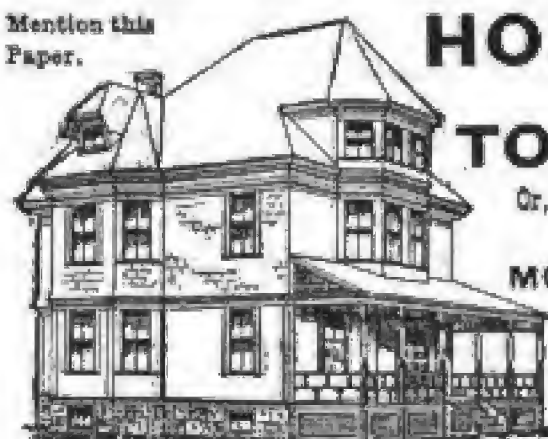
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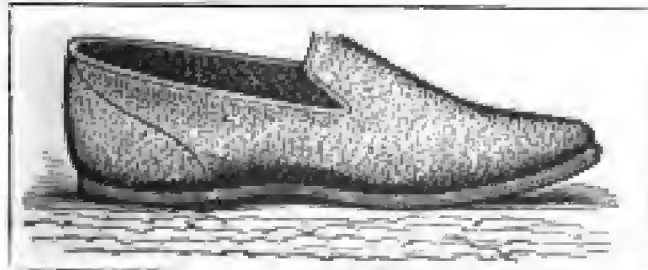


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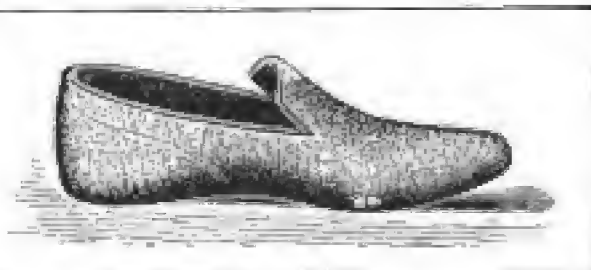
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31 SOMERSET ST., BOSTON, MASS., July 1, 1885.
A. P. W. PAPER CO.

GENTLEMEN: Your Medicated Toilet Paper is useful in the treatment of Anal diseases, allaying to a great extent the intense itching; it is a remedy easily applied, and a trial is convincing of its merits.

F. M. JOHNSON, M. D.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 1, 1886.
It is a decided pleasure to find an advertised article possessing real merit. I enclose \$1 for a further supply.

NEW YORK, April 3, 1886.
FROM A PHYSICIAN.—I am much pleased with your sample of Medicated Paper. Please send me eight packages and pocket-case for \$1 enclosed.

NEWBURN, May 17, 1886.
My physician recommends your Medicated Paper, and I enclose \$1 for eight packets with pocket-case.

NEW YORK, April 18, 1885.
Your Medicated Paper has been used with most gratifying result. It is a splendid remedy and has my unqualified endorsement. Please send two 1000-sheet rolls.

LISBON, D. T., April 30, 1886.
Your Medicated Paper is a bonanza in my family; has relieved two cases of long standing. I enclose \$1 for two rolls.

NORRISTOWN, PA., Dec. 15, 1886.
A. P. W. PAPER CO.
GENTLEMEN: Having recommended your Medicated Paper to a number of my patients suffering from Hemorrhoids, I find it of great benefit in preventing the intense itching, and in some cases has made a permanent cure.

NEW HARTFORD, IOWA, Aug. 11, 1887.

We cannot do without your Medicated Paper. Send two-dollars worth at once.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Aug. 7, 1887.

I enclose Postal Note for four rolls Medicated Paper, the best remedy we have ever found.

CUSTOM, IOWA, Aug. 3, 1887.

I have tried your Medicated Paper, find it good, and enclose one dollar for a further supply.

ARIZONA, ARIZONA, June 14, 1887.

Please send me ten rolls of your most excellent Medicated Paper.

GREYNA, IOWA, Aug. 1, 1887.

I have suffered for years until relieved by your Medicated Paper. Inclosed find two dollars for more of it.

UNIVERSITY, MISS., July 8, 1887.

I have had great benefit from your Medicated Paper, and inclose Postal Note for another roll.

SEDALIA, MO., July 15, 1887.

I inclose one dollar, for which please send me pocket packages of your most excellent Medicated Paper.

DENVER, ALA., July 29, 1887.

I find your Medicated Paper better than any I have ever used. Send me one dollar's worth in small packages, as I carry it with me.

DENVER, COL., April 19, 1887.

I have found your Medicated Paper superior to any I ever saw, and inclose one dollar for more of it.

Pocket Packet,	\$0.10
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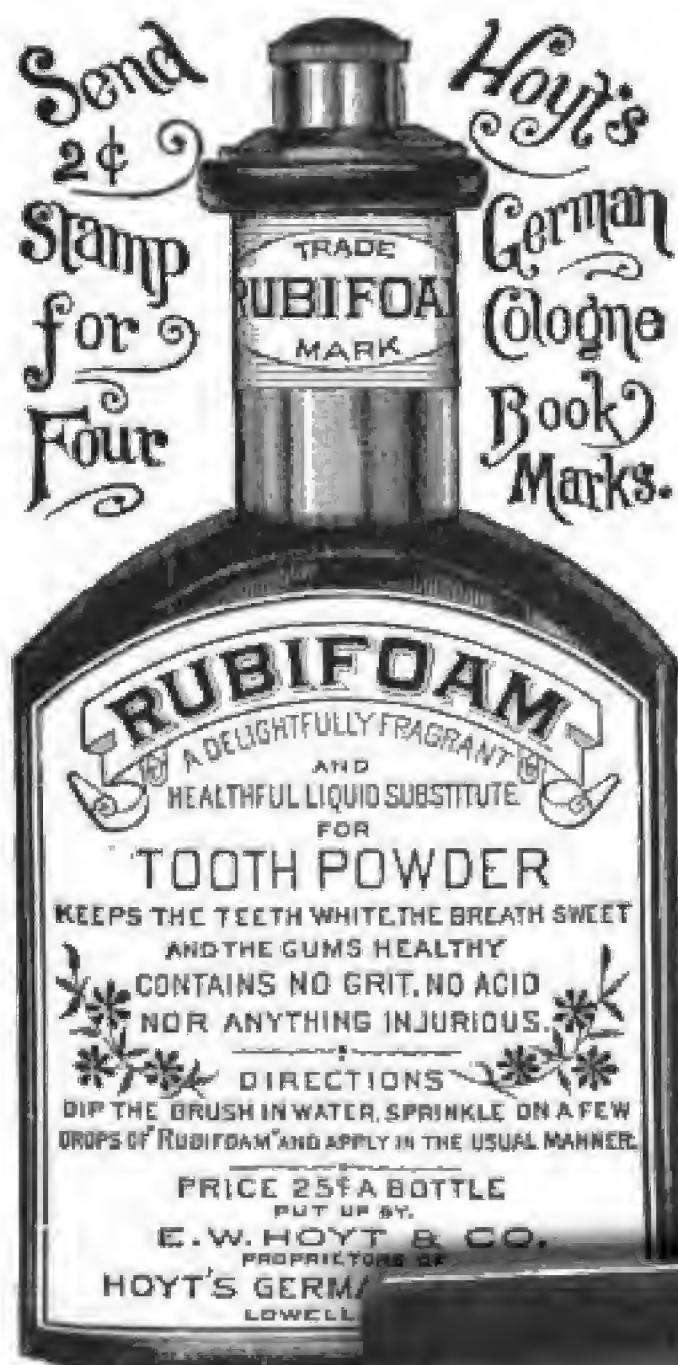
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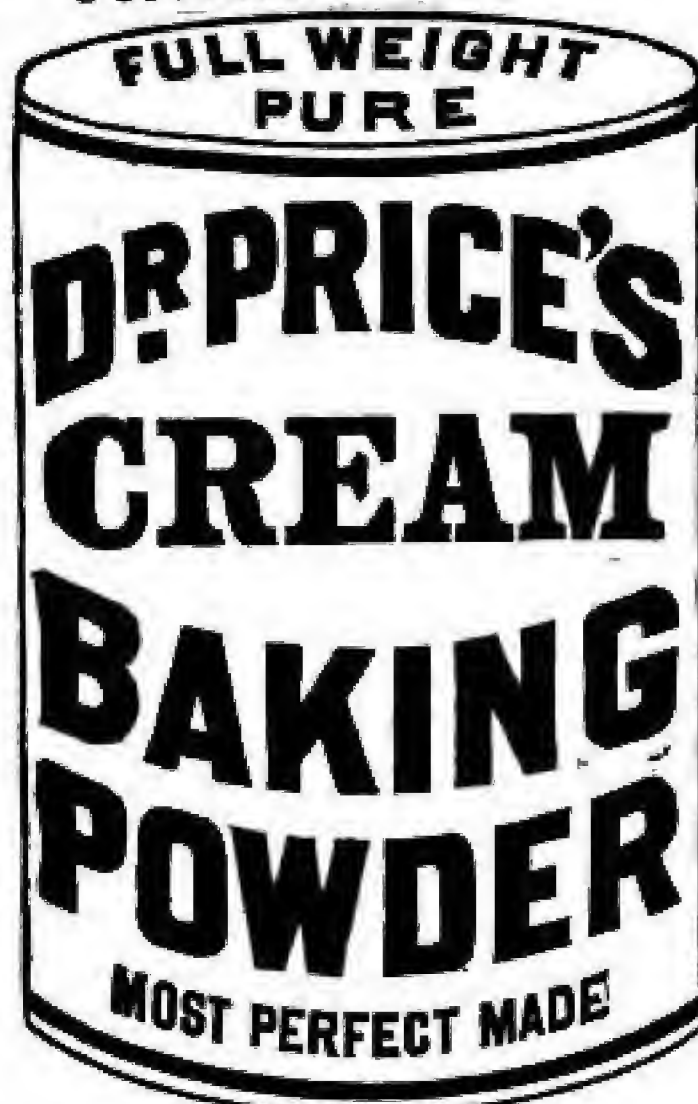
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